Liberty

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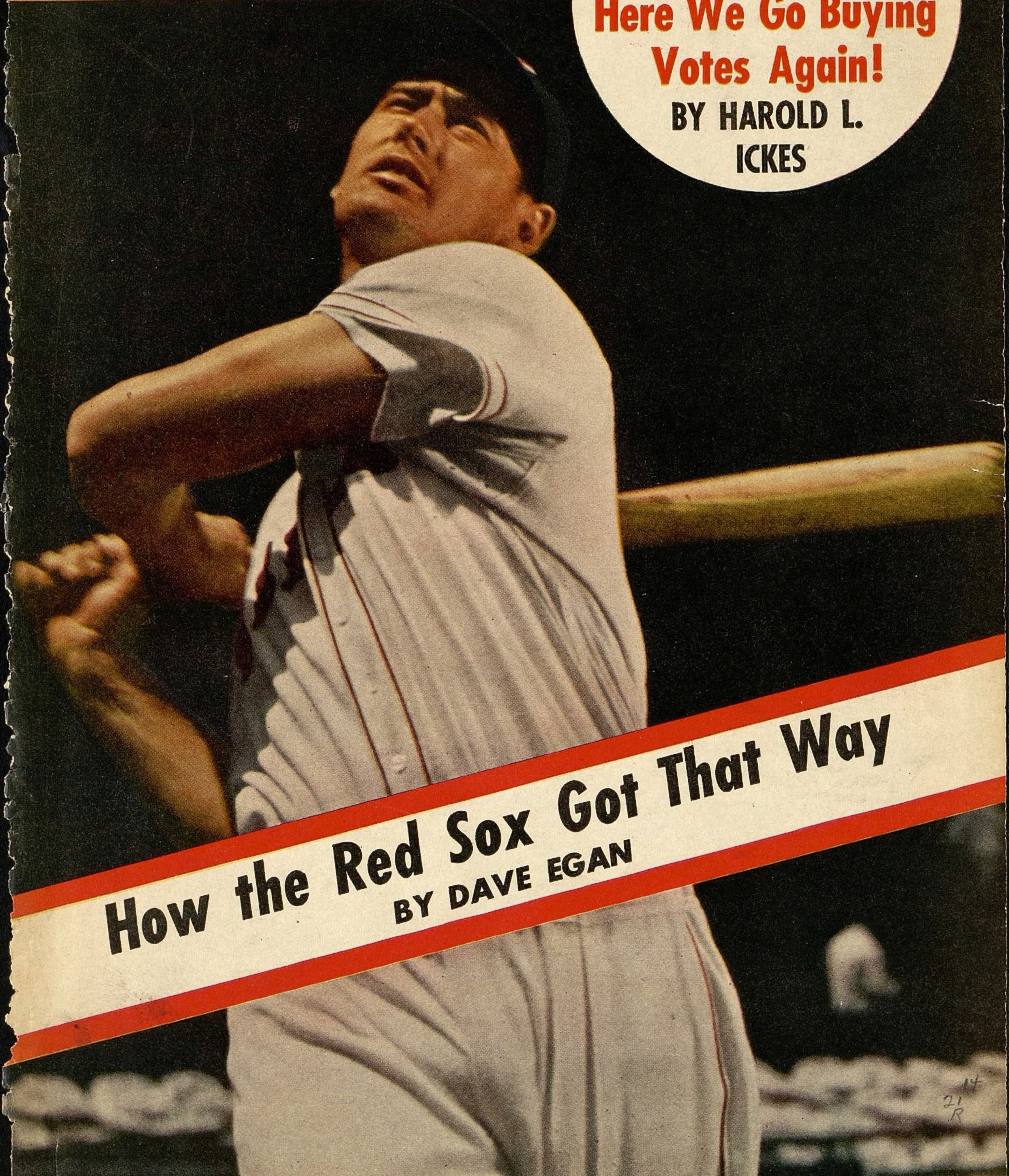
Book:
CLEMENTINE
The funniest tale of
growing up since Penrod

Here We Go Buying Votes Again!
BY HAROLD L. ICKES



How the Red Sox Got That Way
BY DAVE EGAN

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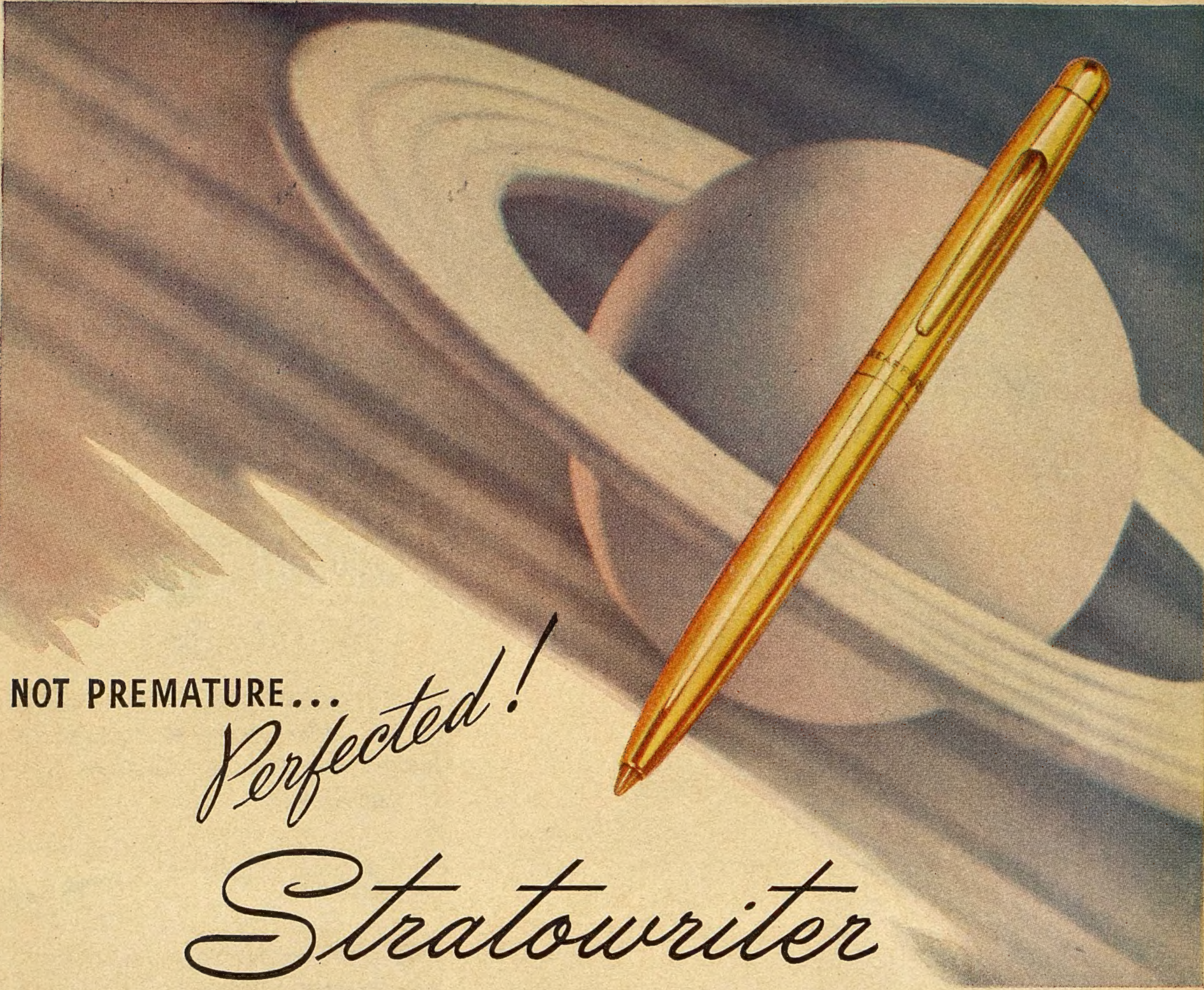

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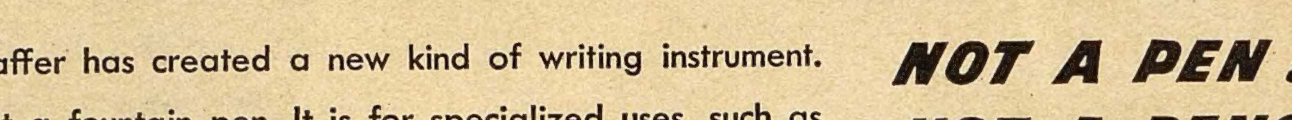

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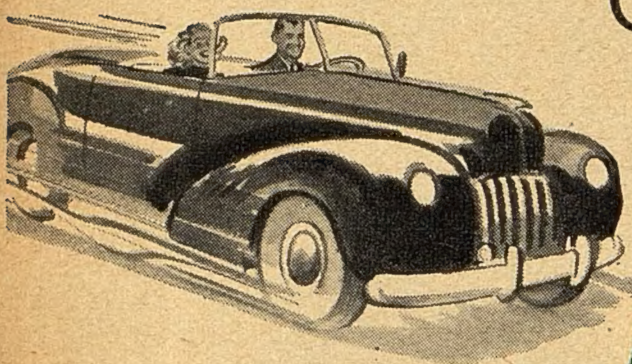

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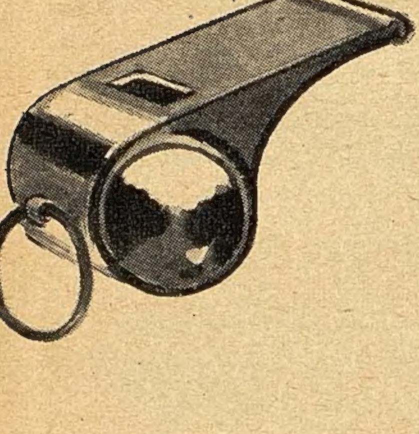

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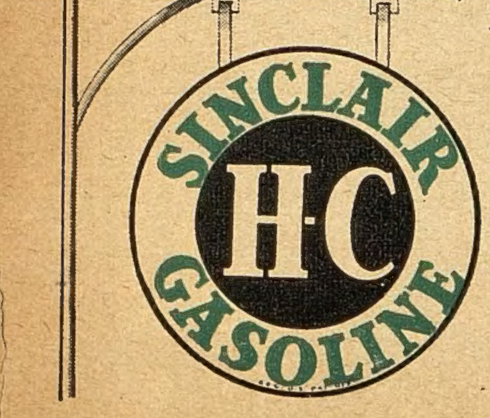
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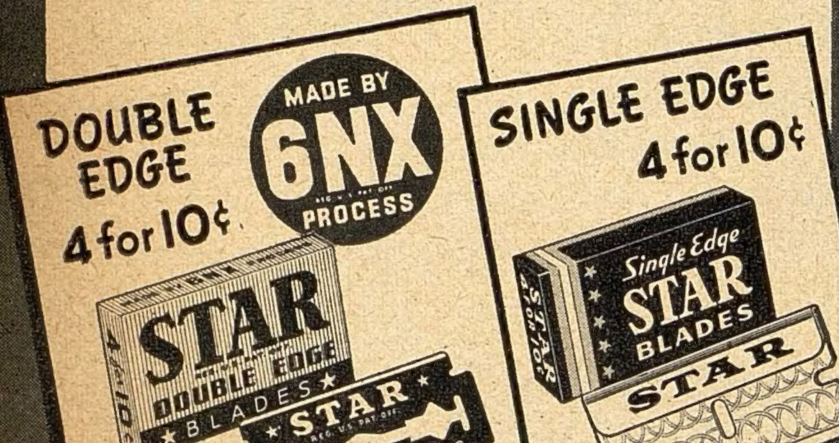

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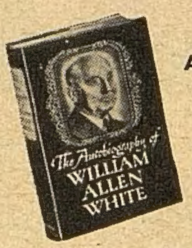
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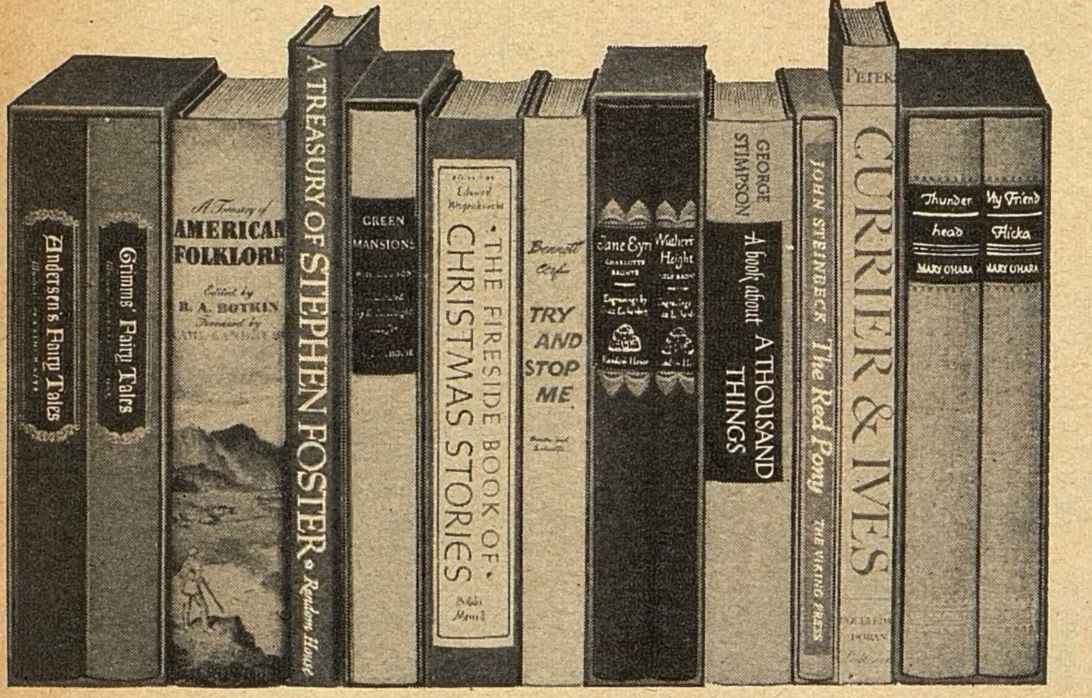
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SERVICE STATIONS

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—In Morris Markey's article, That Vine-Covered Gas Pump (August 10), the author is correct in using the title "filling stations" to describe those operations that are not successful. According to the ideas of those in the oil industry and to so many patrons of the gas stations also, there is a great difference in the meaning of the terms "filling station" and "service station." They really imply whether a particular station is a failure or success.

I have found from experience that an operator can be successful in almost every case only if he maintains a clean station (especially rest rooms), renders quick, friendly, and complete service to each customer, and practices the Golden Rule in all business dealings.—*Tom Parker.*

WRONG TECHNIQUE

CLEVELAND, OHIO—You could use a few technical advisers at your magazine. Take a look at the picture of Linda Darnell cranking an airplane in The Camera Eye (August 3). First, her technique is all wrong. When cranking an airplane, one never throws the leg under the prop for fear of cutting the leg off. Second, this airplane is equipped with a self-starter, so why the waste of effort?

Aside from all this, let me say that if I had an airplane, Linda Darnell could crank it any time and any way she liked.—*Kenneth R. Axtell.*

Check.—VOX POP EDITOR.

POTENTIAL POPE

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Stacy V. Jones' article, The Fervent Father (August 10) on Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen is very interesting indeed. He sounds like a potential Pope in view of the fact that "he professes a deep affection for the Russian people and is known to be frequently in touch with laymen and clergy of the Russian Orthodox Church," plus the fact that "the Vatican hopes that the

(Continued on page 8)

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1340 How to Get a Job
1341 Unusual Menus
1342 Typical Love-Problems
1354 Book of Striking Similes
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1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
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1739 Hints on Developing Personality
1740 True Prison Escapes
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
1756 Simplified Cook-Book
1761 America's Little Hitlers
1826 How to Cash In On Your Veteran's Benefits. The G.I. Bill of Rights

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.

Dept. A-1751 :-: :-: **Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.**

(Continued from page 6)

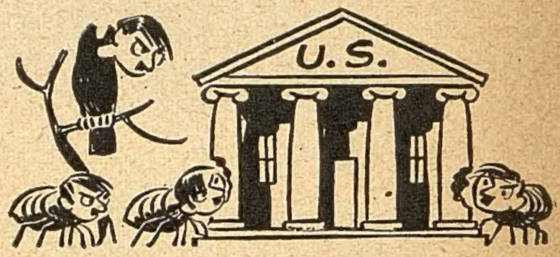
Eastern branch will reaffiliate with Rome."

What is most interesting to me in line with the above is that the name, Roman Catholic Church, is never mentioned as such in the article.—*M. M. M.*

STAR-SPANGLED SUBVERSIVES

DEAL, N. J.—There are plenty of Hitler's pals around trying to undermine our government like a bunch of termites.

I am certainly glad that you have the courage to expose them in articles like Star-Spangled Sucker Traps by John Roy Carlson (August 17).—*June Doolittle.*



DOWN SOUTH

WILMOT, ARK.—Are the white people of Beaufort, South Carolina, sunk to such depths that they will have a Negro doctor to deliver "nearly 100 white children?"

Good taste should prevent your publication from openly insulting your Southern readers with a questionable article like Negro Doctor Down South, by Ruth McCoy Harris (August 17).—*H. E. McDermott.*

AUGUSTA, GA.—Ruth McCoy Harris' article was a ray of hope, overshadowing the dark clouds recently brought into the "dear ol' South" by recent lynchings, mob riots, and individual brutalities.—*Frances M. Wallace.*

GRATEFUL AUTHOR

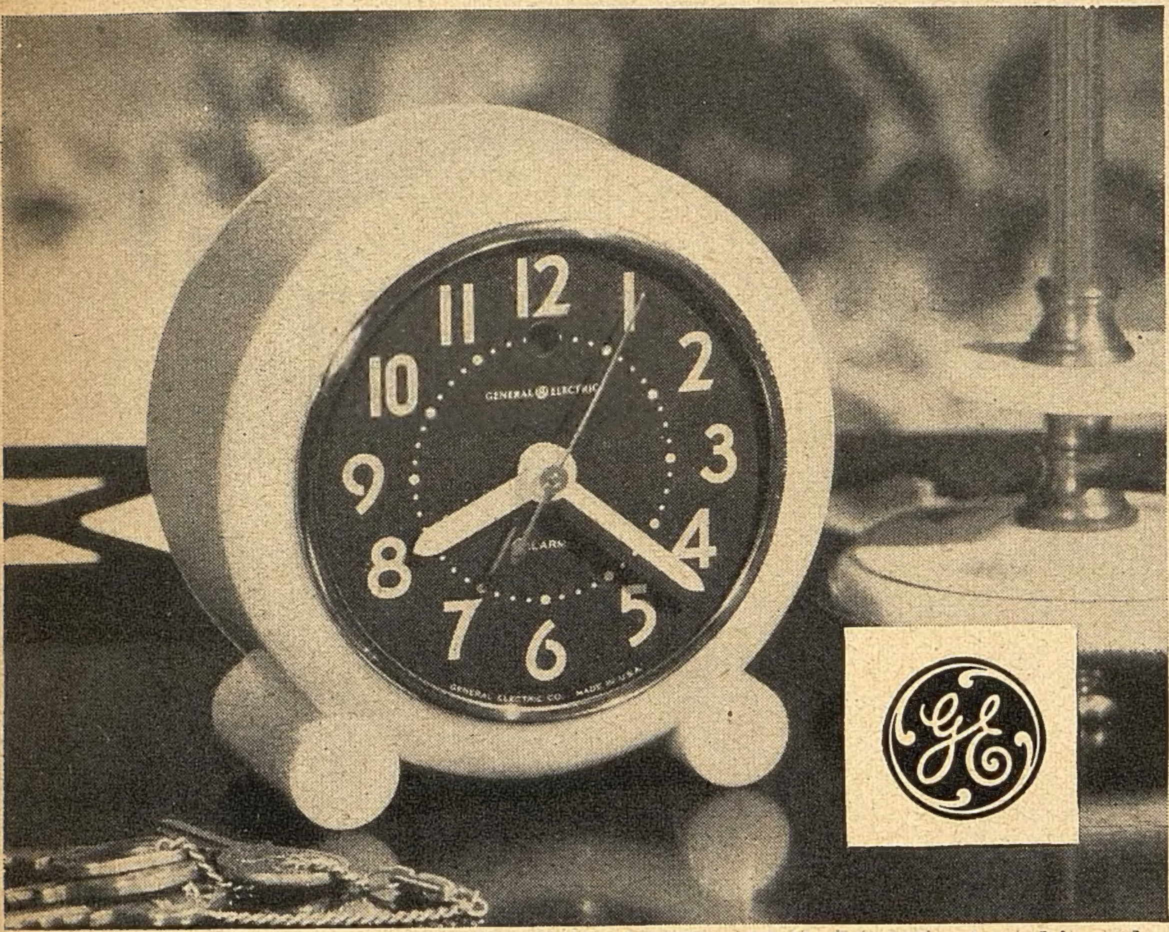
SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—I should like to say thanks to the person who cut my novel, The Pale Blonde of Sands Street, which was condensed in your August 24 issue. It was a superb job.—*William C. White.*

LAWS AREN'T EVERYTHING

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—In his editorial, Prosperity by Legislation (August 17), Paul Hunter hit the nail on the head.

But some people just never will learn that you don't get prosperity by legislation any more than you do sunshine, snow, dependability in a person, or a baby's smile.—*Mrs. Inez M. Kasiah.*

New G-E Alarm Clock wakes you "as you like it"!



The HERALDER, with luminous hands and hour dots

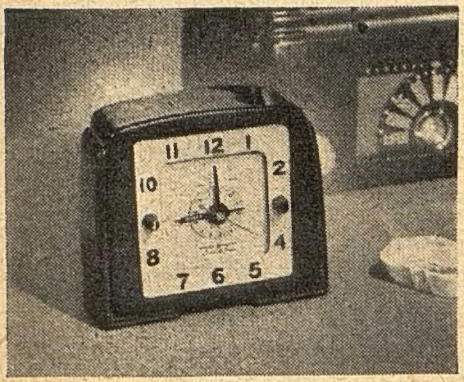
THE SELECT-A-LARM feature does it!

You "select" the sound volume with which you'd like to be awakened. Light sleepers select a "whisper." Medium sleepers set for a "call." Heavy sleepers choose the "shout."

The Heralder's ingenious new feature gives every sleeper the *exact kind of "wake-up" he wants.* Soft, medium, loud—or anything in between!

Since the Heralder is an *electric* clock, it needs no winding. It is quiet and dependable. Accurate, too! It is electrically checked and regulated by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time. It's amazingly thrifty—*about a penny a week!*

See the Heralder with SELECT-A-LARM feature! It wakes you "as you like it!"



Wake up to MUSIC!

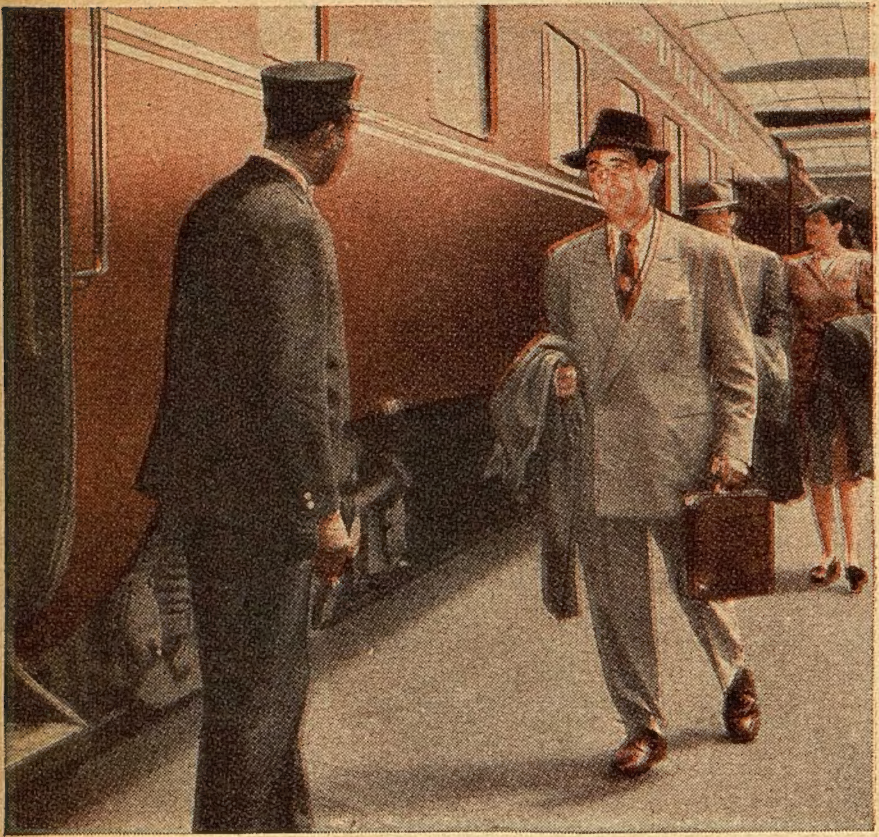
THE TUNE-A-LARM—it starts your day with music! Simply plug your radio into the back of the clock . . . tune it to your favorite station . . . flick the switches.

At rising time, you're awakened by strains of music! Thanks to G.E. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Who says business and pleasure don't mix?



1. **PULLMAN** has been making business trips a pleasure for more than 80 years! When you travel by Pullman, you enjoy *service*, *comfort* and *safety* that no other way of going places fast can match.

2. **SERVICE!** Pullman employes take pride in extending to you the travel hospitality for which Pullman is world-famous. Their courteous attention to your every wish helps make your Pullman trip a memorable event.

3. **COMFORT!** Your Pullman room is all your own—an air-conditioned sitting room by day, where you can work or relax, alone . . . a private bedroom when you want the restful sleep you get when you go Pullman.

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THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Meet the Beechcraft Bonanza, a four-place plane with equipment and speed that justify its name despite its upper-bracket price

WE haven't yet seen the Model 35 Beechcraft, which has the unusual name of Bonanza, but we can tell you about it from descriptions furnished by the Wichita, Kansas, manufacturer. The official unveiling of this new four-place plane took place late in July and its appearance among the postwar models has been the subject of much hangar talk from coast to coast.

Its price is $7,345, fly-away Wichita, which puts it in the upper-bracket market. But the price includes just about every instrument and gadget that you would want to buy anyway, so in comparing it with the price tags of other airplanes keep in mind that no other plane on the market today is sold with so much extra equipment already installed.

In speed the Bonanza is also in the upper bracket, as light airplanes go. Apparently you can be sure of 175 m.p.h. cruising, for the manufacturer is willing to guarantee this within 3 per cent at 115 horsepower being used out of the 165-h.p. Continental engine.

It is an all-metal low-wing monoplane with four roomy seats and allowance for 100 pounds of baggage—and, for once, a place to put the baggage. There are two baggage compartments having a total cubic capacity of 16½ cubic feet. And the pay load of baggage and four people (each at 170 pounds) holds good, the Beech company says, when the airplane has full tanks of fuel sufficient for an extreme range of 750 miles at a cruising speed of 165 m.p.h., or 700 miles at 175 m.p.h.

The Vee, or Butterfly, tail is of a type that Beech tested extensively several years ago. The tests seemed to indicate that it was superior to the standard tail from the standpoint of aerodynamic drag, stability, lightness, cost, and improvement of the spare-parts situation. The control of the airplane is conventional and normal by the use of elevator and rudder controls. But use of the rudder is unnecessary except for cross-wind landings and take-offs. The Bonanza makes turns without it.

The tires are large to permit the airplane to utilize soft or rough fields without damage — a feature which should appeal to flying farmers—and the wheel base is made long for the same reason. A unique provision is the closure of the main wheel doors when the wheels are fully extended. Those doors are thus protected against the buffeting of the propeller when the engine is run up on the ground, and contact with ground objects, brush or high grass is prevented.

The Bonanza, with tricycle landing gear, does not have a steerable nose wheel. After tryouts, Beech decided on a full swiveling nose wheel as a more convenient arrangement and to avoid the possibility of mishaps during landings.

The Bonanza is out in front in the trend toward larger windows and windshields. The entrance to the cabin is on the right side and a small retractable step comes down and out

(*Continued on page 73*)

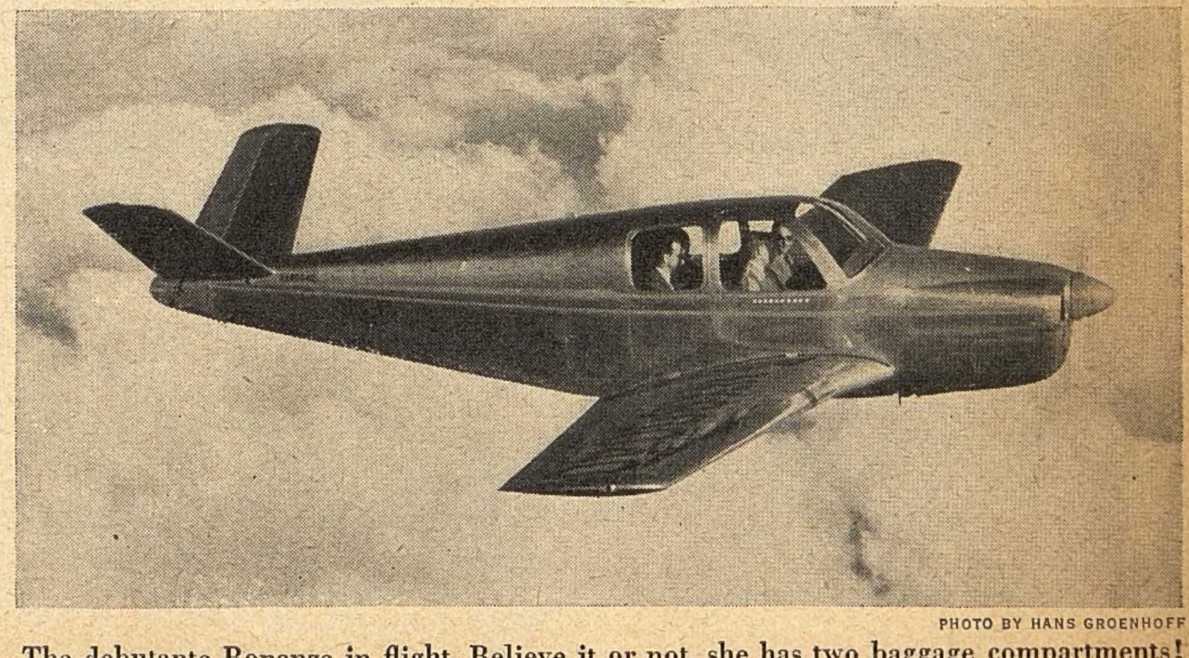
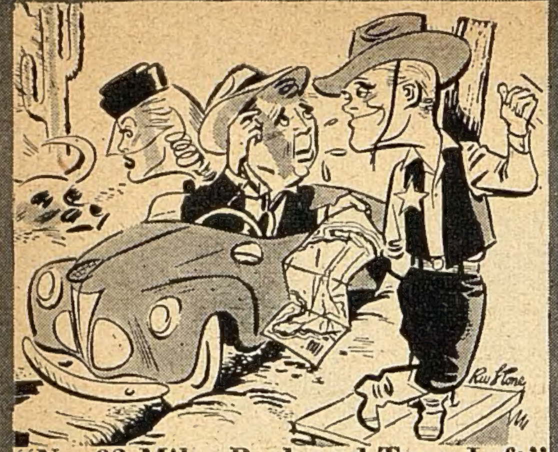


PHOTO BY HANS GROENHOFF

The debutante Bonanza in flight. Believe it or not, she has two baggage compartments!



"No, 32 Miles Back and Turn Left"

BE SURE WITH A Sherrill COMPASS

Guessing directions is one way of traveling . . . but you will find that being sure of directions is a much more enjoyable way of getting to your destination . . . without delay. And a Sherrill Compass is your best insurance of more smiles per mile of travel. Accurate . . . Dependable . . . Makes a Fine Gift.

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MEN! MEET THE RAZOR with the HE-MAN BLADE!

DURHAM DORSET

No matter if your chin sprouts baling wire, here's the blade that will conquer it. It's the original Durham-Duplex hollow-ground double-thick blade that holds an edge against all odds. Try it. You'll like the Dorset's excellent balance, too, and its generously wide shaving edge. Get one today. The Dorset with 6 blades, 75¢, or the Durham barber-type 6 blades, $1.00. Durham blades to fit either razor, 5 for 50¢.

Durham Barber-type

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. 12, MYSTIC, CONN.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ACCOUNTANT TURNED WRITER

DAVID DODGE, whose story, SNEAK PUNCH, starts in this week's issue, is an accountant turned writer. Before that he was a stevedore, a marine fireman, an actor, a night watchman, a bank clerk, and a pick-and-shovel artist. Along the way, he learned to strum a mean guitar, and to play cribbage. He won the U. S. Amateur Championship last year. Now, after a three-and-a-half-year session with the navy, he's living with his family in Guatemala—and loving it. The trip down (by car, flatcar, plane, oxcart, and what not) will probably fill a forthcoming book. And they might never have made it, says Mr. Dodge, if it hadn't been for daughter Kendal, aged five, who was very adept at picking up helpful strangers whenever the going got too rough.

GIRL FROM WISCONSIN

ALL her life Gladys Taber has been surrounded by books, music, baked beans and fried chicken. She grew up in Wisconsin, was educated at Wellesley, outside of Boston, married a musician who became Dean of Music at Randolph-Macon in Virginia. There she taught, wrote plays and brought up a daughter. Then came New York, where she studied for a Ph.D. at Columbia and raised spaniels. Now she lives on a farm in Connecticut where the kitchen is the main attraction. Her short story, THE PROFESSOR FORGETS HIS NOTES, is on page 28 of this week's issue.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
OCT 12 1946 10c
THE MOST HUNTED MAN IN PALESTINE
Tells What the Terrorists Want
Book: HE WHO WHISPERS
Mystery-Thriller About a Beautiful Woman Who Was Called a Vampire

GEROLD FRANK reports a dramatic interview with THE MOST HUNTED MAN IN PALESTINE. Here, in the words of Friedman-Yellen, the Holy Land's archterrorist, is why there are no holds barred against the British. . . . Is that hospital bill a PAIN IN YOUR POCKETBOOK? No one can help you pay it, but Maxine Davis tells you why it's so high. . . . Mr. Selznick's $7,300,000 super-super Duel in the Sun is more than an epic of the West. It's an epic of human endurance, says Elizabeth Wilson in AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, HE WHO WHISPERS, by John Dickson Carr, is the haunting story of a beautiful woman called a vampire and the murder that made her fugitive.

AERONCA CHAMPION
BEECHCRAFT D18S
CESSNA 140
JOHNSON ROCKET 185
HOCKADAY COMET
REPUBLIC SEABEE
GRUMMAN WIDGEON
CULVER MODEL "V"
LUSCOMBE SILVAIRE
ERCOUPE 415C
TAYLORCRAFT BC120
GLOBE SWIFT
PIPER CUB SPECIAL
WACO MODEL E
FAIRCHILD F24R
STINSON VOYAGER 150
BELLANCA CRUISAIR SENIOR
NORTH AMERICAN NAVION
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Here's why most Personal Planes are equipped with CHAMPION Spark Plugs

In personal planes the ultimate in dependable engine performance is a "must". Champion Spark Plugs are specified as standard equipment on the overwhelming majority of these engines and used by most private pilots.

Here once again is dramatic proof that Champions make every engine a better performing, more dependable engine. That's why dependable Champions are preferred in every field—why experts insist on them!

Insure championship performance and dependability in every engine you operate—automotive, aircraft or marine—by insisting on dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS

Driving a truck on passenger tires?—

IT'S common sense that trucks need truck tires because they do truck work. And thousands of small-truck owners are finding that using passenger tires costs money instead of saving it.

So we invite you to look at the stalwart Goodyear Truck Airwheel pictured here. Pioneered by the world's largest tire builder, its tread is wider and thicker than auto tires — to stand the gaff and grind of pickup and delivery service — in the city or on the farm.

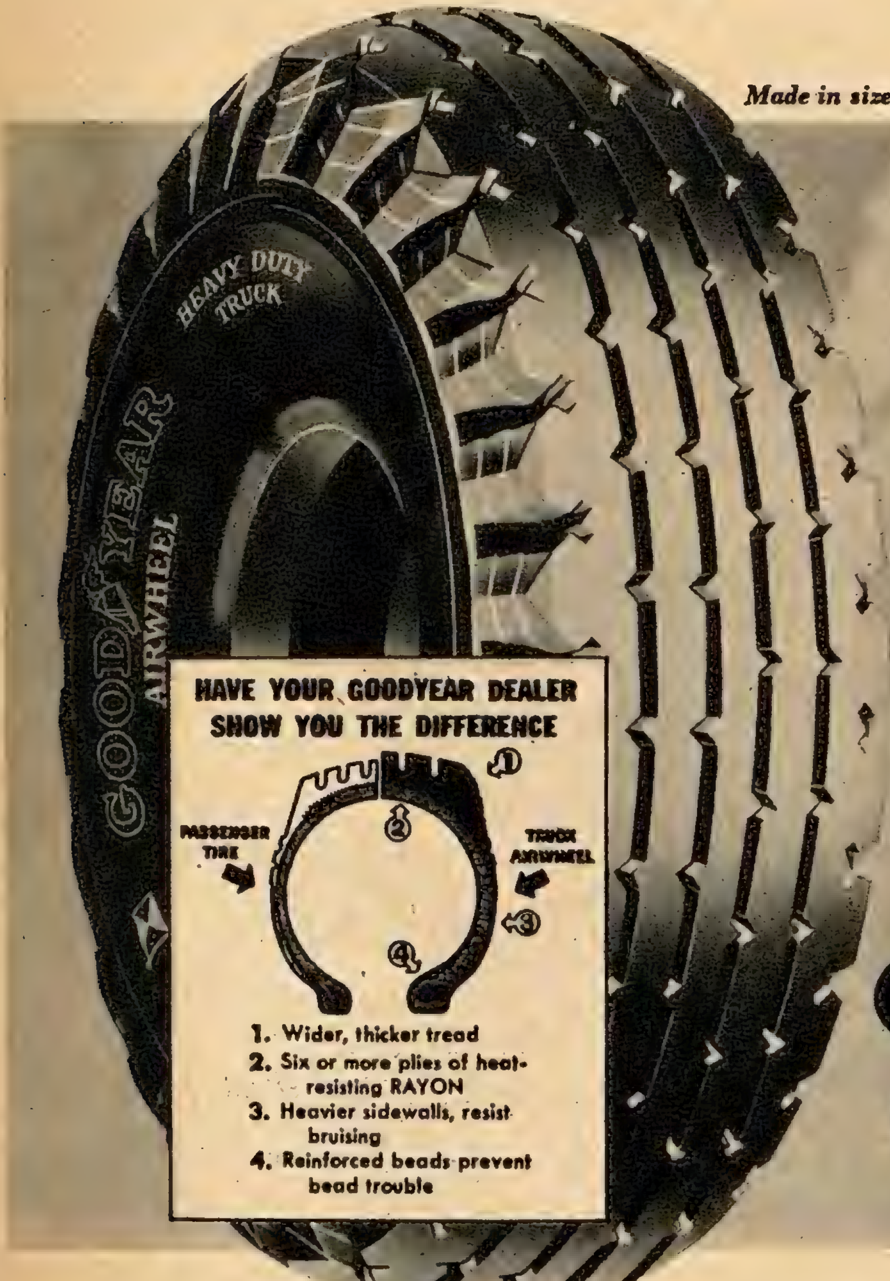
Sinewed with RAYON

Beneath that tread, it is bodied with *six* or more plies of super-strong, heat-resisting rayon cord, to carry heavier loads with safety. Beads are specially reinforced to prevent bead trouble. In every way, it's a tougher, sturdier tire that provides more "cushion" — gives extra protection that helps lengthen truck life.

Truck owners everywhere report truck Airwheels have reduced their tire costs — given far longer service. These great tires cost a little more. But when you add up their many savings, *they are actually the lowest-cost tires to use.*

To get real truck tires for your *light* trucks — buy or specify Goodyear Truck Airwheels — *it pays!*

Made in sizes up to 7.50-16 for all types of light trucks



1. Wider, thicker tread
2. Six or more plies of heat-resisting RAYON
3. Heavier sidewalls, resist bruising
4. Reinforced beads prevent bead trouble

Better look into this!

GOODYEAR
TRUCK AIRWHEELS

Airwheel—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Here We Go Buying Votes Again!

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

At least $50,000,000 will be spent before 1948 to influence voters in their choice of Congressmen and a President. Mr. Ickes tells how we can free our elections

THE United States has always been secretive about the use of money in politics. Secrecy is a natural component of shame. Both parties have spent money lavishly and have been both corrupt and corrupting. The campaign dollar is a changeable dollar. At times it is as sticky as mucilage, and on other occasions it is as hard to hold onto as an energetic eel.

The party machines, generally speaking, have been willing to go on the theory of "live and let live," although it is an accepted part of campaign technique to emit loud cries of pretended virtue when the opposing party seems to be getting more cash for its candidates, who are probably just as undesirable as the ones on the more restricted diet.

No one would deny that there should be a reasonable amount of money available for legitimate expenditures in an election upon which may depend the political and social trends of the country for years to come. It stands to reason that voters cannot be given facts and arguments unless there is money for literature and postage, for the hiring of halls and the financing of speakers, for the radio, and even for the humble dodger that frequently seems to serve only to litter up our streets at the cost of the taxpayers.

But it is to be deplored that the total raised for campaign purposes is beyond all reason and that it is becoming worse.

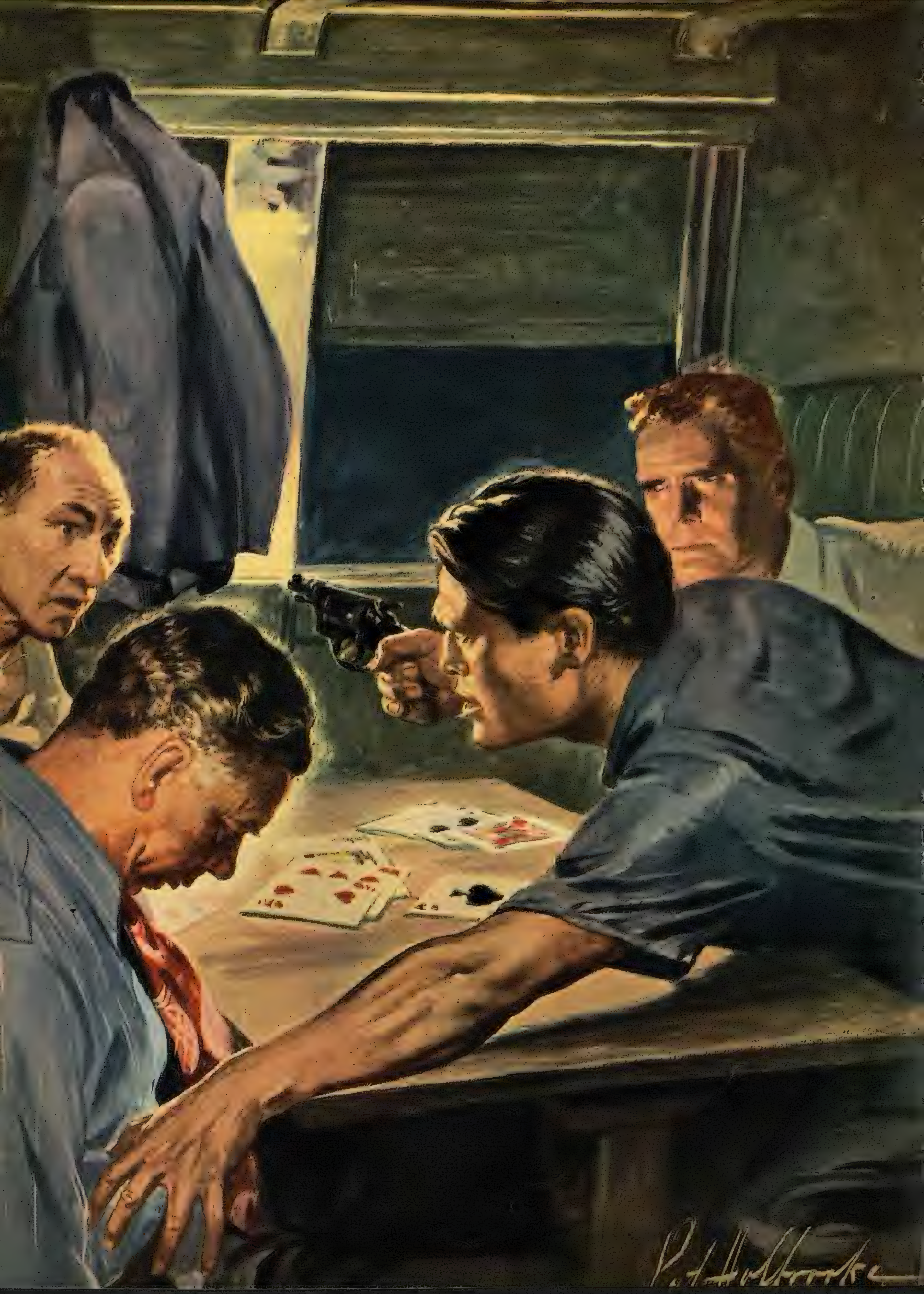
Between now and November, 1948, our federal laws apparently will permit the expenditure of some $9,000,000 to promote the elections of Congressmen and a President. Actually, during the next two years it is likely that some $50,000,000—enough money to build homes for a brigade of war veterans—will be spent for these purposes. Much of this will be mis-

(Continued on page 65)

HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

Here's one way to raise money. Good Democrats pay $100 a plate at the annual Jackson Day dinner.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE


P. Holbrooke

Curly nearly killed Joe in the ring. That was sport. Curly's being found murdered later wasn't. Joe did it. It was a grudge fight, wasn't it? Or wasn't it?

SNEAK PUNCH

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THEY convicted Joe Sundown of murder in the second degree and sent him off to San Quentin to serve five years to life.

Joe was a pug, a welterweight, past his prime as a fighter but with a clean record and more wins than losses on his card. The sports reporters wrote about the Apache Assassin when he won a fight, and the Kickapoo Kanvasback when he lost, although he was only half Indian, and a Navaho at that. His last match had been with Curly Legrand, an up-and-coming kid with whom he had fought twice before, winning one and losing one. All the matches were strictly grudge fights, and it was common knowledge that Joe and Curly hated each other. The finger would have been on Joe for that reason alone, even if the other evidence hadn't been so damning.

Curly had beaten Joe's ears off in their final fight, putting him on the floor five times in the last three rounds, and down for keeps in 1.45 of the tenth. Joe's handlers had had to carry him to the dressing room. He didn't really snap out of it until after he was dressed, by which time Curly had gone home to pack and catch the night plane to Denver, where he had another fight coming up. Joe, groggy, battered, and mumbling had gone after him in spite of everything his manager and seconds could do to stop him. His manager, Mack Moran, had had sense enough to call the cops, but they were five minutes too late. They caught Joe as he left Curly's roominghouse. Curly, his neck broken, lay dead in his room.

Joe's lawyer was one of the best hair-splitters in southern California, but Joe made a bad impression on the jury from the start. He was a stocky, wide-shouldered, muscular man with the straight black hair and high cheekbones of his Indian father. His nose still had an arch to it, but it was set crooked on his face, and years in the ring had put little pads of cartilage on his cheekbones and eyebrows that made his black eyes seem narrow and sinister. He was not an educated man, and he had a tendency to clam up when the district attorney made things bad for him in the witness chair. The jury put it down to meanness.

Joe's own story was incredibly weak. He had found Curly dead in his room, and had battled the police when they grabbed him only because he was still punchy from his beating, dizzy, not thinking clearly. He felt no bitterness toward Curly and never had. His only reason for going to Curly's room was to explain that he did not hold a grudge. He had planned to quit the ring after the fight, and he wanted to break clean, without enemies. He did not know who had killed Curly or why he was killed.

WITH a story like that, Joe was meat pie for the prosecution. The D. A. put him on the stand and waved newspapers under his nose, quoting Joe's own printed statements that Curly was a phony, a dirty fighter, and a yellow bum. Joe's stumbling attempts to explain away the grudge as a fake from the start, a deliberate build-up to promote the gate and make rematches possible, did not get over, even with the support of witnesses who testified that such practices were common in the fight game. Curly's manager knew it as well as anybody, but he was hostile to Joe. He stated positively that neither he nor Curly would have participated in such a fraud. Furthermore, there had been a beef between the two fighters in the dressing room just before the fight, during which Joe had clipped Curly with a sneak punch. If it hadn't been a grudge, Curly's manager didn't know what a grudge was.

The D. A. agreed. He built up a convincing picture of a murderous savage lusting for the blood of his enemy. Joe's lawyer countered with a raft of character witnesses: Joe's pretty wife, Virginia; his manager; his one-time trainer, Jeff Gordon, who owned a health farm in the San Fernando Valley where Joe worked out before his fights, and others.

One witness was a smooth, well-dressed, well-mannered gentleman named Julio Morosco who identified himself as a promoter and was known to be mixed up in the rackets. He testified that he had known Joe well for many years and that he would be willing to give odds on Joe's innocence. It convinced all the gamblers in the courtroom, but they weren't on the jury.

Joe was sentenced the following Monday and turned over to the sheriff. He said good-by to his wife at the jail. He couldn't put his arms around her because his wrist was handcuffed to the wrist of a sad middle-aged embezzler who was to be his traveling companion, but he kissed her.

"So long," he said. "Guess I won't be seeing you for a while."

"I'll—I'll visit you, Joe—as often as they'll let me." She was trying hard not to cry.

"It's a long trip."

"I'm going to move to San Francisco. I'll be nearer you there."

"That's good."

Joe couldn't think of anything else to say. There was a question he badly wanted to ask her, but too many people were around: the sad embezzler beside him, the red-faced sheriff's deputy who had signed a receipt for the prisoners and was anxious to get going; Mack, Jeff—they were all there. He couldn't talk in front of a mob.

JOE said, "Well, so long, Ginger. I kind of wish—I guess it doesn't matter. So long."

"Good-by, Joe."

The tears welled up in her eyes all at once, beyond control.

Joe shook hands with Mack and with Jeff. Mack gave him a hard grip.

"I'll take care of everything, Joe," he said. They had been together since Joe first started fighting, and he was a good manager, younger

(Continued on page 59)

e stretched desperately to get at
e keys, holding the stubby revolver
o feet from Benny's face. He said,
it still! Keep your trap shut!"

HOW THE RED SOX GOT THAT WAY

Tom Yawkey sank oodles of boodle in the Red Sox—and won never a pennant. Then he tried the dime-store technique

BY DAVE EGAN

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO
Joe Cronin, manager of the Boston Red Sox.

THOMAS AUSTEN YAWKEY, a million-dollar baby if ever there was one, has paraphrased a song and found a pennant in the five-and-ten-cent store. Yawkey owns various mills, factories, warehouses, mines, and forests. More important, he owns one full share of this good green earth on Jersey Street in Boston—the share known as Fenway Park.

This is probably the very smallest piece of earth he owns anywhere, and, until this year, was the least profitable of his ventures. It houses the Boston Red Sox, and upon this property and its sometimes freakish inhabitants, he once lavished and lost millions in a vain attempt to purchase an American League pennant.

Now, ironically, that pennant has plopped into his lap in return for a few sagely spent nickels and dimes.

Not that he was squandering his patrimony, for he is the rare bird to whom somebody always is leaving something. To begin with, it was $4,000,000 from his mother. Next time, $3,500,000 from his foster father. Time after that, $1,750,000 from his foster mother. And so it goes.

He was born Thomas Austen, on February 21, 1903, to a couple whose marriage had united two conspicuous fortunes made in sawing down and selling the forests of Michigan. His father, Thomas Austen of Detroit, was just a plain millionaire. His mother, a Yawkey, was more. The Yawkeys, who trace their ancestry back to early Dutch and English settlers, were multimillionaires who had started becoming such when they established the original Yawkey Lumber Company in Saginaw, Michigan, and had kept expanding their holdings until their sawmills and paper mills and box companies freckled the faces of the United States and Canada.

When first his father, then his mother died, the poor little rich boy was adopted by his uncle, William Hoover Yawkey of Detroit. From him Tom received not only his last name and a fabulous fortune, now estimated at $50,000,000, but also a love of baseball, for his foster father had owned the Detroit Tigers and had won an American League pennant in 1907, thanks largely to the efforts of a fiery young man named Ty Cobb.

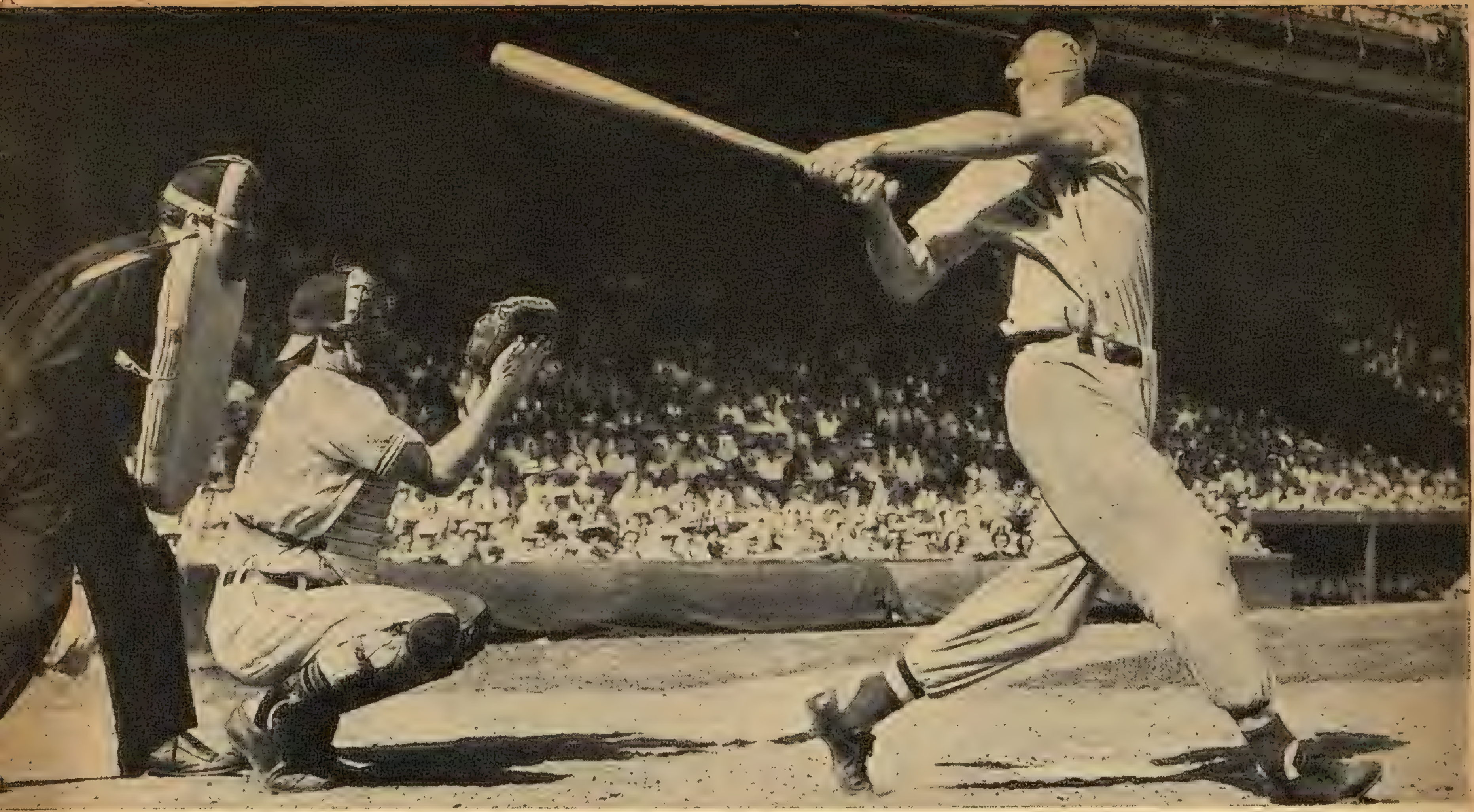
It was not strange, then, that one day Tom purchased the moth-bitten, mildewed, eighth-place Red Sox from J. A. Robert Quinn for the fashionable sum of $1,200,000, and then spent another quick million in building a completely new ball park within the shell of the old. Then all he needed was baseball players, for that was the only thing, with the exception of brains and money, which the previous regime had lacked.

This, remember, was back in 1933. Tom Yawkey was only thirty years old, with too much money for his own good. So his brother moguls quick to analyze the situation, helped him in his hour of need.

Connie Mack, at a great sacrifice, sold him the aging Lefty Grove for $125,000. Clark Griffith, though all but torn asunder by family fealties, peddled his son-in-law, Joe Cronin, for a rock-bottom $250,000. Mack returned for another helping and yielded up Jimmy Foxx, Johnny Marcum, Roger Cramer, Eric McNair, and Rube Walberg at the special cut-rate price of $350,000, which was the monetary equivalent of Yawkey's right eye. Indeed, it was said at the time that the benevolent Mr. Mack stood ready to sell himself, if the proper inducement were forthcoming.

Others, too, pitched in and helped, though in a less frenzied manner. The St. Louis club donated Rick Ferrell for the pooh-pooh figure of $55,000; brother Wes Ferrell of Cleveland came dirt cheap

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO
Cronin and four of his charges. (L. to r.) Bobby Doerr, second; John Pesky, ss.; pitchers Hughson and Ferriss.



ACME PHOTO

The Red Sox swat king Ted Williams takes a terrific cut at the ball and misses. Reason: Bobby Feller and his one hitter last July.

at $25,000; the Yankees contributed Bill Werber and George Pipgrass for a trifling $60,000; and somebody else will have to carry on from here.

It is estimated that Tom Yawkey was parted from $4,000,000 in the wildest spending orgy that any sport ever has known. Sometimes his team was called the Gold Sox. Other times, when Jimmy Foxx was breaking windows in the neighborhood, it was referred to as the Red $oxx. But no pennant flew in Fenway Park, and young Mr. Yawkey, wearied of purchasing stars from his brother moguls at swollen prices, decided to place his faith in the efficacy of prayer, player swaps, and products of his farm system.

Still there were dark hints in various press boxes that never a pennant would the Red Sox win so long as Eddie Collins remained as general manager and Joe Cronin as field manager. Any deals which these gents dreamed up could be dismissed automatically as deplorable mistakes. They got rid of Mike Higgins, Roger Cramer, and Bobo Newson, and those three landed in Detroit, where they proceeded to bat and field and pitch the Tigers to a pennant. Collins and Cronin could find no place on their pitching staff for the likes of Nelson Potter and Denny Galehouse, so they palmed them off, and Potter and Galehouse shortly pitched the St. Louis Browns to a pennant. Happenings of that sordid nature gave the pennant-starved populace exactly no confidence whatever, either in Collins or in Cronin.

But now the same Edward Trowbridge Collins and the same Joseph Edward Cronin are known as the wisest of men in the Athens of America; for, after flubdubbing around for many a year and at great cost, they have brought to Boston its first pennant since Anno Domini 1918.

Some folks intimate that as goes Ted Williams, so go the Red Sox. Others point with pride to the strength which starts behind the bat with Hal Wagner and proceeds in a reasonably straight line through the pitching box, where toil such marvelous men as Hughson and Ferriss and Harris and Dobson; around second base, where perform Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky in a fashion wondrous to behold; and out to center field, where small, begoggled, quiet Dom DiMaggio this year has outscintillated his bigger and more famous brother Joe.

My man, though, is the third-sacker, a nonpareil at his position, who has had as many names as a professional polygamist. First it was Ernest Andres, who opened the season there. Eddie Pellegrini, a native son of Boston, followed him, and was succeeded by Leon Culberson, an odd-jobs man. Glenn (Rip) Russell, a traveled big-leaguer, was next and was spelled, after he had run momentarily out of gas, by the venerable Mike Higgins.

Then, at midseason, a journeyman ballplayer named Don Gutteridge was slipped into the most untidy and most cluttered position any pennant-winning team ever has known. Whatever else happens to the Sox in the World Series, no harm can befall them at that position, for practically everybody on the squad is a third baseman.

To assemble this team, Yawkey, the man who spent a fortune to lose pennant after pennant, has not spent much of anything except his time.

He obtained catcher Hal Wagner from the Athletics in a swap for one Ford Garrison, thus getting even with Mr. Mack for at least one past quince.

He collared Tex Hughson right off the campus of the University of Texas for a small but soothing bonus. He took title to Joe Dobson by giving the Cleveland Indians catcher

(*Continued on page 57*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

President Tom Yawkey of the Boston Sox in conference with two other prexys. Clark Griffith, Senators; Connie Mack, Athletics.

BOOM BURG

Flush, free-spending Anchorage is the Chicago of America's last frontier

BY CHARLES LANIUS

ALASKANS claim mushrooming Anchorage, the "Chicago of America's last frontier," is the biggest one-horse town in the world. The lusty, flourishing little city, Alaska's largest, is literally bursting its seams.

Many factors figure in Anchorage's boom. It is the base for business activities on the Kenai Peninsula, the rich Matanunska Valley, west central Alaska, and the interior. It is the biggest transportation center in the territory. It is almost surrounded by farming country. One of the world's largest gold-producing areas is near by. Trappers, miners, and commercial fishermen use it as a jumping-off place.

Mile-long Fourth Avenue, the town's main street, is a patchwork of modern glossy store fronts and low, shabby, firetrap frame buildings.

Trappers and natives in gaudy costumes and well-dressed business men elbow each other in the city's many bars. Women are apt to be wearing the latest big-city dress models or varicolored slacks. Bedraggled native women often squat on the sidewalks munching food or drinking a bottle of beer, oblivious to the bustling crowds.

Prices are high. A plate of ham and eggs costs $1.25, a shoe shine thirty-five cents, and the shortest taxi ride is a dollar minimum. A stalk of celery or a cantaloupe is worth a dollar each. All wearing apparel is from 10 to 30 per cent higher than in the United States.

The town is little but loud. Hit tunes blare from radios and juke boxes. The hearty, openhanded people spend freely and everyone seems flush with cash. Pinball machines, shooting galleries, and card games do a land-office business.

A member of the Territorial Liquor Dealers' Association told this writer that "more than ninety liquor licenses have been granted to stores, night clubs, and saloons—a sure sign of good times. On the other hand, we've got twenty churches and religious groups. Our preachers are seven-days-a-week men, not just Sunday talkers. Saloonkeepers and parsons are among the busiest men in town."

Before the war Anchorage was a typical Alaskan small town supported mainly by the government-owned Alaska Railroad. The 1940 census put its population at 3,488. War changed the picture overnight. Near-by Fort Richardson became Alaska's biggest military installation and Anchorage was flooded with construction workers, army and government personnel. The population tripled. Servicing the newcomers became the town's chief industry. Wages and prices spiraled and the town had inflation before the OPA got there. The population now is conservatively estimated at 12,000, exclusive of military personnel, and is still expanding.

Anchorage's natural commercial position and a greatly stimulated aviation industry have enabled it to hold wartime gains and add to them. Fort Richardson is expanding and thirty-seven government agencies have offices and staffs in the city. Neighborhood groceries, welding shops, garages, carpenter shops, and other small businesses are springing up wherever they can find a spot.

"A large portion of the new businesses are being started by veterans," Attorney John Manders, the former mayor, told me. "In the army they beefed about the terrible climate, people, dust, prices, and isolation. These same men are our strongest boosters."

Air transportation is Anchorage's number one business. Five established air lines have headquarters there and one company contemplates a large maintenance base for its proposed route to the Orient. Some new air lines have been started by former Army flyers. Traders, trappers, and miners are using planes to open up the country. Everything except the heaviest freight is hauled by air. The town

1ST NATIONAL BANK

PRESS SYNDICATE PHOTO BY RUTH ROBERTSON

Modern edifices like the Federal Building are vying with old frame structures on Anchorage's booming Main Street.

claims more planes per capita than any other city under the American flag.

Salmon canneries, the Alaskan Railroad, a new bus line, and miners, trappers, and farmers are all good for business in Anchorage. Many new buildings are planned and some are already under construction. A commercial company has started a $200,000 building, part of a million-dollar program to make its Anchorage store the largest and most modern in Alaska. Captain Eugene Lathrop, Alaska's richest sourdough, is building a $500,000 theater and radio station. A $300,000 five-story athletic club has two floors finished. A three-story office building, a three-story medical arts building, three concrete garages, and several frame office buildings and stores are under construction.

Housing, of course, is the biggest headache. It is almost impossible to rent houses and apartments even when home seekers offer substantial bribes. A few houses are listed for sale, but the prices are exorbitant. Anchorage's hotels are always filled and reservations must be made weeks in advance. And as for public works, Mayor Francis Bowden says, "Any public project capable of taking care of the city now is likely to be outgrown next year. There's no telling when the city will stop expanding so we can plan intelligently without fear of building too small. Now we anticipate a population of at least twenty-five thousand within the next few years. Believe me, a boom town in Alaska has plenty of problems."

THE END

The Racket in Death

A shocking exposé of the lowest breed of crook—those who cash in on the grief of families of servicemen who were killed overseas

BY HERBERT L. SCHON

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ghouls are making plans to shake loose thousands of dollars from the fathers, mothers, and wives of more than 300,000 American servicemen who gave their lives overseas during World War II. There isn't a chance of this money being used for benefits or services which the War Department provides at no cost.

Last spring Congress passed, and President Truman signed, a bill providing for the final burial of armed forces personnel who died overseas during the war. Within a few months the office of the Quartermaster General will initiate the return to this country of those for whom next of kin have requested burial in the United States. Simultaneously, final burial will be accorded those who will rest in permanent military cemeteries in the countries where they died.

It is while the repatriation program is in progress that War Department officials fear Gold Star mothers, widows, and others will become easy prey for cold-blooded crooks. The few money-gouging schemes which have already come to light have been nipped with lightning speed by Quartermaster General of the Army T. B. Larkin, Chief of the American Graves Registration Service.

Recently a Michigan mother whose son was killed in the Philippines received a letter from Manila. The writer, who somehow had come across the remains of her son, wrote that for a small sum he would send a photograph of the grave he had prepared. If the mother sent him a great deal more money, he promised to obtain a casket and ship the remains home. Fortunately she consulted a friend who belonged to one of the veterans' organizations. The friend reported the case to General Larkin's office. Prompt action by the American Graves Registration Command in the Philippines led to the apprehension of the letter writer.

Quartermaster Corps officers also clamped down quickly on a grandiose scheme by which one group of men was planning to sell photographs of graves to next of kin, who probably wouldn't have stopped to think that a cross or Star of David could be easily set up and photographed on a plot of grass in somebody's back yard in this country.

False promises to supply families with "inside information" about the cemetery and grave location of a relative who died in combat are made by smooth-talking sharpies. Actually, all pertinent information is available from War Department files and can be obtained by any next of kin who writes to the Memorial Division of the Quartermaster General's office in Washington.

The down-at-the-heel character, wearing a veteran's discharge emblem, who calls on some sympathetic father or mother who lost a son in action and claims to have been a buddy is likely to be a faker who obtained the parent's address and the son's name from a local casualty list. Few families will have the heart to send him on his way without urging a gift of money on him.

Unscrupulous elements in some foreign countries have attempted to communicate with the relatives of Americans buried in overseas cemeteries in an effort to extort payment for care of graves. As General Larkin has pointed out, ample funds have been provided by the War Department for all such care.

Establishment of fifteen headquarters throughout the United States designated as offices of the American Graves Registration Service is expected by General Larkin to provide next of kin with facilities for obtaining up-to-the-minute information about the repatriation program. He is also confident these centers will play an important part in stamping out rackets designed to profit from a nation's sorrow.

Another heavy blow to the racketeers is the War Department's assurance that the repatriation program will be carried out in a democratic manner, without regard for rank, race, creed, or color. Remains will be returned to this country, when next of kin have expressed a desire for their return, only as the temporary cemeteries are evacuated. Self-styled big shots who promise return of a serviceman's remains ahead of schedule are seeking money for services they can never perform.

THE END

Early Snow

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

While most folks talk agreeably about the weather, Uncle Lawrence and Gib Jackson didn't. It all started with a spot on the end of a caterpillar

IT was all right with me, as long as I had to be away from home, to stay right on at Uncle Lawrence's farm in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. I'd had a lot of fun working there in summer. The school I went to in Tioga was just down the road, and it took me hardly ten minutes to get home if I ran on the downhill stretch.

Of course if nothing special was up, I didn't run, because I had to help milk and take care of the cows. But on the first of October, when Uncle Lawrence and Gib Jackson started cutting their winter's supply of wood in Uncle Lawrence's wood lot, I ran all the way home.

Uncle Lawrence, who is five feet two and has bristling gray hair, and Gib Jackson, who is over six feet and built like an oat straw, were just trimming the branches from a tree they had felled, as I arrived. Gib Jackson kept right on working. But Uncle Lawrence slashed a two-inch limb with one stroke of his ax and turned around.

"Hi, William."

"Hi," I said.

Gib Jackson, who never talks much, kept on trimming. But he said:

"Some people, if they're freezin' to death when early winter comes, might wish they'd put in their time cuttin' wood instead of just gassin' with everybody who happens along."

I could see Uncle Lawrence's face get red. "Why, you darned old fool!" he said. "If you had a brain in your head you'd know we're going to have a mild fall and not see a sign of winter until late March! Come here, William."

I went with Uncle Lawrence to where he had laid his coat down. On it was a brown caterpillar with two black tips.

"William," Uncle Lawrence said, "you tell me which end of that caterpillar has the most black on it."

"The back end, Uncle Lawrence," I said.

"That's right! That's right, William!" He looked at Gib Jackson. "That means the back end of winter will be longest and hardest!"

Gib Jackson sank his ax into the stump they had sawed the tree off. "Come here, William!"

I walked over to Gib Jackson and he emptied another black-tipped caterpillar out of a tobacco box onto his arm.

"You tell me, William," Gib Jackson said, "which end of that caterpillar has the most black."

"Why, the front end."

"I hope to shake it's the front end! That means the front end of the winter will be longest and hardest!"

"But— What about Uncle Lawrence's caterpillar?"

"Crazy, just like he is!" Gib Jackson snorted.

"Oh! Is that so!" Uncle Lawrence's face was red as a turkey gobbler's. "You old mulehead! I—"

I did not want to stay around while they were fighting, and I ran all the way to the barn. I was just starting to milk Molly when Uncle Lawrence came in, took another pail, and started on Red. I could tell by his face that he was still mad, but when we finished milking he tried to look like he wasn't.

"William," he said, "it will be just as well if we do not say anything to your aunt. She'd never believe that Gib's just a stubborn old fool."

AUNT MARTHA always seems to know when we're coming in and she always has supper hot on the table when we get there. For a long time nobody said anything—it's the rule around here that talk can follow after hungry people have been satisfied. We finished, folded our napkins, and Aunt Martha said:

"Why didn't Gib come in?"

"I dunno." Uncle Lawrence shrugged. "Guess he had to go home."

"Well, I'm real disappointed. If you were cutting wood out of his lot, as you will be next year, I'd expect you not to slight Minnie Jackson."

Uncle Lawrence made a choking noise.

"The Jacksons are the best friends we ever had," Aunt Martha added. "I hope nothing ever comes between us. Don't you, Lawrence?"

"Uh gluglu," Uncle Lawrence mumbled.

The next morning I felt better. Uncle Lawrence and Gib Jackson had been friends for fifty-one years, and it wasn't reasonable that they would continue to fight about whether the front or back end of winter would be hardest. That night I went right up to the wood lot, expecting to find them good friends. But Uncle Lawrence called me over.

"Tell him," he nodded toward Gib Jackson, "that Martha wants him to drop in."

I felt pretty silly about the whole thing. But I went over to Gib Jackson. "He says Aunt Martha wants you to drop in."

"Tell him I don't care to go into an ornery old fool's house!"

Back I went. "He—he—he don't care to go in an ornery old fool's house. He said it. I didn't."

"He did, huh? Tell him I don't specially care to have a jugheaded jackass visiting me anyhow!"

"He—he don't care to have a jugheaded jackass visiting him," I told Gib Jackson.

"Crazy old bat!" Gib Jackson muttered. "He won't admit that my caterpillar knows more about winter than his."

Aunt Martha was playing the radio when we went in the house. But she shut it off—Uncle Lawrence doesn't like to hear it except when the dairy news is on. Aunt Martha had supper on the table.

"My lands!" she said. "Gib didn't come in again tonight! Is anything wrong, Lawrence?"

"He—he has an ailing horse to tend," Uncle Lawrence said.

AS the days wore on, Uncle Lawrence and Gib Jackson got madder and madder. About a week after Uncle Lawrence finished hauling, Gib Jackson came over to help saw the wood into stove lengths. I stood watching them.

"Have you noticed, William," Uncle Lawrence said, "how balmy the weather's been. I guess you know now who can tell about it."

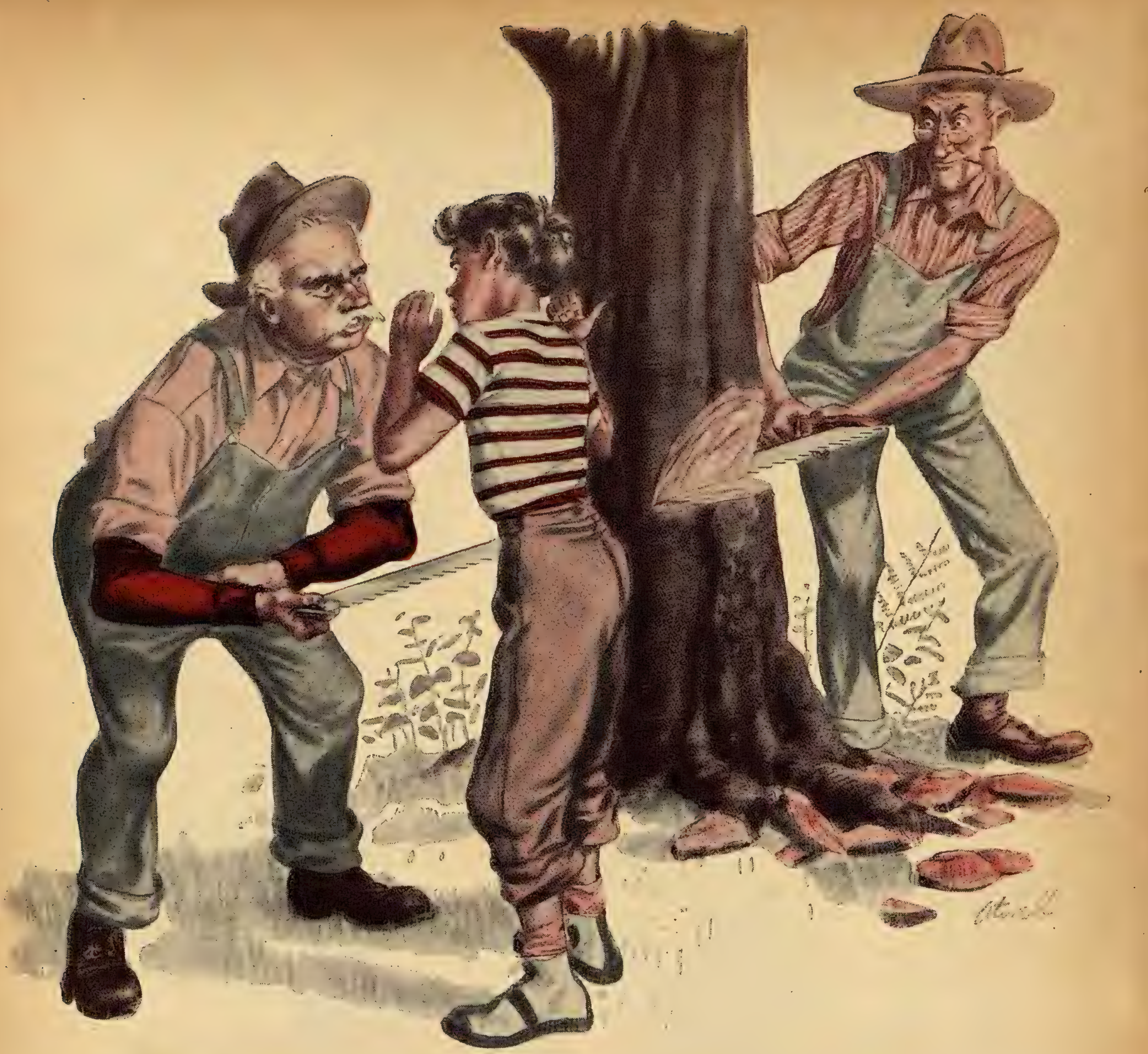
That was true. Here it was the twentieth of October and every day had been like summer.

On the tenth of November I saw Gib Jackson drive his wood wagon into the yard for his first load of wood. Aunt Martha came out.

"Gib Jackson!" she said. "You have not said hello to me since you and Lawrence started cutting wood! Get right off that wagon and come in! The horses will stand."

Gib looked as though he didn't want to come in. But finally he came, and Aunt Martha cut a wedge of pie for him and one for me. We were about half finished when Uncle Lawrence came in. He stopped and put his hands on his hips.

"So!" he said. "At least you admit you were wrong!"



Back I went to Uncle Lawrence. "He—he—he don't care to go in an ornery old fool's house. He said it. I didn't."

"Mebbe I am!" Gib Jackson snarled. "But if my caterpillar had been right I wouldn't crow the way you do! I'd be a man!"

"What is this?" And I have never heard Aunt Martha speak so sharp.

"Lawrence Ursell, you sit down here!" Aunt Martha said. Then she put Gib Jackson in another chair and she sat right between them.

"Now let's hear about this," she said.

They still couldn't do anything but sputter, so I told Aunt Martha all about the caterpillars and everything. She just sat a minute, looking from one to the other. Then—

"I do declare!" she said. "I'd ought to spank you both! Lawrence Ursell, your caterpillar was right! Gib Jackson, so was yours! Don't you know that a caterpillar furred heavy on the front end can mean either a hard beginning for the winter or a heavy snow early?"

"Well, by gosh!" said Gib Jackson. "I never thought of that!"

"You should, instead of fighting like kids! And I do believe we'll get that snow tomorrow."

"Then my caterpillar could have been right?"

"Of course! Both of them—"

I didn't wait to hear the rest because I went outside to look. The sky was bright blue, and the last rays of the setting sun were resting on the tops of the mountains. I didn't see how we could get a snowstorm. But that night we did. I waded through ten inches of snow to get home the next evening, and it was still coming down. Gib Jackson's team and bobsled were in front of the house. Uncle Lawrence went to the barn for a couple of blankets and he put them over the horses.

"Dadgummit, Gib," he said, "you've been hauling all day. Now come in and warm your innards with coffee."

Gib Jackson came into the kitchen and Uncle Lawrence poured him a cup of coffee. But I went into the other room to sit beside Aunt Martha while she sewed. Finally—

"Gee, you're smart!" I said. "How did you know Gib's caterpillar might mean an early heavy snow?"

Aunt Martha smiled. "I invented it on the spur of the moment."

"Then how did you know Uncle Lawrence was right?"

"H'mph! I've lived in Tioga County all my life, and I never saw anything but a dragged-out winter!"

"How did you know it would snow today?"

"Turn on the radio, William. But keep it soft."

I did, just in time to hear: "And now your weather forecast. The storm promised northern Pennsylvania struck today in all its fury. Not for twenty-three years has there been a comparable fall of snow so early in the season—"

Uncle Lawrence hollered in, "Turn that thing off! Gib and I are planning a deer hunt!"

THE END

You're Joking, Junior

Garry Moore is the first real comedian to come out of radio in a decade—and, some say, the only

BY LLOYD SHEARER

Garry Moore prepares for television.

GARRY MOORE flopped so badly on his first try to crack the big-time airways that Fred Allen told him it was more than an egg he had laid—it was an omelet.

The eggs that Garry lays these days are all golden. His part in his Friday-night stint over CBS with Jimmy Durante is good for more than $2,000 a week.

His appeal as a radio comedian is dependent entirely upon his material, most of which he writes himself. There is much to be said for his hilarious original skits, long-windedly entitled: The Tale of the Midget Who Played the Bass Tuba and How He Got Sucked In, or How to Make Rubber-Lined Vest Pockets for People Who Like to Steal Wet Tea Bags, or for such poems as In Praise of a Pig, or Ode to a Cow.

Jimmy Durante says, "Junior's material got class. Dere's nobody who knows more about radio than Junior, not even Marconi." When Durante and Moore first got together more than three years ago, however, they generated a bit of friction. During the first ten weeks of the show, Moore quit three times. Didn't mind playing straight man for Jimmy for a few minutes, which he still does; but a steady half-hour of it, he felt, would ruin the characterizations he had built up on daytime radio spots.

As for Jimmy, he was willing to do whatever was best for the show. In the end the current format was evolved. Now Jimmy calls Garry "Junior" and is genuinely fond of him, is a frequent visitor to his house in a swank Los Angeles suburb, and plays with his sons, Mason, five, and Junior, two. The partners meet three times a week to plot their program.

Garry was born Thomas Garrison Morfit in Baltimore. His father, Mason P. Morfit, is a lawyer. The family is listed in Baltimore's Blue Book, the equivalent of New York's Social Register.

From the time he was ten, Garry wanted to be an actor. But his parents couldn't see it. Even today they still can't. His father continues to ask him, "When are you going to quit this clowning and get serious, like Kaltenborn?"

Garry went to Public School 14 in Baltimore and McDonogh Military Academy until he was put to work as a messenger in his father's law office. He got sick of that and entered Baltimore City College, which he quit in favor of a little-theater movement called the Vagabond Players. At eighteen he wrote the book for one of its musical comedies and played the principal comedy role.

Buoyed up by literary instruction from F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had happened to see the show, Garry decided to crash radio as a writer. His first sale was a commercial for a store that specialized in maternity garments. The punch line: "Our dresses grow as you do."

After he'd put in a year as comedian for WBAL in his home town, talent agents in New York brushed him off. Just as he was about to return to Baltimore, Harry Von Zell offered him a chance on the Fred Allen show. Garry couldn't believe it—and neither could the audience, as it turned out. Sadly he followed Fred Allen's advice to "Go back wherever you came from and learn your business." That meant WBAL, then KWK in St. Louis, where he wrote and starred in a variety sustainer. Then in 1938 he got his break. NBC called him to Chicago to share the emcee role on a network show. Later he originated the program entitled Beat the Band, and served as radio quizmaster for a candy company.

He got to New York at last when NBC assigned him to do a daily morning show. He was to share an office with H. V. Kaltenborn, the news commentator, but this arrangement proved to be all wet. Kaltenborn, it is said, never cared particularly for Moore's sense of humor. Fortunately for him, if that is true, Moore didn't stay at Radio City too long. He went to work for Camel cigarettes. Then N. W. Ayer and Son, advertising agency, signed him and Durante to a five-year contract to do their show for United Rexall Drug Company.

The talent experts insist that Garry Moore is destined to become one of the great comics of our time. His listeners will say he's already that.

THE END

Indictments in
JURY BRIBE
AUTO ACCIDENT
AUTO FRAUD
EXTORTION

Artists in Fraud

BY RHODA RODER

Accident fakers mulct $15,000,000 annually from honest policy holders. Meet the claims investigators who match wits with these crime artists — and win

FRANK RUSH discovered as a boy that he could dislocate—and restore to normal position — almost any joint in his body at will. Grown up, as a fake accident artist he netted some $30,000 a year—until the Claims Bureau of the Association of Casualty and Surety Executives caught on and caught up with him.

For years Frank fell, each time in a different city but always in an insured location. Writhing in distortion, he was rushed to hospitals. Always the X-rays convinced competent physicians of his injuries, and quick settlement from the insurance companies was forthcoming.

On Christmas Day in 1934 he fell down the stairs of a bus in Oakland, California. The X-rays showed a dislocated neck. Doctors made his head secure, preparatory to a plaster cast. He phoned the insurance company, demanding $10,000. The adjuster, half jokingly, offered $200. Frank accepted. A half hour later he snapped his head back into position, dressed himself, and walked away.

Through this bit of medical magic Frank entered the books of the Claims Bureau. In 1937 a claims investigator identified "Frank Martin," in a Baltimore hospital with a dislocated wrist, as Rush by the tattooing on his arms. A stretch in the Maryland penitentiary ended his nineteen-year career of fraud.

Last year casualty insurance companies paid $435,000,000 for more than 4,000,000 claims. Experts estimate that at least $15,000,000 went to fake claimants. To fight such fraud, accident insurance companies maintain this nationally organized Claims Bureau headed by Wayne Merrick, a former F.B.I. man, once chief investigator for gang buster Thomas E. Dewey, with headquarters at 60 John Street, New York. Merrick's men have broken up eleven large organized rings in the past seven years, and they cause several hundred individuals to be convicted each year.

Since insurance rates are based on accident frequency and the cost of settling claims, the ordinary policy holders pay for the phonies. But insurance crooks can also victimize other honest citizens.

Consider Mr. John Doe, who parked his car on a side street while he attended a movie, and then drove home and went to bed. He was awakened by policemen who accused him of being a hit-run driver. Confronted with his car, he saw blood smeared on a dented fender and a man's initialed hat wedged in the bumper. The "victim" was at a hospital, paralyzed from the waist down. Not only was Mr. Doe held for criminal prosecution, but a paralyzed man was certain to demand an amount in six figures, and Mr. Doe carried the usual "five and ten" policy; the balance would have to come from his pocket.

Fortunately, his insurance company referred the matter to the Claims Bureau. The "victim," Fred Buono, was on their list—a "human pincushion," able to simulate paralysis by self-hypnosis. Buono's stunt was to plant evidence on a parked car, then throw himself in the gutter behind it. He had collected $50,000 framing other John Does.

Most leads for fraud investigations start in the routine careful study of the Claims Bureau's mammoth index system. There are more than 11,000,000 names in it. The casualty insurance companies submit cards for virtually every accident, with descriptions of all persons involved. Fake accident artists tend to repeat themselves. Similar cases can be grouped. Also, fakers often choose aliases similar to their real names. A three-month game of solitaire played by an Index Bureau official with over 100 cards uncovered evidence that convicted a family of "flop artists" who mulcted 130 companies of more than $15,000.

Probably no other family in the history of crime has equalled the histrionic ability of John Womack, his second wife Bertha, his three married daughters and their husbands. The Womacks fell down elevator shafts, tumbled from train platforms, stumbled in front of autos all over the Middle West.

To confuse investigators, mother and daughters impersonated one another. They dyed their hair, swapped clothes and names. Sister Blanche would fall; when the examining physician came, he would be shown Anna, who was pregnant and thus eligible for a larger settlement. Investigators were baffled. But finally, by grouping similar accidents recorded in the files, the St. Louis Index office was able to correlate evidence and bring the Womacks to court. During court recess the Womack ladies exchanged clothing and changed hair-dos to switch their roles in the drama. The judge applauded by clapping down sentences in federal penitentiaries.

In Missouri the bureau uncovered a crime ring involving eighty persons. They had submitted to real mutilations. Two men allowed amputations of their left arms, performed by one of the gang's doctors. Another had one eye removed; still another had all his toes amputated. Claims Bureau men brought the ring to an end after it had siphoned $125,000 from insurance companies in thirteen years. A similar ring was convicted in Omaha, Nebraska.

The network of Claims detectives is constantly expanding and perfecting its technique. If you suspect an accident-on-purpose artist, be sure to tell your insurance agent at once so that he can get in touch with the Claims Bureau.

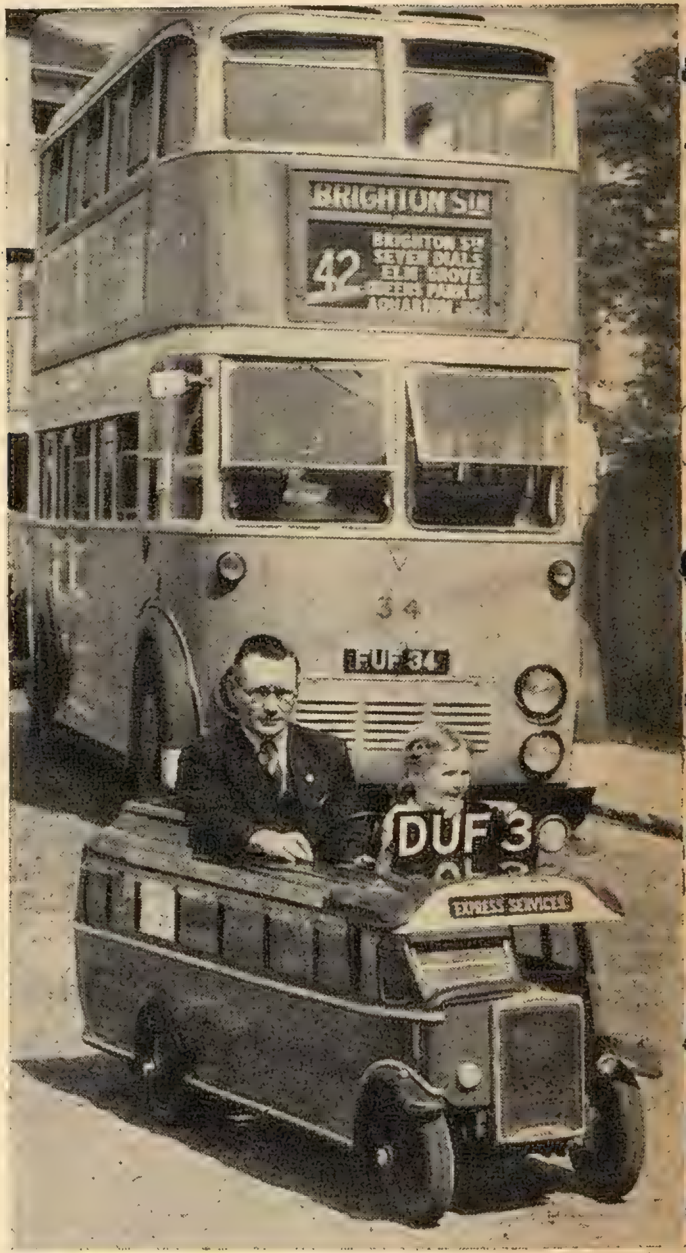
THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

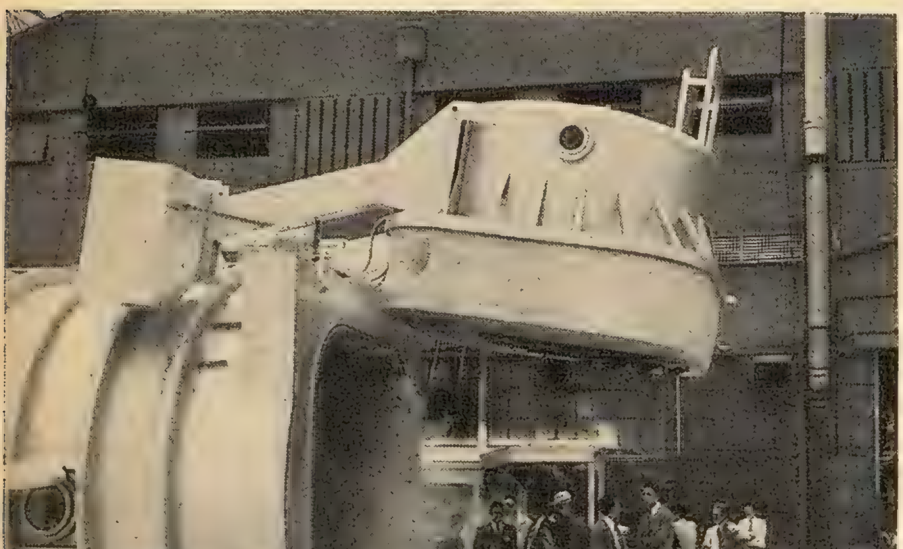
INDIAN SUMMER—Jack and Jill go up the hill to fetch a little sunshine. Jack is the collie. Jill is Jill Darnley, model, taking a hike to keep her figure trim.

ANDRÉ DE DIENES


BRIGHTON STN
42
BRIGHTON STN
SEVEN DIALS
ELM GROVE
QUEENS PARK
AQUARIUM
34
FUF 34
DUF 3
EXPRESS SERVICES

COMPETITION—A Liliputian bus paces its giant brother in Brighton, England. The 2′ x 8′ vehicle is gas driven, goes 25 miles an hour, and has carried over 1,000 tiny passengers in a day.

MIRROR FEATURES

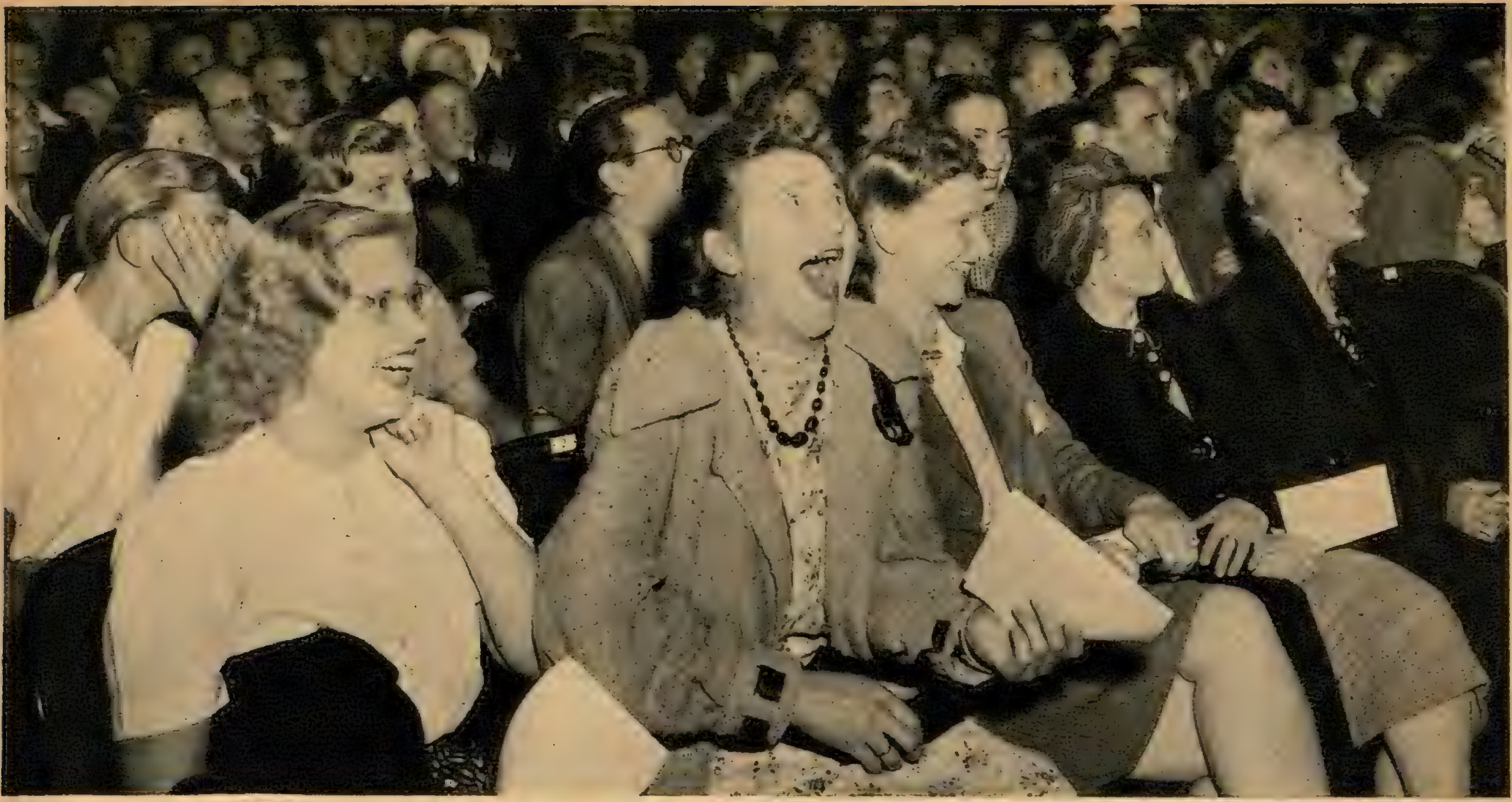


TORTURE CHAMBER—North American Aviation's iron monster swallows planes whole to test resistance to extreme pressures.

A. V. SCHMIDT

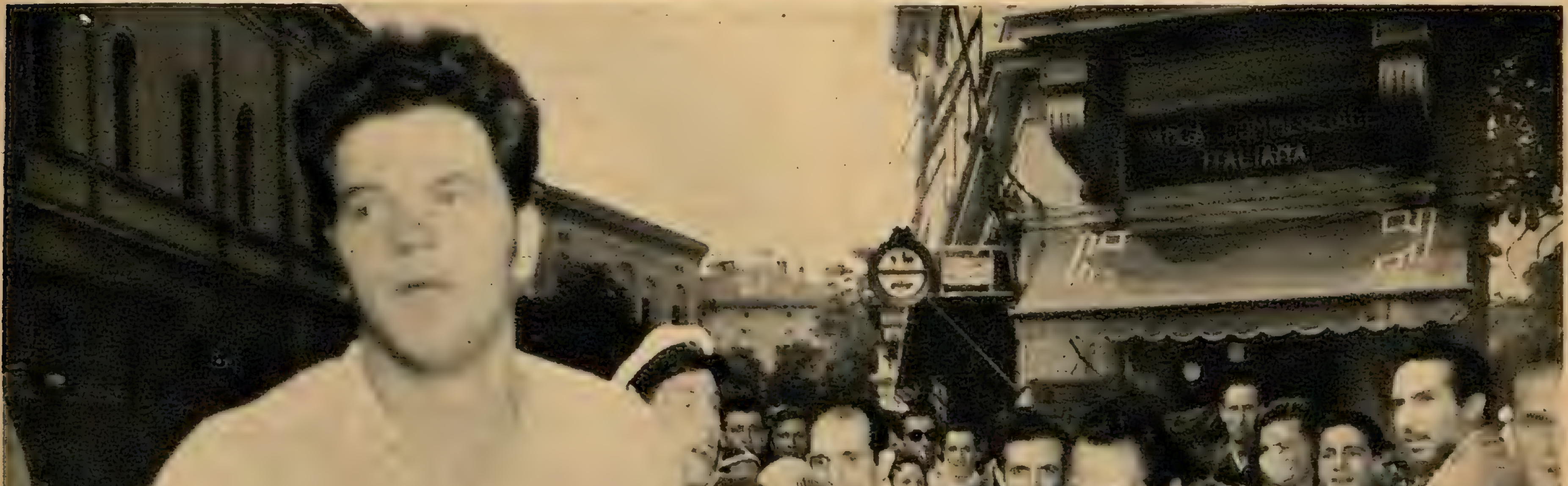
LOG JAM—Your morning paper as it looks in the raw. These Canadian loggers are trying to speed the timber to the pulp mill.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



IT WASN'T ALWAYS FUNNY—An infra-red camera catches the audience of a Berlin movie theater in hysterics at Charlie Chaplin's imitation of their former despot, Hitler. The Great Dictator was sprung on the Germans, who had expected to see Kitty Foyle.

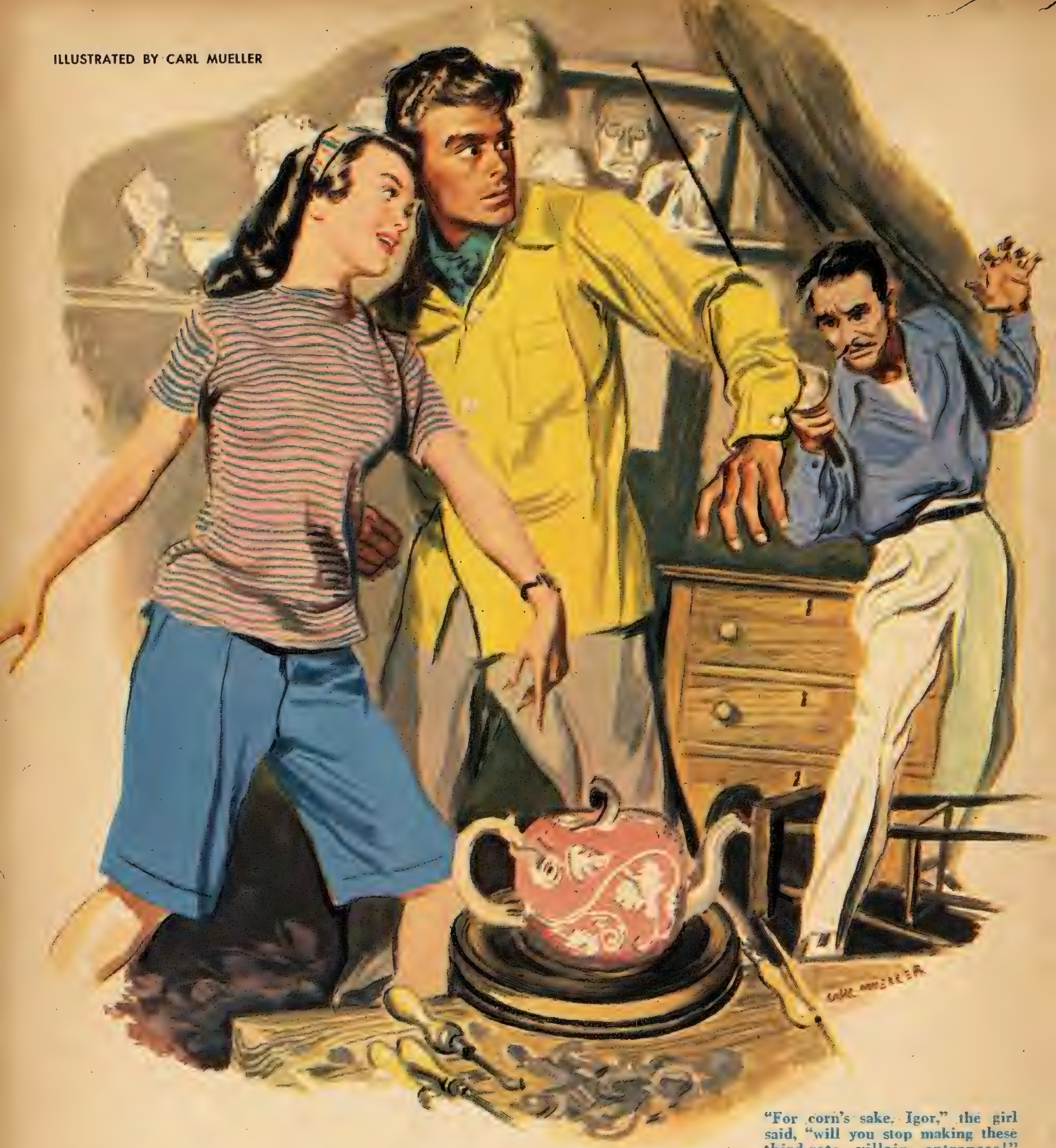
ACME



NICE FOOTWORK—The camera eye spots some attempted violence in Trieste. Running is a Yugoslav who accidentally got in with a group of Italians during a demonstration. Spectators jeer the intruder as a kicker misses his target. As usual, fighting settled nothing.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



"For corn's sake, Igor," the girl said, "will you stop making these third-rate villain entrances!"

From the day the very definitely engaged Mr. Rick Shaw walked into Sally Crane's pottery shop, there was trouble, beautiful trouble

THE MAN IN THE PLASTER MASK

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

RICK SHAW, driving along the Lafayette Road between the tawny oak-dotted California hills, pushed his foot harder on the accelerator and wondered why he'd let himself be persuaded to come on this errand.

"Look, Rick," Jane had said, half an hour before, "You're a fine newspaperman and a wonderful guy and I love you, but *can* I trust you to go out to the Crane ceramics place to get a tea set for me without getting into one of your impulsive scrapes?"

He had been a little bit miffed. "Look, Miss Archer," he'd said, striding around her small swank shop like a giraffe in a greenhouse. "You're an interior decorator of national repute, it says here on one of your business cards, and you may be planning to add Shaw to your name in private life, but for Pete's sake quit making like I don't have sense enough to take the shells off my eggs. I'll be back within the hour."

That's what *he* thought! Moreover, he expected to have several hours for puttering around with his herbs. Rick long ago had decided to make herbs his lifework. He'd seen (and tasted) what the French could do with them during the war. As soon as he'd saved up enough money he'd buy a plot of ground and get out of the newspaper business. Even now he grew herbs in boxes on the balcony of his small Berkeley apartment, across the bay from San Francisco, and he was always drying them and experimenting with them. He even carried little envelopes of them around in his pockets.

He finally arrived at the pottery place, a low white adobe building which was part of an art center, with other small shops and studios set around a central flower-filled patio.

Inside, the place was filled with bowls and plates and figures and dishes. There wasn't anyone around. He saw there was another room. Walking carefully between the pottery-filled tables, he started back to get someone to wait on him.

"Hey!" he shouted at the doorway to the back room. And then he stood frozen in his tracks. There was a man standing there, slightly foreign looking. He had a small mustache and wore a beret. In one hand he held an alarm clock and in the other a hammer. He was standing over a figure on the floor, a small slim figure with red shoes and bare brown legs and those chopped-off knee pants. But the gruesome thing was that instead of having a head, this figure had just a great white blob of clay or plaster with two things like glass tubes sticking out of it and some dark hair fanning out around it.

Rick realized that the thing with the plaster face was alive all right, because suddenly one of its hands began ringing an elephant bell wildly.

But instantly the guy with the hammer stooped down and demanded in a guttural voice, "You want me to smash your face in?"

Naturally Rick didn't wait any longer. He'd learned judo in the Army, and he flipped that guy over and sent him and the hammer and the alarm clock spinning all over the room.

Then abruptly it was like bombs away at Bikini. When he could pull himself together, the man untangled himself from a potter's wheel where he had been flung, leaped up and gave Rick a swift poke in the eye. The thing on the floor was ringing the bell like a third-alarm fire, and then it and the guy began tugging at the mess of plaster, and finally it came off, fell on the floor and broke into hundreds of pieces.

The thing in short pants turned out to be a girl, and Rick had never in his life seen anybody madder. She flew at him like a cat with a fit. The fact that Rick, with his coal-black hair and broad shoulders, was six feet tall and fairly muscular, didn't seem to bother her at all. Then he noticed that the guy was closing in on him with a long slim gleaming sword.

"En garde!" he snarled.

The girl stopped belaboring Rick. "Put that thing away, Igor," she said, "and quit acting like a character."

"I have a good mind to sue you," the girl said, turning back to Rick, "for breaking in here and ruining the life mask I was making!"

"Life mask?"

"Certainly," she said, waving her hand in a sweeping gesture around the walls of the room, which Rick only then noticed were covered with clay masks of all kinds.

"Look," he said, a little annoyed. "I was sent out here from Jane Archer's shop to pick up a tea set she ordered."

"Well, why didn't you say so, instead of acting like a battering ram?"

"I'm a newspaperman," he said, "and I thought I'd seen everything. But this looked like a new kind of murder when that sword swallower offered to smash your face in."

"Sometimes the mask *has* to be cracked off," she said, "if the person can't breathe properly, or if the plaster hardens too quickly."

"O.K. I'll pay for the damages. Now how about the tea set?" He could feel his eye swelling, and he wanted to get home quickly and deliver the tea set to Jane before she noticed he had a mouse. He knew he'd never hear the last of this if she found out about it.

THE girl yelled, "Igor, will you get a box for the tea set?" There was no answer. She said, "Oh, dear, he's probably gone off in a tizzy. He's so sensitive and I'm afraid his feelings are hurt."

She got a box and Rick helped her pack the tea set. She said, "Do you know Jane Archer very well?"

"About as well as you can know any woman. Maybe I'll get to know her better after we're married."

"Oh," she said.

"O.K.," Rick said. "Open the sweeper and spill the dirt."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That oh of yours," Rick said. "You gals can sure get a world of meaning in two letters. What have you got against Jane?"

"I haven't got anything against her," the girl said haughtily, "except that she never uses anything for the purpose for which it was made. She turns an old sewing machine into a plant stand, or a wheelbarrow into a chair, or a desk into a bar."

"Gosh," said Rick, "I wonder what she'll want to turn me into after we're married?"

"An errand boy, no doubt," the girl said. And then she turned scarlet and walked quickly from the room.

WHEN she returned, she'd washed the vaseline off her face and brushed the plaster out of her hair, and Rick discovered that she was really beautiful, with cloudy dark hair, brown eyes, and wide humorous mouth. Her beauty was subtle though, like a good pun or a smooth drink. It didn't hit you all at once.

She said, "Good heavens but you've got a shiner! Did Igor give you that?"

Rick put his hand up to his swollen eye and flinched slightly.

The girl said, "I've got a steak in the icebox. It's sacrilege to use it this way, but come on, we'll see if we can't fix your eye up."

Rick followed her and found that behind the mask room there were small but charming living quarters.

She took a steak out of the icebox and said, "Here, I'll cut a piece off the end of this and get it on your eye in a jiffy." She was about to cut it when there were footsteps in the shop and she said, "Oh, darn! Customers! Here, you fix it, and I'll be right back."

She ran out of the kitchen, and Rick picked up the knife and started to cut off a piece, but he thought it was sinful to waste even the tail end of such a handsome steak on a mere shiner. He stood there, admiring its succulent redness from every angle. His mind turned lightly to thoughts of herbs. He noticed a bottle of olive oil on a shelf, and he forgot all about his shiner. He began to take envelopes of herbs out of various pockets, then he took off his coat and got to work. Whistling softly, he crumbled four different kinds of herbs into a flat dish, poured a small amount of olive oil over them. Then he lit the oven, and while it was heating he rubbed the herb oil into the steak lovingly.

Fifteen minutes later the girl came running out to the kitchen. "What in heaven's name is that marvelous smell?" she asked.

Rick grinned at her and said, "I just tried something new, and I think it's going to make you drool. Get a couple of plates, will you?"

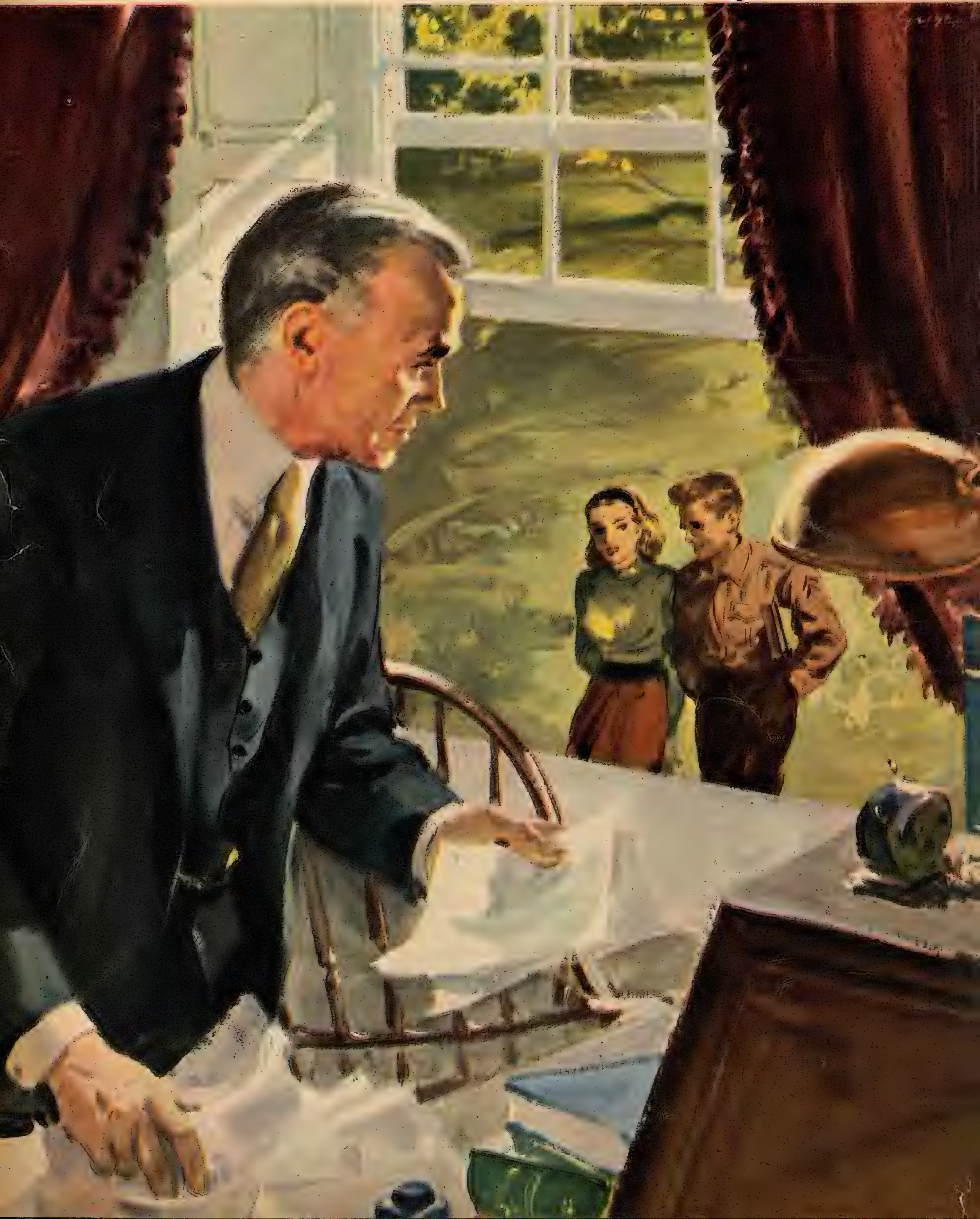
The girl got the plates and some

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Professor

BY GLADYS TABER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE RAPP



Forgets His Notes

A learned professor of literature finds his class crowded with brash young veterans who have no respect for age and think Galsworthy stinks

PROFESSOR ALCOTT walked across the campus the opening day of the fall term carrying his new briefcase and thinking dreamily that it was good to be up and about again after that bad attack of flu. He had missed all the faculty and committee meetings that preceded the opening, but at least he was not going to miss his first class.

He had not missed a class since the week his wife died, ten years ago, and their daughter, Angela, was down with scarlet fever.

He wore his gray suit with the fine pin stripe, his good dark-red tie, and a shirt with a high neat collar. His shoes were black, his socks gray. Brown shoes always seemed not quite conservative enough.

In all the years of teaching, he never lost that tight excitement of the first class. English Lit 32R was always a very small group, but it was his world. His Phi Beta Kappa key rose and fell rapidly on his tightly buttoned vest as he hurried up the worn stone steps to University Hall. The old building was pleasant in the soft light. The ivy —class of '99—was turning to splendor against gray stone.

Everything was the same as usual. Last year he had such a fright when the class was so small it was nearly dropped from the curriculum. But now that it had weathered the last feverish year of war, he was safe again. As he waited for the elevator to the third floor, he smelled the good smell of chalk dust and smiled, thinking he knew how old-time circus horses felt about the smell of sawdust.

There was no stop at third floor for students, but the older faculty members had a few privileges. The elevator man brought the car to a jolting stop and Professor Alcott stepped out into a throng of students. The whole corridor was packed. He looked around in surprise. They must have moved some survey courses up here! He pushed his way down the hall, suddenly feeling anxious.

Yes, there was a crowd around the door of 302. Had they changed his classroom after fifteen years without telling him? He would be firm; 302 was his room. He knew every crack in the blackboards. He knew just to a second when to raise his voice as the streetcar roared down the avenue; where to stand so the right light fell on his cards; how far down to have the upper sash on a cold day, on a mild day.

He forced his way to his room and his worst fears were confirmed. For the room was so jammed with people that even the windowsills were being used as seats. Lines of men stood on three sides, against the blackboards. Two sat on his table. Girls perched on chair arms.

Breathless, Professor Alcott spoke above the noise: "There must be a mistake in the room number! What course are you registered for?"

"Lit 32R," they said, in chorus, "room 302."

He felt a little giddy. "I will ask all those not registered for 32R to leave the room!"

Nobody moved; but those in the hall outside began to struggle to get inside. A tall boy with red hair brought up sharply against the edge of the table.

"May we come to attention?" asked Professor Alcott.

THE noise diminished slightly. The bell rang. But there was no hope of closing the door—it was filled with students.

Professor Alcott faced the packed room and he was stunned. He had never seen such a class! There were about four girls, as near as he could tell, and dozens and dozens of men. There were several typical undergraduates with the customary garb of light-colored tan slacks, cinnamon jackets, open shirts, young pinkish faces. The rest of the men ranged in age from twentyish to thirty-five or more.

They wore parts of Army and Navy uniforms, pieced out with odd civilian garments that did not fit very well. Some of them had faces weathered to copper and eyes that squinted from long looking at the sun. Some were pale with a definite hospital pallor. The redheaded boy was one of the brown ones. He wore an Army shirt, a green jersey jacket, brown slacks, and a pair of beautiful low Army boots.

Professor Alcott pulled himself together and raised his voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" he began.

"—and infantrymen," said a voice from the back row.

Laughter rippled. Another voice said, "Don't leave out the Air Force."

Thoroughly confused, Professor Alcott spoke even louder. "We shall have to divide the class!" Now there was silence indeed, profound, more disturbing than the noise. It was wary, intent.

"Half of you must go in another section. Instructors will be provided." He said, "Volunteers will please leave the room."

Nobody stirred.

Professor Alcott scuttled from the room and ran to the office. He found the dean obscured by a mass of mixed Army and Navy applicants, but desperation got him through.

"I have to have help," said Professor Alcott. "The class is overpowering!"

"They all are," said the dean wearily. "We thought we were prepared—but this is a deluge! Divide them up."

Outside his door, Professor Alcott paused a moment. He braced himself and got back in. He banged his book on the table and shouted.

"Count off by threes," he said.

Ten minutes later the room was still full, but the walls were not bulging out. Wiping his forehead, he passed out his registration cards, then began his usual lecture, with half a period lost forever. He had three jokes he always began with, and he told the first one about John Wesley. Nobody laughed. His best joke, used for years and always responded to by a mild spattering of mirth.

With his little joke withering and dying, he began to wonder about the lecture. He assigned the lesson, spoke about grades, and abruptly dismissed the class.

INSTANTLY he was assailed by twenty men, all waving printed forms. He had to sign his name and initial spaces on every form so they could get their textbooks. The redheaded boy came up last. His name was Robert Spenser. He wanted more books on his list. "Because," he said in an easy but authoritative voice, "I've given myself until May to cover this whole subject."

"You mean all of English literature?" asked Professor Alcott faintly.

"Well, all that really counts."

Before Professor Alcott could speak, his daughter Angela came in. She had on a lemon-colored sweater and some kind of bright skirt and

(*Continued on page 48*)

ey walked close together and the
ar soft fire of sunset glowed in
ir faces. As he watched them a
eer sharp ache went through him.

INSPIRATION HILL

"Dad" Freeman, the superintendent, shows newcomer Dick Bennett the view that inspired the name of their home.
PHOTO BY PAT COFFEY

This sumptuous home for boys is something out of a storybook

By
JULES ARCHER

THEY call it the Omaha Masonic Home for Boys, which is misleading. It isn't only for Omaha; the Home at present looks after lads from nine different states. It has no official connection with Masonry, being "organized and operated by *individual* Masons, independent of the Grand Lodge of Nebraska." Third, and most surprising, only youngsters whose parents are *not* Masons are admitted!

There's Joey Carter, aged six. His parents were divorced and custody of Joey went to his dad, a war veteran. A friend heard about it and wrote to a business acquaintance in Omaha. Joey's father wept unashamed tears of gratitude when the Home accepted his boy.

To Joey the Home was something out of a storybook. High on a hilltop, seven picturesque two-story brick cottages look down over sixty-nine landscaped acres. From the balcony of any cottage Joey could stare wonderingly at the Home's vineyard, orchard, and corn field; adjacent Fontenelle Park with its baseball diamond, skating pond, and ski slides; the wide Missouri River; and the new city of his adoption, Omaha.

Joey had a big room with only three other kids in it, and a swell new bed, chair, and closet all to himself, not to mention a bathroom with built-in showers and tiled floors! He'd never seen anything like it outside a movie. But that wasn't all. The food was dandy. There was a fine library, and in the cellar there was a well-equipped playroom and a projection booth, too—just like in a big theater!

The morning after Joey arrived he had a long chat with Superintendent W. T. ("Dad") Freeman and his wife, the Home folks. Joey was made to feel at home. Then he was given a physical check-up. If anything had been wrong with him, he would have had the best medical, psychiatric, and dental care in Omaha.

("Charity my eye!" explodes one doctor in town, when such professional care for Home boys is mentioned. "Since when is it charity to invest in the future of our kids?")

The Home for Boys had its origin in 1921, when World War I was leaving a record number of broken homes in its wake and youthful gangdom was crowding the juvenile courts. An Omaha judge put the problem up to Tinsley Combs, an Omaha jeweler who happened to be a Mason. Combs called a meeting of the Masons of Omaha.

The proposal to build a "real home" for these homeless kids won a roar of approval from fellow Masons—until it was pointed out that Masonic bylaws prohibited lodges from contributing funds for the support of any but lodge members and their families.

"Maybe so," jeweler Combs remarked dryly, "but we're also Americans. There isn't anything to stop us from supporting a home as *private citizens,* is there?"

So they did. The present plant, valued at $500,000, is debt-free and operating soundly on contributions gathered chiefly in annual appeals.

Since 1921 more than 1,000 children have found a new lease on life at the Home for Boys. And the trustees proudly point out that not one of their protégés has ever "gone bad."

Instead of being isolated in their own company, the Home kids attend public schools, go to the neighborhood church and Sunday school of their choice, take part in the community's everyday activities. If lads over twelve wish to join the Home's hired farm hands after school hours in healthy outdoor work, it pays them fifteen to twenty-five cents an hour.

THERE'S very little regimentation at the Home. Joey and his pals come and go pretty much as they please, subject to the supervision of Dad and Mom Freeman and the housemother in each cottage. After school they're always free to take part in any Boy Scout activity, in athletics or choir rehearsal, or to go on dates if they're old enough. Significantly, several of the boys from the Home have married local girls.

They don't organize their own competing "Home" teams or units, because this would tend to set them apart from community activities.

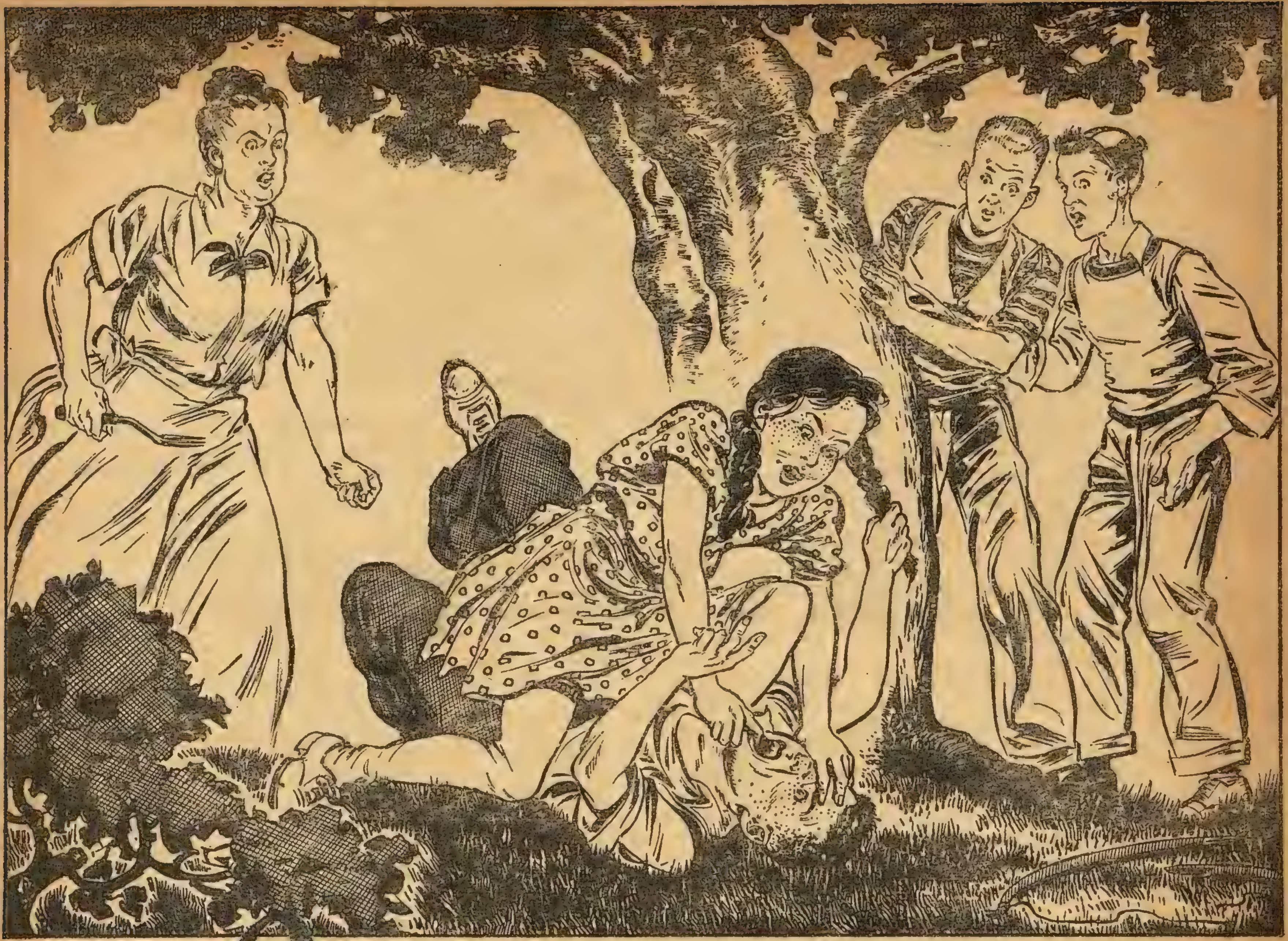
This integration, plus the vocational training the boys get, underlies their almost invariable success in later life.

The age limit is sixteen. Individual trustees of the Home often stake its high-school graduates to a college education, advancing loans which, if repaid within five years after graduation, are interest-free.

Dad Freeman's only regret about his "lucky bunch of kids" is that the Home can't do a job for more than 125 at a time. "Anything more than that would crowd the boys and turn us into an institution. That would destroy what we're trying to do for them," he explains.

The trustees are compelled to turn down applications every day. What the homeless boy problem of a nation needs is more Masons, or Lions, or Elks, or Rotarians, or Pythians ready to knock down objections by snorting, "We're also Americans. There isn't anything to stop us from supporting a Home as *private citizens,* is there?"

THE END



Clementine

BY PEGGY GOODIN

Redheaded, freckled Clementine Kelley tried for and made the neighborhood football team. This riotous story of a tomboy who overnight changed into a young lady when she fell in love with her worst enemy is the most appealing tale of growing up since Penrod.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE TETZEL

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · READING TIME: ONE EVENING

Copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

CLEMENTINE KELLEY careened out the front door like Wilbur Shaw gunning for the last lap and jumped the five steps from the porch to the cement walk.

"Yah—hoo, gid-dup!" she pushed out the syllables with joyful ease, something of a cross between Cab Calloway and an impassioned evangelist. As a matter of fact, she wasn't Wilbur Shaw at all. She was Buck Jones. She wished her name were Buck. Buck Kelley, of the Bar *X.* That sounded good. Clem slapped her ten-year-old hip and galloped off toward Central School.

Clem had the kind of red hair that makes people squint in strong light, a sharp-boned inquisitive face covered with freckles, and very blue eyes that old Father Flanagan told her were "soulful."

Central School tepee lay just ahead, squatting on the lone prairie with the insolence of lumpy brick buildings that won't lend themselves to imagination. Or to Buck Jones, disguised in pigtails. Clem gave it up and slowed down to a walk. She thought briefly of long division. Long division and Miss Osgood. Clem scowled. She and arithmetic were completely incompatible.

Feeling slightly irritated, Clem walked into homeroom 113. She pushed through the crowd of fifth graders toward her desk—front row, center—not more than a thumb's length from Miss Osgood. Clem scratched her knee and helped herself to a bite of Friday's leftover Hershey bar.

Up in front of the class, Miss Osgood arranged her skirt carefully, leaned forward, and opened Gallagher's *Geography of North America.* She glanced over the rows of pigtails and crew cuts into the schoolyard outside. Fingering the bun at the nape of her neck, she thought wistfully about Tru-Curl permanents. The posters in the beauty parlor looked so—so *chic.* The prosaic sound of chewing brought her back to reality and Clem.

Clem sat sturdily mouthing chocolate and rolling bits of tinfoil into balls. Her blue eyes were wide and vacant, a sign Miss Osgood had learned to recognize as prelude to ten-year-old sin. Clem's freckles were so distinct and so terrifyingly close to Miss Osgood's 6/20 vision that she avoided looking at her as much as possible. Most of the time it wasn't possible. Clem constituted a singular problem.

Miss Osgood stood up. Her head ached and it was only morning, Monday morning, at that. Perhaps she needed a vacation, a nice trip somewhere. She turned to pull down the map hanging over the blackboard.

It was then that Clem's tinfoil bullet stung Miss Osgood neatly between the shoulder blades.

"Yip!" said Miss Osgood. Clem Kelley sat with bland innocence, the sunlight making a halo of her bright red hair.

THE bell for recess electrified forty pairs of legs, and there was a lusty slamming of books and a half-hearted attempt to march, not run, to the door. Clem caught up with Cathy Simmons, her best friend. Cathy was always Joan when they played the Bennett sisters. Clem preferred Constance.

"I got a swell idea for a circus," Clem confided as they headed for the swings.

"Lissen, Clem, I'm not in'erested in any old circus. We just had one Saturday," Cathy said, switching her blond curls.

"But this is an animal act. We could get that mean dog of Tubby's and dress him up like a tiger an' I'll tame him."

Cathy grunted. "Tubby's dog's got a muzzle on him on account of he bit a man last week. Besides," she reflected practically, "Tubby wouldn't let us."

"Hey, Tub! C'me here!" Clem yelled, and they started across the playground to meet him. Tubby was big for his years and a bit heavy on his feet.

"H'lo, nuts," he said graciously, and crossed his eyes at Clem.

"How's that mean dog you got, Tubby?" she began diplomatically.

"What's it to ya?" Tubby parried, spitting at Clem's shoe.

Clem decided to be patient. She edged over a little. "Well, see, we thought we'd have an animal act with your dog as a wild tiger. You can be ticket seller."

"Nah. I wouldn't leave my dog be pestered by any dummies like you." Tubby reached back and pinched Clem heartily where she sat down.

There come times in every woman's life when she finds men distinctly annoying. It all happened very quickly. Tubby hardly knew what hit him. Clem tackled him hard just above his knees and then she sat on him, one hand yanking his blond curls, the other pummeling his middle. When this got monotonous, she banged his head on the ground. Tubby yelled like a stuck pig and Clem had never felt better in her life.

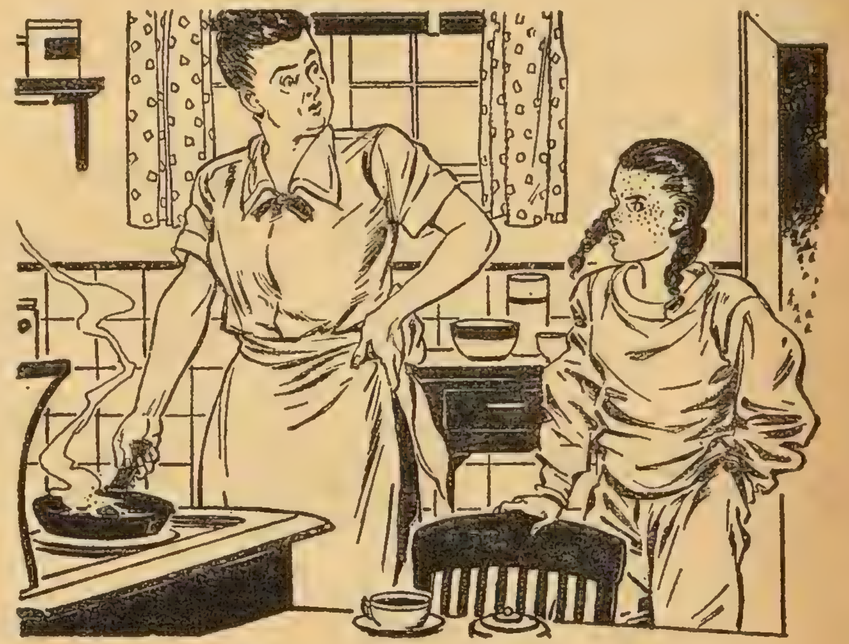
Suddenly Tubby's squeals resolved into little-boy sobs and Clem felt his fat arms relax. Shocked, she stood up. "Well, for Pete's sake, Tubby!" she said, but Tubby only wiped his nose and snuffled. He got up finally, hiccoughing gently.

"Miss Osgood! Miss Os—good!" he yelled on a rising pitch, and trudged off, still hiccoughing.

Cathy stared at Clem, awestruck. "Did you hurt him much?"

Clem hitched up her pants. Buck himself couldn't have done it better. "Probably," she answered, and for one horrible minute Clem saw herself led into Tubby's house, handcuffed but brave, to view his battered body. It was an interesting possibility.

Almost at once Justice caught up with Clem and laid its bony hand on her shoulder. "Clementine Kelley, I'm *ashamed* of you." Miss Osgood's voice quavered.



Clem smiled disarmingly. "I hope he isn't hurt bad."

"You'll stay after school, Clementine. I'm going to send a note to your mother."

Clem's fame spread like a dime bag of jawbreakers. Hank Matthews nodded to her on the way back to homeroom 113. "Nice punch you got there," he said generously, and Clem glowed at this praise from the master. Hank was the toughest boy in school. Clem was *in,* but definitely.

The rest of the morning passed in a cloud of chalk dust and glory. Clem felt wonderful. What did a little thing like arithmetic matter now?

At eleven-thirty she marched up to Miss Osgood's desk. She had been made to stand for thirty minutes in the cloakroom, where she'd meditated on her sin. Mostly it boiled down to one stupendous realization. She had, alone and uninstructed, licked a boy. That was a grade-*A* achievement. Clem knew girls weren't good for much, and personally, she had never been reconciled to being one. Somehow God had got mixed up on her, but some day He would see the error of His ways and do something about it. Clem had imparted this bit of cheer to her mother only last week, but her mother had reacted in the strange and incalculable way of mothers. She had bought her a new doll with gold hair and eyelashes and talked vaguely about the future joys of home and babies. Clem hadn't paid much attention.

Miss Osgood was busy writing the note. Finally she put down her pen and turned back to Clem.

"I am *very* much ashamed of you," she said.

"I know. You told me that."

Miss Osgood looked stern. "Would your mother like it if she knew you fought with boys?"

Clem considered. "She never said much one way or the other. She prob'ly thought I was just like any other girl."

"Well, aren't you?"

"No, ma'am," Clem said modestly. "I'm above average."

Miss Osgood put the note in Clem's hand and turned away. There didn't seem to be much else to say.

Clem ran out into the sunshine and straight into Hank Matthews. He was fixing his bicycle tire. Hank had red hair that just missed being a match for Clem's. He was pug-nosed and brown and captain of the neighborhood football eleven.

Fame gave Clem new courage. "Hank, *now* can I play quarterback?"

Hank looked up. There was something strangely akin to respect in his blue eyes. "The fellas won't like it."

"You need somebody who can run faster than ole Tubby can. He messes up a lot of plays."

Hank thought it over. "Tell you what. You come on around to practice Saturday. I'll fix it up with Tubby."

Clem grinned. "Okay."

MARY KELLEY read the note and looked with resignation at this, her daughter. "Baby," she said weakly, "Mother doesn't want you to fight with boys." She was applying her make-up for Monday's bridge club.

Clem sniffed the bottle on her dresser. "You going to put on some Desire Me?"

"What on earth made you do it? Now Tubby's mother will talk about it all afternoon and—" Mary broke off. Clem was pouring Desire Me down the neck of her sweater.

Things didn't improve much at lunch. They ate in the kitchen because it was washday and Bertha was cross.

Clem looked longingly at the silver coffee pot and glanced uneasily at her father. He was reading the note.

"What did Tubby do to you?" he said finally.

"Pinched my behind," Clem said matter-of-factly, and Bertha giggled.

Gerald Kelley looked at her briefly and then turned back to Clem. "Your teacher says you're troublesome. What do you do in school to make her say that?"

Clem raised startled eyes. "Me?"

Mary touched her lips softly with her napkin. "Jerry, I don't understand it. Clem gets *good* grades."

Gerald took the plate of toast from Bertha. "Clem, answer us. What have you been doing?"

"When?" Clem said, feeling pinned in.

"Anytime! Why do you get C's in Conduct?"

"We-ll, I think maybe Miss Osgood gave me a lot of marks last time for making bubbles."

"Bubbles?" her mother asked.

"Spit bubbles," Clem explained. "Like this."

"Never mind," Mary said hastily. "I should think she *would*."

Clem's father pushed back his chair. He stared down at his daughter, at the red hair, and the pointed chin that was his. His eyes were very blue, and just for that second he looked infinitely more like a prizefighter than the young mayor of Hill City, Indiana.

"We'll talk about this later," he said. "There's just one thing you might keep in mind. It's a little saying my father used on me when I beat up the Methodist preacher's son."

His wife looked up, glanced quickly at Clem. His Honor the Mayor hurried on, conscious of unpardonable digression.

"It's about the Irish. *They always went forth to battle, and they always fell.* Remember it sometime when you think of tackling a bigger Tubby, one who doesn't have adenoids." He strode to the door.

"And no more spit bubbles!" They heard the door slam behind him.

Clem's mother retired to the basement to consult with Bertha, who was humming "Good Night, Sweetheart" over the rumble of the washer.

Very thoughtfully, Clem picked up her father's cup and poured herself some coffee. "I'm not all Irish," she said to herself. "I couldn't be."

SLIT-FASHION, Clem opened one eye and watched the Saturday morning sunshine pile in at the row of windows and heap itself in thick blocks on the opposite wall. She crawled out of bed.

"4—19—17, shift!" she said and bolted for the bathroom. The toothpaste was where she had left it the night before, three-fourths squeezed, in the middle of the washbasin. She began to brush her teeth, carefully dodging the empty gum on the left, and experimenting a bit with her tongue on the almost-loose tooth beside it.

She pulled on her blue jeans and the inner-lined sweat shirt she'd bought from Tubby for six Clark bars. It was too big, but it looked convincing. She started downstairs. Bertha had the radio turned on in the kitchen, listening to *Betty and Bob*. Bob was talking over the telephone to a black-haired widow named Eileen, and Bertha was going tsk-tsk-tsk into the dish pan. Glop, thought Clem, and poked Bertha in the ribs.

"Cut that out," Bertha said, and turned down the commercial. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"French fries with ketchup," Clem said solemnly, and Bertha sniffed and cracked an egg on the side of the sink.

"Your mother's at the beauty shop. She said to practice your piano lesson a half hour before you set foot outta this house. You better do it, too. And shut the door."

Clem had three eggs and two glasses of milk.

"Is it true Betty has something to fear from the lovely widow, Eileen Carstairs?" mused the radio. Clem sighed and went into the living room.

There it was, sitting on the music stand like a hunk of sour lettuce. It was called "Pretty Daffodils," and Clem was supposed to play it in the recital in two weeks. Nuts, Clem thought, I could do it with two fingers, and just to relieve the monotony, she tried it. Next the scales. This was more like it. All you had to do to liven up scales was to inject a little extra rhythm. Clem played them first as a locomotive, then as a fire siren. Finally she combined the two and had a fire engine clanging up to a burning locomotive.

Invariably, mothers come home at the wrong times. Clem looked up from the burning wheels to see Mary Kelley standing stern and tall in the doorway.

"May I ask," she said coldly, "what that is you're playing?"

Clem shifted into her gentle expression and began to play "Pretty Daffodils," smiling at her mother and dutifully counting one-and-two-and.

The half hour up, Clem ran out through the kitchen and across the yard, hopped the hedge, galloped down the alley and around the corner to Hank's. The guys were all there, Beefy and Jake and Karl, Mertz and Johnny, Dubby and Pete and Jerry, Poop and Hank. Hank was the only one who said hello. Clem looked them over. Tubby was nowhere to be seen.

"Quarterback?" she queried softly.

"Tackle," said Hank, and spit on his hands.

Nine doubting faces measured Clem, slowly, coldly, not without rancor. Beefy picked up the ball. "We're going to kick off to you guys, just for practice," he said, and six of the boys loped down to the opposite end of the yard. Clem stayed with Beefy and Hank. She hesitated a minute, then spit on her hands. She had her eye on Jake. He was thirteen and big. He played whenever they let him, but sometimes he got mixed up on signals. Still, he was an asset to the team, brains or no brains. And nobody tried to push him around. Jake, literally speaking, carried some weight.

Beefy knelt and held the ball with his forefinger. Hank advanced for the kick-off. Behind him, Johnny and Karl and Clem stood spread-eagled, intent on the ball.

It was a nice kick, soaring just high enough. Jerry saw it coming. He crouched to pick it up, but Jake pushed in ahead and grabbed it. He let out a yell and thudded down the long stretch of yard with the ball tucked safely in his middle. Beefy made for him first. He slipped in the mud and sprawled, Jake's big hand in his face. Jake bore on.

Clem sucked in her lip. "Yah-*hoo!*" she bawled and dived at the scissoring legs.

She hit him low, and Jake tumbled. It was a simple matter of timing. Jake lifted his face out of the grass and raised startled eyes to Clem. She was smiling blissfully.

It was very still in the yard. Jake picked himself up and cuffed Clem in the stomach. "Pretty lucky," he said. Clem cuffed him back, and they grinned.

"Okay you guys! Let's try another one," said Hank, and then tactlessly, for all the world to hear, "Now see! I *told* you she was tough!"

AFTER church, Sunday morning two weeks later, Clem and Cathy Simmons went up to Bailey's for a chocolate ice-cream cone. They had some important things on their minds. At two o'clock Miss Pinney's piano pupils were giving a recital in the community building. Clem and Cathy had a duet to play and one solo apiece.

"I don't know if I got mine mem'rized or not," said Cathy, struggling with the first warnings of stage-fright. "I don't know why she has to make us learn everything by *heart*."

"That's so if you went to visit somebody and they asked you to play for them you could, even if you didn't have your piece with you," explained Clem.

Cathy was not comforted. "I wouldn't play for them anyway. Not if they begged me to."

"Nobody's going to make you, for goodness' sake."

"They are too! I have to this afternoon and so do you, Clem Kelley. I don't know what you're acting so smart about."

"I certainly hope you know your duet," said Clem coldly. "I'd look awfully funny playing the bottom part all by myself."

"I know it all right. I prob'ly know it better than you do, 'cause I practice more. Miss Pinney says I have an *extremely* nice touch."

Clem, upon whose touch Miss Pinney declined to comment, bit off a hunk of cone and chewed noisily. "Fine. Just don't forget to touch."

"You make me sick," said Cathy, and to get even, made her cone last for three blocks longer than Clem's.

Gerald Kelley, frustrated in his Sunday game of golf, read the papers and waited while his wife and daughter dressed for the recital. Clem was firmly pushed into the ruffled blue silk and made to stand quietly while her pigtails succumbed to the rigors of her mother's curling-iron. Fresh blue ribbons and shiny patent-leather slippers completed the picture, and Mary Kelley stepped back proudly to admire the effect. Bertha, hovering in the background, purred like a cat full of salmon. "A perfect little angel," she murmured.

"Nuts," said Clem.

Bertha was waiting with the front door open at one-thirty, and in her hand were "Pretty Daffodils" and the duet. It was called "Dance of the Dew Drops" and had two sharps.

"I won't need that stuff," said Clem. "We do it all by heart."

Abashed, Bertha withdrew the music and kissed the top of Clem's head. "Now you play real nice. Don't let those other kids show you up."

"Okay, Snooks," said Clem and walked regally out to the car.

Gerald had to park the car a block from the community building. Several families had arrived before them. Clem crawled out. "I've got to go right in. Miss Pinney told us to come early for last-minute stuff about bowing."

"Good-by, dear," said Mary Kelley. "Do you have a clean hanky?"

"Got it tucked in my pants," said Clem, and hurried off.

She stopped at the drinking fountain in the lobby and met Cathy and Tubby and Mary Lou Collins. They all looked very solemn. Single file, they marched grandly through the half-filled auditorium, down to the door at the side of the stage. Inside were twenty musicians-in-the-making with scrubbed, scared faces. Miss Pinney stood in the middle of the floor in a lace evening gown and long pearls, looking at everybody through glasses on the end of a stick. Clem had seen them before at the last recital.

"Now, boys and girls," began Miss Pinney, "we will proceed as the programs indicate. I will say a few words before the first number, and each of you will go in when it's time for you to play. You all look just as sweet as can be and I know you'll make me proud." She glanced at Clem. "Very proud," she repeated for emphasis. "And don't forget your little bows."

Nobody said anything. Two high school girls applied lipstick and exchanged bored glances. Over in the corner Billy Craig was making paper wads to throw at people as they came off the stage. Cathy moved closer to Clem. "We're second," she whispered.

Clem reached for a program from a pile stacked on the window sill. "2. 'Dance of the Dew Drops,' by Catherine Simmons and Clementine Kelley," it read.

AT two o'clock sharp Miss Pinney walked out on the stage and waited politely for the applause to subside. They could hear pieces of what she said.

"So happy for the opportunity . . . great deal of fine progress, I assure you . . ." Somebody coughed and Miss Pinney raised her voice. "It is a great pleasure to see such an interested audience here this afternoon. Without further ado, I give you the class of nineteen-thirty-four in their Annual Musicale." More applause. Breathless, Miss Pinney swept back to her pupils.

"Billy, you may begin," she said. Billy dumped his paper wads into his hat and strode onto the stage. Apathetically, the class of 1934 listened to the loud noise he was making of "Little Johnny Jump-up."

He emerged, gathered up his paper wads and ignored the energetic clapping from the auditorium.

"Billy, you forgot to bow the way I told you," said Miss Pinney sadly.

Cathy took a deep breath. "It's our turn, Clem. Come on."

As they walked out on the stage and sat down before the highly polished piano, Clem was pleasantly conscious of her new blue dress and the curl in her hair. Everybody was looking at them, and Clem glanced out in a vain effort to locate her mother. They settled themselves comfortably on the bench and Cathy experimented coolly with the pedal. They poised their hands on the keyboard and looked at each other. "Let 'er rip," said Clem and gently banged Cathy in the ribs.

They struck the opening chords in unison and paused for the count of "and." Cathy continued alone. She discovered her error in the space of two measures and stopped dead. "Come *on*," she said, turning pink.

They struck once more the first two chords. Again they paused for the quarter-rest. Again Cathy danced her dew drops for two measures, leaving Clem stalled at the rest. "What's the *matter* with you?" hissed Cathy.

Clem stared down at the keys. Not for the life of her could she remember where the dew drops went from there. Her chin sagged. "I forget how it starts."

There was a decided rustling in the audience, and two small boys giggled. Cathy raised helpless eyes to Clem. "*C* sharp," she whispered. Numbly Clem stared at the keys. She had a strong impulse to crawl under the piano.

"Never mind," said Cathy desperately. "Just act like you're playing and I'll do my part."

"The Dance of the Dew Drops" came forth in strangely lopsided fashion, though to the careless observer, both young ladies bent over the Steinway with great gusto. Never did Clem display such graceful swaying movements, such punctilious attention to timing. Things might have ended with this brisk demonstration of technique, had not Clem suddenly snapped to life in the middle of the last page. Leaping into the smooth flow of Cathy's treble clef, Clem boomed out a mighty bass, caring not at all how the pieces fit. The duet was complete, but the effect was blood-curdling.

Smiling radiantly, Clem rose from the bench. Cathy fled the stage, but Clem remained to make her curtsy. It was a lovely one, clear down to the floor. It was so good she did it again. The applause was deafening.

In the little room just off the stage, Cathy burst into tears. In vain Miss Pinney tried to hush them, but Cathy was beyond hushing. She hiccoughed and glared at Clem who was standing beside her, struggling to get the clean hanky out of her pants without loss of modesty.

"It was perfectly horrible," Cathy choked. "And you said *I* would forget!"

Clem offered the handkerchief with unruffled good nature. "Nobody knew the difference. Didn't you hear how loud they clapped?"

CLEM was eleven on November ninth. By way of celebration there was a party with chocolate fudge-cake, a pair of boxing gloves, and an end-curl at Lucy's Beauty Shoppe. There were also three Nancy Drew mystery stories and a snow suit. Clem counted her blessings and looked forward to Christmas. She had in mind a white pony, replete with bridle and cowboy suit.

Strategically, she opened the campaign three weeks before Christmas. Her father was reading the newspaper and after the first hint, he abruptly left to fire the furnace. Clem followed him down to the basement. "It would be swell exercise," she said.

"You exercise with a dustcloth and the dishpan. You're getting old enough to help your mother." Gerald slammed the furnace door.

"I mean outdoors. Listen, Pop. Amy McClure went to the doctor and he told her she was anemic. That means she has to eat more meat and get lots of fresh air. Now if I had a pony, I'd be outdoors all the time and I'd probably never—"

"It might be a pleasant change if you *were* anemic."

Clem tried to look pale. "Amy says you can have it and never know the difference. Then all of a sudden, bingo, things turn black."

"When they start turning, let me know."

Clem followed him upstairs and back to the living room. "How much would a pony cost if it wasn't very big?"

Gerald picked up the paper. "I don't know and I'm not going to find out. It's the craziest thing I ever heard. Where do you think you'd keep a horse? On the back porch?"

"Of course not. We could build a stall for him in the backyard, or maybe we could keep him out in the country some place."

"Fine," said Gerald. "You want me to buy a farm."

"Gee, that'd be swell. We could grow our own hay."

"A lovely thought. And now will you go away and let me digest my lunch?"

Clem let it ride. There would be other days and other ways. She went over to see Cathy. Cathy was upstairs, generously sampling her mother's lipstick. She offered some to Clem. "Passion Red," she said sweetly.

Clem stared at her. "You look terrible." Cathy had on her mother's black velvet dinner dress and a pair of jade earrings.

"How d'you do, Baron. Your party's divine," said Cathy, holding forth a beringed hand.

"Nuts to that stuff. And I'm not going to kiss your old hand."

"Okay. What do you want to play,"

"Let's be jewel thieves like in the show last Saturday. I'll be the big boss and you're my pal that turns stool pigeon. Only I find out about you, see, and put you in a cement mixer and throw you in the river."

"I'm tired of jewel thieves. Why do you always have to play something like shooting people?"

Clem was stung. "It's better than looking like a mess and calling people Baron!"

"Clem," Cathy began patiently, "it just so happens I'm older and I know a lot of things you don't. In five months I'll be in my teens."

"Yeah?" said Clem.

"And I had a long talk with my cousin Ella Marie today about babies." Cathy narrowed her eyes mysteriously.

"What'd she say?"

"I really don't think I ought to tell you. They're facks of life, Ella Marie said, and she told me not to tell."

"Fooey. My mother told me all that stuff years ago. You don't think I believe that baloney about the stork, do you?"

"Well, no. But do you know how babies get born, for instance?"

"Natcherly. They grow inside the mother."

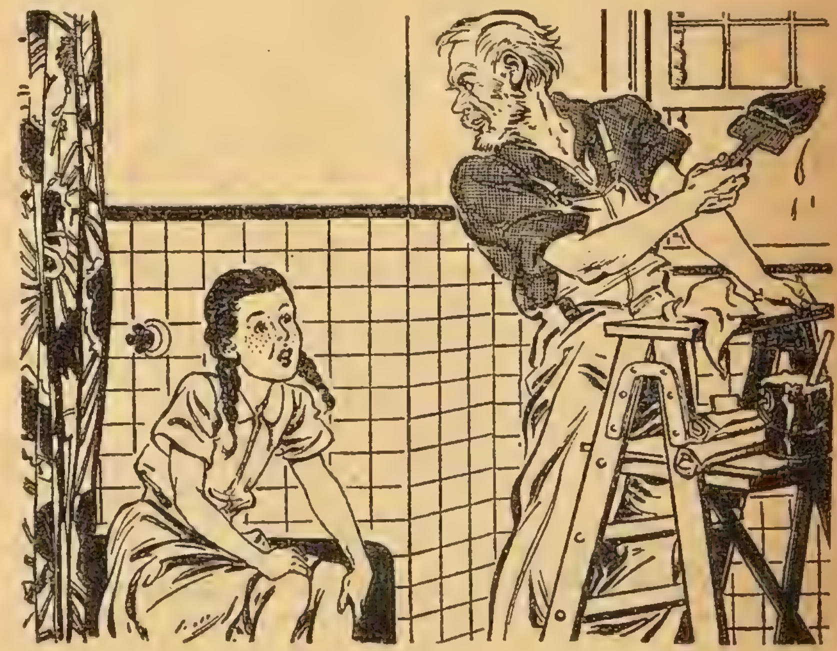
"Oh," said Cathy, crestfallen. "Well, I know lots of other things, too, only I'm not going to tell you."

"Who cares? I know everything you know, anyway."

But Clem was uncomfortably aware of wide gaps in her learning. Facks of life, huh? Maybe it was time she found out some stuff.

The more she thought about it, the more gaps there were. She walked home slowly, kicking at the stones in the alley. Here she was, practically going into her teens, and all her mother had said was a bunch of talk that didn't mean a thing. Still pondering her ignorance, she went in the back door and through the house. Nobody was home. For lack of anything else to do, Clem headed upstairs, and there, luckily, was Abe Carter papering the bathroom.

ABE was sixty-five and he did everything from painting screens to planting rose bushes. He was a wise little man with white whiskers all over his face. Usually he chewed tobacco and carried a tin can filled with ashes to spit in. Abe and Clem had been friends for a long time. Nearly always Abe had a sack of horehound drops and once, when nobody was around, he gave her a little chew of tobacco, just to taste.



"Hi," said Clem, grinning.

"Well, kid," said Abe. He peered down from his ladder and shifted his wad to the other cheek. "Well, well."

"I didn't know you were coming this afternoon." Clem sat down on the edge of the bathtub and looked at the fat rolls of wallpaper on the floor. "What is it this time? More fish?"

"Yep. Your mother picked it out special."

"Personally, I'm sick and tired of fish. They get awf'ly monotonous doing the same thing. Just swim along and blow bubbles out of their mouth."

"Have a piece of horehound." Abe leaned down with the brown paper bag and Clem helped herself.

"I'll take a handful. Save you bending down so often," she said kindly.

Abe shifted the sack back into his pocket.

"By the way, Abe," she said, "you'd be a good person for me to talk to. What do you know about the facks of life?"

Abe dropped his brush. "Facts of what?"

"Facks of life. You know. About babies."

"Look," said Abe. "I got lots of work to do. Why don't you come back later?" He carefully turned his back and began to brush.

"It wouldn't take very long. Just for instance. It isn't true you have to be married to have a baby, is it?"

"I couldn't say," said Abe guardedly.

"You got a wife, haven't you?"

"That don't prove a thing." Abe began to sweat. "You ask your mother."

"She's playing bridge at the Hendersons'. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if you told me a few things."

"Hell's bells," said Abe.

"Back to the babies. You tell me, and I won't tell. How do you know if you're going to have one?"

Abe looked threatening. "I don't know. Quit asking me."

"Well I must say, I'm surprised, Abe. At your age," Clem gave him a look of gentle disapproval.

"You listen to me." Abe put down his brush. "I got no business to tell you those things. You ask your mother like I said."

"Just let me ask you a few *little* things, then. How old do you have to be before you have babies?"

Abe tugged at his mustache and looked very solemn. "Well, thirteen, maybe."

"Thirteen! You mean I've only got that long still to go?"

Abe saw his mistake. He turned on the stepladder and shook the paint brush at Clem. "If you don't quiet down, I'm gonna come right down and take care of you!"

Clem was hurt. "Well, I certainly didn't think you'd get mad. If that's the way you feel, okay." She looked down at her shoes. The bathroom was silent except for the swish of Abe's brush. Presently Abe glanced over his shoulder.

"If you want to talk about school or something, you can have some more horehound."

Clem reached for the sack. "Thanks. I'm glad you're not really mad. You aren't, are you, Abe?"

He felt in his hip pocket for tobacco. "Well—"

Clem sucked the horehound drops and told him all about the white pony she probably wouldn't get for Christmas. He advised her to ask for a bicycle. "You don't have to feed it and it'll last just as long."

"Maybe you're right," said Clem thoughtfully. "A bike with a horn. I could ride to school and maybe even get a paper route like Hank."

That evening she crawled up on her father's lap. "Would you rather get me a bike than a pony?"

"Any other little thing you have in mind?" Gerald said. "Don't be bashful." He gave her nose a yank and dumped her on the floor.

"Not that I can think of right now," Clem said politely, crawling back up.

Just before dinner Mary Kelley went up to inspect the bathroom. She came back running. "What's the matter with Abe Carter? He put the paper on upside-down!"

En masse, the Kelleys went up to see. Sure enough, the seaweed grew bottoms-up from the ceiling and the fish swam gayly on their backs.

"Good God!" said Gerald.

"I was in here for a minute just visiting and I might have bothered him or something."

They turned to look at her.

Clem squirmed uncomfortably. "Mother, I'd like to have a little personal talk with you."

Almost immediately, Clem got her little talk. It vindicated Abe, and it threw considerable light on the facts of life.

ON Christmas morning Clem padded complacently downstairs in her blue Doctor Dentons to find a brilliantly painted Cyclone Sixty bike parked by the Christmas tree. But the miracle was the bow and arrow. Plenty of kids had bow and arrow sets, the kind that come in cardboard boxes with flimsy paper bull's-eyes wrapped around the matchstick arrows. But this bow and arrow was *real.* The wood of the bow was smooth and polished, the bowstring taut, the arrows tapered to perfection, with real feathers in the end. The tips were made of very hard rubber.

Clem picked up the bow. It was almost three-fourths as long as she was, and right in the middle, carved on the under side, was her name. She ran a finger over it and almost forgot to breathe. She looked up finally, and there was Pop, just standing and smiling a little. She gulped and looked down again. Two wholly unexpected tears fell into the pine-needled cotton under the Christmas tree. Pop cleared his throat and took the bow.

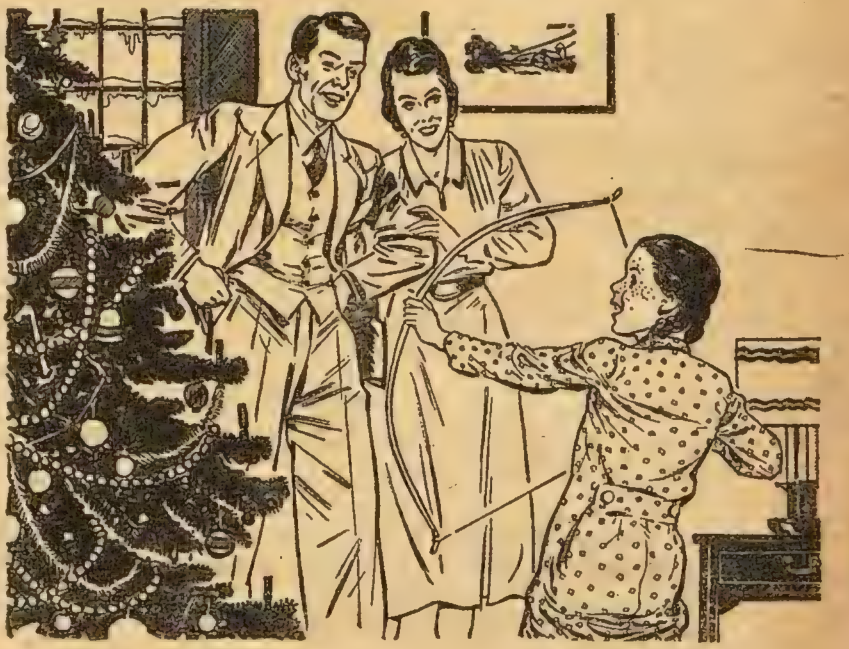
"Now it's important to hold the bow right," he said gruffly. "Be sure you arch your elbow a little, because if your wrist gets in the way you'll get smacked by the bowstring."

Clem watched, a running wet spot jiggling down the side of her nose. "Boy," she whispered. "Boy." She stretched out the bowstring as far as her chin.

"Atta girl!" said Gerald. "When the snow goes away we'll build us a target in the backyard and have shooting matches."

Mary Kelley placed another package in Clem's arms. Clem quickly tore off the tissue paper. "Oh, a book," she said politely. "That's nice." It was a beautifully bound copy of *Little Women.*

That night, after turkey and dressing and numerous pieces of hard candy, Clem crawled in bed, carefully propped herself up against two pillows, and turned the pages of convenient big print. A book about four girls, huh? Clem looked at all the pictures. Awfully dumb clothes they had on. Her mother and dad had gone out, and because it was Christmas night, she was being allowed special privileges. At nine-thirty Bertha was coming up with hot cocoa and bread-and-butter sandwiches. Clem let *Little Women* fall off her knees. From out of the bookshelf, down between *The Little Colonel* and *The Red-headed Outfielder and Other Baseball Stories,* she rescued a volume she'd happened upon in a trunk in the attic while looking for her snowshoes. On the frontispiece was a man dressed like an Eskimo choking a lady in a snow storm. The title of the work was *Sin on the Klondike,* and chapter one began, "Shut up, you dirty thieving snake!"



Clem lost herself in shots of whisky, poker games, gold ore, and sin, Klondike style. When Bertha came upstairs she found her clutching the cover and occasionally uttering blasphemous dialogue like, "Sock 'im in the guts," and "Shoot 'im a mickey finn!"

Bertha stopped in the doorway, stiff with disapproval. "Well, I never! You stop that kind of talk!"

Hastily Clem shoved the book into the back-flap of her pajamas, and picked up *Little Women.* "Hi, gorgeous," she said.

Bertha sniffed and put the tray on the bed table.

"Bertha," said Clem, delicately sipping cocoa, "just what *are* guts, anyway?"

"They're intestynes," Bertha said. "And it isn't any nice word. Who you been listening to, anyway?"

"Wild Harry," answered Clem and stuffed half a sandwich into her mouth.

"Chew with your mouth shut and don't let me hear any more of that crazy talk."

Clem finished off the bread and butter and slipped down under the blankets. Bertha turned off the light and slammed the door behind her. Clem removed *Sin on the Klondike.*

The new bow lay under the covers beside her, close so she could touch it. She patted it lovingly, rolled over on her stomach, and slept.

ALL that spring Clem practiced shooting. Gerald made a target, and Clem began to hit center five out of seven times at thirty feet.

The Hill City Junior Bengals practiced football every Saturday afternoon, and Clem played with the ferocity of one whose position begins to look insecure. Once she tackled Dubby Cowans and sprained his ankle. Twice she came home with jammed fingers and a bruised eye. Hank had to take her aside and ask her to ease up a little in practice. Three of the fellows had privately complained that she was "too rough." Clem swaggered home that afternoon, aching and battered, and crawled into the tub to soak and gloat.

Saturday mornings were taken up with piano and an hour's dramatic lesson with Miss Daphne Kirsten.

On a bright Saturday afternoon in July, Clem departed for Hank's at two o'clock. She didn't much expect the guys to play football. It was too hot. But there would be something doing. Hank and Dubby and Jake were sitting calmly on Hank's back steps eating cookies. They greeted her cheerfully.

"Would you guys like to come over to my house and shoot a little?" asked Clem.

"Let's go, Red!" Hank stuffed the rest of the cookie in his mouth and slapped Clem on the back. "Up an' at 'em, men!"

They raced down the alley and into the Kelleys' yard. The boys set up the target in front of the shrubbery bordering the alley. Hank was very excited.

"Whyn't we play pigs like we do in basketball? I'll go first and whatever score I get, you guys got to match or it's a pig on you. Three pigs 'n' you're out!" He grabbed the bow. "Line up behind me, men, and watch ole Hank bang a daisy into that bull's-eye!"

The men watched the first arrow hit the turf three feet short of the target. Jake giggled rudely.

Ole Hank was slightly disgruntled. "Hand slipped," he explained, and proceeded to flick the outer rim with the second arrow. The third rocketed wild over the hedge.

Triumphantly, Dubby chalked up a score, one arrow finding the target. Assuming proper indifference, he shoved the bow to Jake, who got a pig.

Then Clem made her mistake. With a burst of premeditated skill she sent her first arrow into the bull's-eye. Hank was a cinch for a pig.

Hank knew it and he squinted fiercely. "Okay, Red. I just been fooling. *Now* watch me." He put a grimy fist on the bow, drew it back, drew it farther, bent the polished orangewood into a frenzied arc that cracked ominously, snapped finally with a terrifying crunch of wood and splinter. Two ends and the bowstring hung limp, dangling in Hank's hand. "Jeez," he said weakly. "Jeez."

At first Clem felt nothing at all. She only stared until she heard Hank's voice saying, "Maybe—maybe we better play a little basketball."

Then she felt dizzy. She reached over and touched one jagged piece of splinter. It could never be fixed. She stepped up close to Hank. Her eyes were hot and very still. "You broke my bow," she said softly. "At least you could say you're sorry. At least—"

"Well, jeez. I didn't mean to break it. Honest."

Clem continued to stare.

"I'll buy you another one." Hank blushed crimson. "Well, gee whiz, it couldn't of been very good anyway, if it broke that easy." Embarrassed, he turned away and punched Dubby in the stomach.

Clem's fists were tight at her sides. She felt the anger creep uncontrolled from her stomach into her chest and throat. Jerky sparks, like a current rising, wiping out everything but Hank Matthews and his stiff, maddening back. She trembled with it, and helplessly she flew at him, her hands in his hair.

Hank found himself on his stomach in the grass, and straddling him was a creature with sharp fingernails, all knee bones and fist. He ducked his head, threw up his hand and made instant contact with Clem's nose. Clem seemed not to feel it. She scratched and clawed and Hank felt blood in his mouth, his teeth pushed violently into the soft flesh of his lip.

Furious, he forgot that Clem was a girl. The frenzied thing on top of him was nameless, an enemy who attacked him without warning. He gave a mighty lunge and threw Clem off. On his knees, he plowed into the softer body that lay beneath him, pounded the jaw that twisted sideways under his fist, dodged the feet that kicked him from behind, felt under it all the just bearable pain of hair being steadily yanked above his forehead. Yanked until the tuft of hair and the pain were gone, squeezed flat between Clem's fingers. Hank rolled over and over, carrying Clem with him, and panting, he forgot the flying patchwork of sky and earth, forgot Dubby and Jake, standing scared and stupid, forgot everything in the glorious delirium of battle.

At that moment Bertha came running out of the kitchen door with a meat fork still clutched in her hand, waving it energetically in the air over her head. "Get off! Get off of her! You stop that fighting!"

Nobody paid any attention to her.

Bertha stared at the churning arms and legs, heard the grunts, the soft thud of fist on flesh. She brandished the fork. "I'm gonna stick that boy right in the pants if he don't quit!" she screamed.

Clem caught a glimpse of the fork-wielder out of one swollen eye. "Go 'way," she hissed, but Bertha determinedly lowered herself to her haunches, watching for the strategic moment to jab. It never came.

Hank held Clem's arms behind her, pinned flat to the ground, and slowly, relentlessly, he twisted. "Do ya give?" he muttered. "Give?"

Clem glared at the face bending over her. Her wrist began to feel numb. It had hurt so long that it didn't really matter any more. But he wouldn't stop, not unless she said it. With a mingled feeling of horror and helplessness, Clem knew she was licked. "I give," she said.

Hank picked himself up and unconcernedly blew nosebleed into his handkerchief. "Boy!" he said. "Boy, what a fight!"

Clem stumbled to her feet and faced the three boys. They're waiting for me to cry, she thought. They think I'll cry because I'm a girl. "Okay, you win. You're plenty tough, Hank. You're a plenty tough guy."

Hank squirmed. "You jumped me or I wouldn't of—"

"Sure. You win. I said so, didn't I?"

Hank carefully examined his shoe. "I prob'ly shouldn't of fought a girl."

Clem drew herself up to a height that silenced even Bertha's horrified clucking.

"I hate your guts," she said distinctly, and then she turned and ran into the house. She ran upstairs and locked the door and threw herself on her bed. And she cried. She cried harder than she had ever cried in her life. She cried for the broken bow and for her wrist that hurt and for the traitor who had said "I give." She cried for something else that hurt more than all the twisted wrists in the world, something she could do nothing about. It was a man's world—a dirty doggone man's world. She fell asleep, Hank's red hair still clutched in one hand.

What she would not understand, then or later, what she never would attempt to explain to herself, was the subsequent presence of that tuft of hair in the bottom of her handkerchief drawer, sealed carefully in a small white envelope.

THE school clock jigged calmly to the ten-forty-five mark, setting the old-fashioned buzzer system chirping like a sick cricket. Hank eased himself out of his desk, shoved his English book in his belt and joined Tubby and Pete in the hall. They walked down to the drinking fountain and then Pete showed Hank the note. It was from Cathy, inviting Pete to her party.

"Are you going?" Hank said, shocked.

"Sure. She's a smoothie," Pete said, tossing it off with nonchalance. "It's a dance. We'll play records."

Hank was stupefied. "You mean you're going to a girls' party and dance?"

"Not all I'm gonna do," said Pete and he winked the way he'd seen his brother do. He swaggered off, leaving Tubby giggling with excitement.

"Gee, is he going to try to *kiss* her?" he said.

"Oh my cow," said Hank contemptuously. "Kissing! You won't catch *me* at any dance, mushing around with girls! He's crazy." It was all very final.

That night after dinner the telephone rang. Hank was blissfully submerged in *The Mad Physician,* his feet draped over the sofa back.

"A young lady wishes to speak to you," said his father, and he looked at his son thoughtfully. "A girl."

Hank's mother promptly dropped a stitch in her afghan. "My goodness," she said, and Hank blushed.

He stomped to the phone. "H'lo," he said ferociously. A less brave conversationalist would have hung up, but Clem merely hulloed back, also ferociously.

"Who is this?" Hank said.

"Clem. This you, Hank?"

"Oh," said Hank, and his grip on the phone relaxed. "What d'ya want?"

"I have to ask somebody to Cathy's party because my mother said I had to. I thought maybe you'd say you wouldn't go, and then I wouldn't have to either."

"Well my gosh," he said. "My gosh, that's a fine way to put it. Now if I don't your mother'll think—"

"Well, you don't *have* to go. In fact, I'd much rather you just said you were sorry and you couldn't and I'll tell her—"

"For gosh sake, if you didn't want me to go, why'd you call me up?" Hank sounded insulted and when it came right down to it, he was.

"I told you," Clem explained patiently. "I *have* to ask somebody and I was pretty sure you'd—'

"Okay," Hank said. "Okay, toots! If that's the kind of stuff you like to pull on—"

"Hank!" It was his mother's voice from the living room. "You watch your language!"

"It's only Red Kelley," Hank threw over his shoulder. "She's just asking me to a party." He turned back to the phone. "If that's the kind of stuff you want to pull—"

"Hank!" It was a very authoritative voice that came from behind the knitting. "You tell Clem you'd be glad to go with her. Do you hear?"

Hank went through one of those moments which are best relieved by adult profanity. Instead of that, he sputtered something that sounded like "Kinnastuffglubwannapffl—" and was rudely interrupted.

"Ha-ank!" called his mother, on the rising inflection that meant business.

"Tell your mother I don't *want* you to," Clem shrilled.

"She doesn't want me to go!" screamed Hank.

And then a terrible thing happened. His mother came to the phone. "This is Mrs. Matthews, Clem. Hank will be glad to call for you."

"He doesn't have to go. In fact—"

"He'll be there. Thank you so much for calling, my dear. Say hello to your mother for me, will you?"

"G'by," said Clem.

Hank sat down on the floor and pulled his hair with both hands. "She didn't even *want*—"

Mrs. Matthews took him by the arm. "You come in here with me. I have a few things to say to you."

There was nothing to do but go.

"Hank, you were very rude! I'm surprised she didn't change her mind and tell you not to bother."

"She did." Hank's breathing was dangerous. "She *did,* for gosh sakes! I *told* you—"

"Of course she would. I don't blame her. From now on you behave like a gentleman or you can stay at home. I want you to talk to Clem tomorrow and thank her for inviting you. Do you understand?"

Hank permitted himself a lusty sigh. "Oh my sweet cow!" With this he hunched up his shoulders and dashed from the room. He jerked off his sweater on the way upstairs, colliding noisily with his sister as she innocently emerged from the bathroom, hair in curlers. "Girls! Nuts!" he shouted and stomped on down the hall.

HANK had to admit it. In some ways going to parties was okay. His mother had given him a dollar bill and shined his shoes. Walking along the street toward the Kelleys', Friday evening, Hank whistled "Black and Crimson Are Our Colors" and jumped three hedges. Shaving sure made a guy feel good. The April wind blew in his face and he was pleasantly aware of the scent of the astringent lotion that he had patted on after his first shave. He slapped his pigskin gloves against his knee to hear them squeak.

Still whistling, he went up the Kelleys' front steps and rang the doorbell. The porch light was on, and lots of lights in the living room. Hank was startled. He'd half-expected Clem to come to the door with her coat on. But instead, Bertha stood there, grinning.

"Step into the living room. Clem'll be ready in just a minute." She led him into the room off the hall, and there sat Mr. Kelley in his stocking feet. They stared at each other.

"Hello," said Hank.

"My God," said Gerald.

Hank stood uncomfortably, looking first at the fire and then at Gerald's feet. He wore black socks and there was a hole in one toe.

Oddly, the toe shied and was covered quickly with the other foot. Hank raised his eyes to its owner, smiled politely. "Nice night tonight, isn't it?"

"Well, Hank." Gerald resumed his normal focus. "Well, well. Sit down. How are you?"

Hank sat down stiffly. "Fine, thank you. How are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you." Gerald fumbled for his shoes. "Fine."

The room was much too warm for an April evening. Hank unbuttoned his coat. "How is Mrs. Kelley?"

"She's fine too." Gerald was tying his shoes now.

"I guess I don't have to ask how Bertha is. She came to the door."

Gerald got to his feet. "You can't ever tell about Bertha. You—uh—never exactly know."

"Certainly is a nice night," Hank began again.

Gerald was reduced to painful frankness. "I forgot about the party. I suppose you're taking Clem."

"Yes. It's a record-dance over at Cathy's. Cathy's sure a smoothie." He tossed it off nonchalantly.

"A what?"

"A nice girl," Hank amended.

And then Clem made her entrance. She had on lipstick. That was the first thing Hank saw. The sight somehow unnerved him. He struggled to his feet and busied himself with his gloves.

"My gosh," said Clem. "You wearing gloves?" She sighed. "I suppose we might as well get started."

Hank rushed to open the door. Gerald heard his wife saying, ". . . and if you want me to come after you, call me." Again he listened to the genial tones of Hank, the man-about-town. "Oh, I'll bring her home. Don't you worry."

The door closed, but not until Gerald heard Clem exclaiming, "What's that smell? You got on *perfume?"* The door slammed a violent denial.

THE little house was set on a hill at the edge of town, a lopsided squatty house painted chalk white, with a great ragged garden where Abe Carter, who had papered the Kelleys' bathroom, planted roses haphazard in the midst of delphinium and asters and hollyhocks.

It was always nice to go to Abe's. It was nice just walking along the river road where the houses changed and the smells were different. On a rainy day the gutters filled and pushed the muddied leaves half-way down the sloping street. Squishing their toes in the sodden wetness, the kids squealed and played in their bare feet in the gutter rain. When you're thirteen, you can't do that. You can't squeal or splash water or play football or fight. Clem looked down at her black-rubbered feet wading primly through the puddles, and the noise of the kids yelling sounded wonderful and happy.

She marched up to Abe's back door.

Both Abe and the kitchen were a little warm and out of sorts, the windows moist with steam, the sink full of potato peel and coffee grounds. Abe wiped his chin with the back of his sleeve, holding a paring knife firmly between thumb and forefinger.

Clem sniffed. "What're you cooking?"

"I'm fixing soup for Mom. She's caught the grippe."

"Well, that's too bad, Abe."

"Take off your coat, kid. If you're not doing anything special, peel a potato or two."

They put the pan on the table between them and there was a comfortable silence.

It was very warm in the kitchen and as Clem looked at Abe, she wanted to crawl up on his lap the way she had when she was small, to tell him everything she could think of—everything that had gone wrong or really mattered.

She lowered her eyes. "Abe, if I ask you a question, will you answer it?"

"If I can, I will."

"Oh, you can. But it's going to sound silly. You'll think— Oh nuts, Abe. I'm not going to ask you."

"How come?" Abe put down the potato.

"Well. I went to a party last night. We had to take boys." Clem stopped.

"By gosh." Abe grinned. "First thing I know you'll be all grown up and getting married."

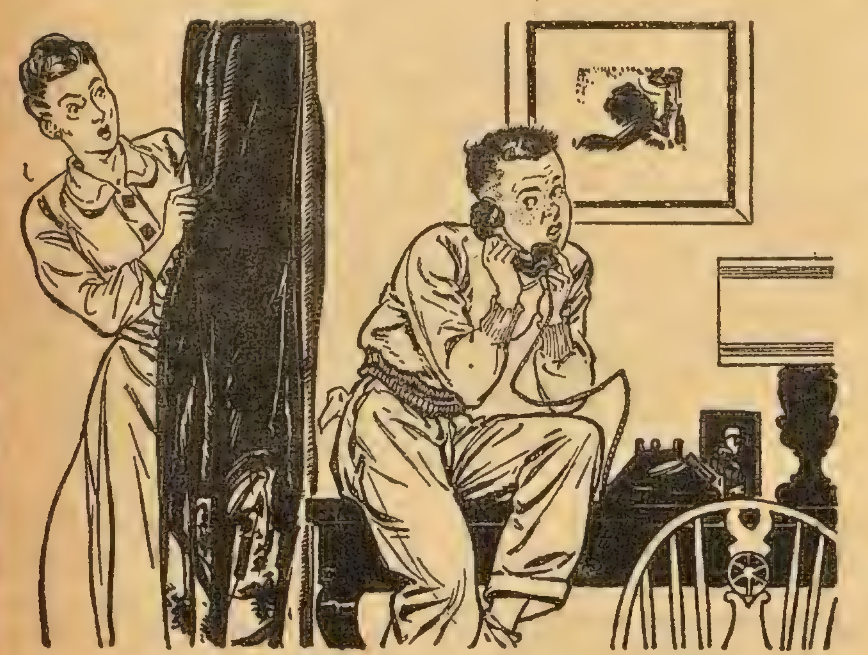
"I will not. Not ever. I hate boys."

"Now don't you go gettin' ideas like that. Boys are all right. Heck," said Abe, "I'm a boy."

"You're different. Boys are so dumb, especially some of them. Hank Matthews, for instance."

"Yep, I guess they're lots dumber than girls. You girls always got the whip-hand over us."

"Well, maybe. But at the party last night I was supposed to be with Hank, and all he did was fix himself sandwiches. We played a game called Spin the Milk Bottle and whoever the bottle pointed to, the boy that spinned it was supposed to kiss you. Now Abe, I think kissing is about the silliest thing there is, but if a boy is supposed to be *with* you and he won't even *play* Spin the Milk Bottle—" Clem got madder just thinking about it.



"Anybody kiss you?" Abe asked casually.

"Maybe you'd just like to hear what that dumb Hank did in the way of kissing. He was sitting with us in a circle on the floor with a sandwich in his hand and when the bottle stopped in front of me we had to go out in the other room. It was dark and everything, and what do you think he did? He kept eating that sandwich with one hand, and he stuck out the other one to me and said, 'Well, Red. Put 'er there!' So I had to just shake hands and then we went back in, and when Cathy whispered to me what kind of a technique did he have, I had to say how would I know. Not that I *wanted* him to do any kissing, Abe, but after all—"

Abe looked very solemn. "Yeah," he said. "That was pretty dumb, all right. I see what you mean."

"And right after that, he went out with Cathy."

"Did he shake hands with Cathy?"

"No. He kissed *her*." Clem was feeling worse every minute. "And on the way home all he talked about was how he liked blond hair."

"She's a mighty pretty little girl. But you got pretty hair too, Clem. Real pretty."

Clem threw down the knife. "It is not! It's terrible hair and I'm not one bit pretty and I know it. What I was going to ask you a while ago was if you thought it mattered a lot. If a girl isn't pretty."

Abe got up and dumped the pile of potato peel into the sink. It took him a long time. Clem sat quiet, watching him.

"NOW first of all," Abe said, sitting down again and reaching for Mail Pouch, "first of all, you got the wrong idea entirely about your hair. It's pretty hair and I oughta know 'cause I've seen a lot of it. It's red, yes, but that don't mean it can't be pretty. Lots of famous women had red hair. Take Cleopatra. She was red-headed, and look at the ground she covered. And second, you got the wrong idea about not being pretty."

Abe shoved the tobacco into his mouth and settled back in his chair, tilting it against the wall. Clem sat looking at him, her mouth drawn to a small firm line.

"You're pretty enough. You're nice-complected and you're built right and you look just as good as anybody else around here. Matter of fact," Abe shifted his wad, "I don't want to flatter you, but you got about as pretty-colored eyes as I ever seen."

Clem didn't say a word, and for just that minute her eyes were as deep blue and soft as the violet plant on Abe's window sill.

"But that ain't the main thing. The main thing is what you got up here." Abe touched his bald head with one bony finger. "You could look like Mary Pickford and it wouldn't do no good if you didn't use your head. You got one, Clem, and you want to use it to find out about people—all kinds of people—and books and things in school, and how plants grow, and what's right and good for the next fellow, and for yourself. What you look like don't matter much either way, when you come right down to it." Abe spit carefully in the tin can under the sink. "If I was to tell somebody how to get started, I'd say two things. I'd say get yourself a garden and plant something. It don't matter what. You dig down into the ground and put in a seed and watch it grow. You water it and keep the bugs off and watch it. And you'll find out a lot of fine things nobody is ever going to be able to tell you. And then you get some books and read 'em. You start in and read yourself right through the liberry and I bet you'll decide it don't matter one hoot 'n' holler what kind of a face you've got."

"You know, you sound an awful lot like my pop sometimes. Only he recites poetry." Clem stared at him.

"I can do that, too. I'll say one before we stop gabbin' and fix this soup. I ain't a Catholic like you, but as far as I know the Catholics and the Protestants and the Jews and anybody at all who's got a God can understand this. It's a poem about seeds and while you're watching that plant grow in your garden, you remember it." Abe cleared his throat.

Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,
For ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold.

Abe got up and lighted the fire under the potatoes. He turned to look at Clem. "By gosh," he said. "I feel sometimes like you was one of my own kids."

Clem turned very pink. "I think that's an awfully nice thing for you to say."

They looked at each other solemnly. Clem put her chin in her hands and sighed. "You know, Abe, it's funny, but I feel awfully old. I don't know if I like it or not."

Abe swallowed hard and turned to the potatoes. When he turned back again he was grinning. "You will," he said. "You'll like it a lot."

Then he reached down into his hip pocket and pulled out a brown sack. "Have a drop of horehound," he said. All at once Clem wanted to laugh, loud and big.

"I'll just take a handful," she said. "Save you from passing them so often."

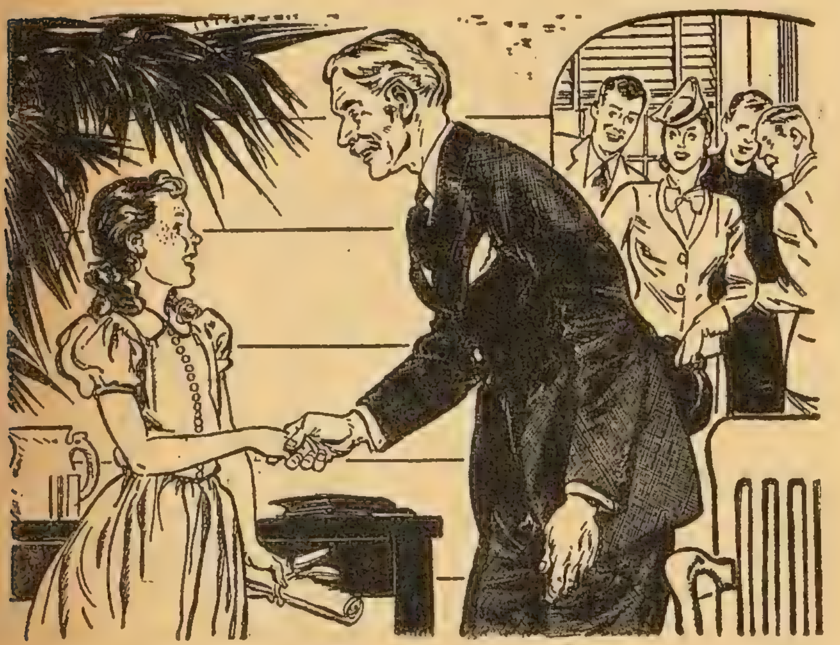
She ran home past the rain-filled gutters and the kids playing in the mud, screaming and pushing each other. Clem passed them hurriedly, hardly bothering to look.

CLEM sat at her dressing table, sadly examining her profile. It was soon to be on exhibition. Four hours later, at eight o'clock, the graduating class of Hill City Central Grade School would assemble in the auditorium of the community building. After the presentation of diplomas, Hank Crandall Matthews, J. Burns Smith, Jr., and Clementine Theresa Kelley were scheduled to compete in the annual Oratorical Contest. To the winner went a gold medal, afterwards to be inscribed with the recipient's name, the date, and the words, *for skill in oratory.* On the reverse side was Demosthenes, orating from the side of a cliff.

Staring into the mirror, Clem had a swift and certain premonition—Hank was bound to win. He'd stand there and grin at everybody and the judges would whisper together, and then Mr. Carson, the principal, would give Hank the medal. It was as simple as that. Clem took her speech from the dresser drawer.

There was little doubt that she knew the speech. She said it to Bertha at breakfast, whispered it to herself going to and from school, and spent an hour a day before the full-length mirror in the bathroom. She'd reeled it off twice in the bathtub last night. Now she squared her shoulders and began it.

When she had just finished the introduction, Bertha came in. "Stop practicin'. You've said that speech so much you're gonna drive everybody nuts. Your mother said to take your bath and lie down awhile."



Clem put her head in her hands. "I'm not going, Bertha. I can't go through with it."

"Don't start that dramatic stuff with me. Since you been having lessons with that Miss Kirsten, you think you're Greta Garbo. Now take your bath."

"I can't remember a thing," Clem moaned. "I got as far as the introduction and everything turned black."

Bertha crossed the hall and Clem heard the sound of water being run into the tub. "You'll know it tonight," Bertha yelled. "Take off your clothes!"

At dinnertime things were much the same. Mary Kelley suffered visibly, Gerald was unduly silent, and nobody wanted any of Bertha's fresh cake.

"Clem darling, as soon as you're ready, I want you to come down and let me do your nails."

"Oh my God," said Gerald.

"I don't want any nail polish," Clem said.

"Just 'Natural,' Jerry. Now Clem, it won't hurt you to sit still a minute. I'm sure a speaker uses his hands, and you want them to look as nice as possible."

"Nobody's going to look at her fingers," Gerald said. "My God!"

Clem went up to dress. She was wearing a white organdy dress exactly like forty-two other white organdy dresses, and her hair was thoroughly curled. She surveyed herself in the full-length mirror. Just like Shirley Temple. Only worse. In desperation she applied an enormous amount of Kiss-Proof lipstick.

CLEM grabbed Cathy and off they started. They had to march up to the front of the auditorium with a hesitation step, file into the front rows and remain standing to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." After that the Reverend J. Burns Smith gave a short prayer (Invocation, the program called it), and then Mr. Alex Campbell, president of the school board, gave a short talk and presented the diplomas. The Reverend J. Burns Smith prayed again, and the high school orchestra tuned up on their first number. Then, at last, Mr. Carson rose and began talking about the Oratorical Contests. He explained the purpose of the contests, and read the list of winners for the five preceding years.

"Our first contestant this evening is J. Burns Smith Jr., who will speak to us on 'The Value of a Hobby.' Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith, unused to being addressed as such, had to be jabbed in the ribs before he rose to his feet. He strode hastily up the steps to the platform.

"Parents, Teachers, Friends, Fellow Students," he began. "The worthwhile things in life are always those for which we must strive the hardest." Young Mr. Smith undoubtedly had received ministerial coaching. His eyes seemed fixed and glittering, and Clem forgot what he was saying and watched his tie ride up and down over his Adam's apple.

J. Burns Jr., finished his speech in nothing flat and Clem had a few near-adult thoughts on the treachery of Time. Then Mr. Carson was introducing Hank. Clem sat on the edge of her chair. There he went. Swaggering up there just the way she knew he would.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students," Hank said. "In 1903 the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, made an invention that has changed the world. They invented the airplane. Today we have dirigibles, fighter planes, even big airliners that carry passengers from New York to London in less time than the Wright Brothers ever thought could happen."

Clem watched nervously. Hank gestured, he grinned, and once he reached up and scratched his head right where the cowlick stood straight up. "Isn't he darling!" Cathy whispered, but Clem didn't answer.

Then it happened. Hank stopped talking. He looked at the floor. It was obvious that he had forgotten something. It didn't last long, but the rest of the speech was delivered with a very red face. Hank the Invincible had forgotten his speech! Clem sank deeper into her seat and began to shake. If *Hank* could forget!— "Holy Mary, Mother of God," she whispered, and she meant it.

AND then Mr. Carson was saying, "And our last speaker is Miss Clementine Kelley. The title of her address is 'A Brave Soldier.' "

Clem walked several miles to the stage and looked out at the rows of people. She took a deep breath and commenced.

"Friends" (that would cover everybody) "and Fellow Students." (Pause.) "Sometimes the women of today have a hard time getting anybody to listen to them. But do you know that before the Revolution, women in America were sent to jail for speaking in public?"

Clem shifted to the other foot. Her voice sounded okay. It sounded loud and important. After all, this was a good speech. She'd spent a whole week at the library looking up material on Susan B. Anthony, and it was all true. She'd read lots of stuff about her, stuff that people ought to know. . . .

Clem was sorry when it was over. She left the stage and Cathy leaned over to murmur, "Gee, Clem. *Gee.*" The high school orchestra began to play "In the Garden" while the judges left the auditorium.

They came back during the last of the encore, and then one of them, Mr. Stanley, slowly mounted the platform. "It gives me great pleasure to present this gold medal for Oratorical Ability to Miss Clementine Kelley."

Somehow Clem made the platform, shook his hand, clasped the medal and returned to her seat. She felt as if she should offer thanks to a Higher Power than Mr. Stanley. God. Or maybe Susan B. But then she saw Hank. He was staring at her.

She turned away hurriedly and thrust the medal into Cathy's hands.

Backstage, the class of '38 was busy being graduated. Some of the girls were tearfully signing autograph books and over in the corner Hank and his crowd were having a conference. Then the parents began to arrive. Clem's mother rushed up, her eyes moist.

"Baby," she said and kissed her. Gerald slapped her on the back and blew his nose.

Mr. Stanley and Cathy and her mother and Bertha and the Reverend J. Burns Smith all crowded toward Clem and said things at once. Clem couldn't remember ever having gotten so much attention. It was very nice, except when somebody wanted to kiss you, like Bertha. A voice back of her said, "By golly, kid. You did all right!" and Clem swung around to find Abe. He had a big tear running down one cheek, but he was grinning. He took Clem's hand and shook it fiercely. Clem took the medal which Cathy had given to Clem's mother and gave it to Abe. He gazed at it reverently for a long time, and when he handed it back, Clem stretched up on tiptoe and kissed him, quickly, right smack on his damp cheek.

CATHY met Clem on the steps outside the building. "Listen, kiddo," Cathy said, "all the kids are going to Tubby's for a party."

"Dates?" Clem asked.

"Naturally. Hank Matthews asked me, and I think he's just *darling!*" Cathy was having considerable trouble standing still, and her brown eyes roved over the crowd back of Clem, watching people pass them on either side. She twisted and turned and then she began to bob up and down like a kettle-lid holding in steam.

Clem fixed her with an eye that was steely. "Why don't you stand still? I never saw anybody get so excited over boys the way you do. My Lord."

"He's so perfectly *darling,*" Cathy whispered. "I just love red hair—on a man, I mean."

"I think he stinks," Clem said, and she wanted to include Cathy.

"I certainly don't think you're being very nice about his not winning. Just think how he probably feels. It was a wonderful speech except that he forgot."

The implication was plain. "I'm glad I beat him. I've never been so glad about anything in my life." Clem would have stalked to the car, but unfortunately, Hank arrived. He stretched out his hand.

"Congratulations, Red. Guess the best man won." They shook hands with extreme casualness. "Good speech you had there." Hank had changed to his blue sweater with the football numerals—anybody who won them on the junior high team always played varsity football when they got to high school.

"I thought your speech was good too," Clem said.

"Oh, I didn't put much time on it. It's okay. I don't mind." But he turned pink and Clem saw that he *had* put time on it and he *did* mind. She had beat Hank Matthews—beat him in front of a whole auditorium full of people. It was retribution. It was justice. And somehow, it was all wrong.

Hank turned to Cathy. Clem saw him grin, saw his shoulders straighten. "Lets go, honey," he said. Cathy began to bob again and Clem gritted her teeth and watched as Hank over-helped her down the cement steps. Then she galloped down after them.

"What's the matter? Break a toe?" she hissed at Cathy. And she jerked open the car door and crawled in beside Gerald. There in the back seat sat Tubby. "H'lo," he said. "Would you like to come to my party?"

Clem looked at her mother and then at Tubby. "I think I'd better go home," she said. "Thanks anyway."

"Wouldn't you like to go?" said her mother. "We can drop you off at Tubby's."

Clem's fists were doubled tight against the seat. Her father glanced at her quickly, then turned to Tubby. "Not tonight," he said calmly. "Some other time."

Tubby crawled out of the car and stood looking at her. "Okay. Mother said to ask you."

Slowly Gerald shifted gears and pulled into the street. "Tired, Skeeter?" His voice was very soft.

Clem turned her face away. "Yes," she said.

In the back seat Mary Kelley stirred anxiously. "It was a fine speech, baby."

"Thanks," Clem whispered and she began to cry, soundlessly, hoping they wouldn't see. What good was a medal? She hadn't won at all.

CLEM was going out to see Abe. It was Sunday afternoon and she took her time, kicking up the first snowfall and wading through the deepest places. Then she decided to run. Being captain of the girls' basketball team makes you understand a lot about keeping in condition. It's very important. She began to trot, feeling wonderful, wanting to yell.

She relaxed and scooped up a handful of snow and patted it into a ball, and as she smoothed it, a car went by, slow. She glanced at it.

In the car were Hank and Cathy. The first thing Clem noticed was Cathy sitting pushed over beside him, but the awful thing, the thing that Clem pounced on and stared at, was Hank hunched down with a cigarette in his mouth. Hank, who wouldn't eat too many sweets so he'd stay in condition! Hank Matthews, smoking a cigarette! Wait'll I tell Abe, she thought. Just wait till Abe hears *this.*

Abe heard about it almost immediately. He was shoveling snow in front of his home. "Hi," he said.

"Abe, I have something terrible to tell you. I just saw Hank Matthews smoking."

Abe went on shoveling snow.

"Well, don't you think it's awful? Think what it'll do to him. Physically, I mean."

"I don't know if it'll hurt him so much. Ain't gonna do him no *good.* But it ain't gonna kill 'im." Abe rested on his shovel. "When I was a kid on the farm we had a hired hand that chewed tobacco all the time. I musta been fifteen, anyway, and I remember I asked him for a chew. He gave me a wad as big as your fist and watched me durn near gag to death. The sicker I got, the louder he laughed." Abe chuckled. "Prob'ly did me good. Anyway, I didn't chew for a while. Didn't really start for another year."

"Oh," said Clem.

"Want some chocolate cake?" Abe asked. "Mom baked some and you can have a glass of milk to wash it down. I'm about done with this shovelin'."

Clem followed him into the house. "I don't mind if I do have a little cake," she said.

"Look who's here, Mom," Abe yelled, and Mom looked up from the rocker over by the stove and smiled. "Better get them wet shoes off, honey, and warm your feet."

Clem untied her shoes and sat down on the floor by the stove. "I must have gotten into a drift someplace."

Abe came back with a chunk of cake in a napkin and a glass of milk. "Now how you going to eat on the floor?"

Mom stopped rocking. "How's the child going to eat that crumbly cake without a plate?"

Abe looked at the cake, then at Clem. "Come on out to the kitchen. You better sit right down to the table."

The kitchen was warmer than the front room and Clem slid her sweater off and rolled up her shirt sleeves. "Tastes good," she said, with her mouth full.

"Seems to me," said Abe, pouring himself some milk, "you keep mighty close tab on that boy."

Clem's mouth fell open. "What boy? I do not! I don't pay any attention to him!"

"Okay," Abe said. "Okay. But for somebody that don't pay attention, you accumulate a lotta information."

"If I do it's because he's so babyish. Sometimes I wonder if he's ever going to grow up."

"Oh," said Abe. "How old is he?"

"Well, he's as old as I am!" Clem said.

"Oh," said Abe again. "Well, give him time. Boys take longer. And maybe he ain't very smart."

Clem lowered her milk glass. "He's smarter than any boy in the whole sophomore class."

"Is he, now?" said Abe.

"Yes, he is, and that's what makes me so mad. If he was dumb, it wouldn't matter. He probably just wanted to smoke that cigarette because Cathy was there."

"Is he still chasin' around after her?"

"She's chasing *him.* That's what's so disgusting. The way he doesn't even catch on, I mean."

"Well, why don't you go after him yourself?"

"Abe, I *told* you. I don't even particularly *like* Hank. He's got about as much savoir-faire as this table."

Abe looked a bit startled. "Well," he said finally, "boys will be boys."

"What I mean is, he's immature. Lots of girls think he's good looking, though, and it's making him awfully conceited. Just because Cathy told him he reminded her of James Cagney and a lot of stuff like that. She *would*."

"Why don't you get yourself a steady boy friend? Never mind about Hank."

Clem wanted to get mad, but with Abe it never did any good. Abe always said just what he wanted to, and if you got mad at him you only felt worse afterward. Instead, she got up and pushed back her chair. "For the last time, I am *not* interested in men at the present time."

Abe stood up too, "Okay, if you say you're not, you're not. But you better do what I told you. Hook yourself some other fella and let that Hank be."

Clem helped herself to a second slice of cake and ate it without a word. Somehow, she didn't like the idea at all.

HANK put one dirty saddle shoe on the other, ran his hand over his cropped hair and carefully studied the triangles on the blackboard before him. Geometry was okay. It was fun the way football was fun—you had to know the signals, but from there on it was a breeze. He finished the demonstration. Mr. Pheiffer growled "correct" and called for the third problem.

The sun filled the room, lighting the school-smelling room with the new warmth of late March. Back in his seat in the front row, Hank squirmed; he could almost feel the handle of his tennis racket—he wanted to be out catching minnows—he wanted a double chocolate ice-cream cone and a hot dog. School was one heck of a place to be, with the sun shining like that.

He watched Clem Kelley walk to the board and pick up the chalk. Impersonally, Hank looked her over. She wasn't so bad looking, except for her legs. Ought to wear her skirts longer maybe.

Clem, however, obviously was not concerned with her legs. She had made a few important miscalculations. "May I ask," exploded Mr. Pheiffer, "where you acquired that angle labeled *B*?"

"Oh," she said. "It's a sixty-degree angle, isn't it?"

Mr. Pheiffer turned abruptly to the window. He looked ominous. "Sit down," he said. "Just—sit—down."

"I think I see what's wrong with it now," Clem began hurriedly. "I guess it's the wrong angle to—"

"Wrong angle! Well, well. Wrong angle!" said Mr. Pheiffer. "If I'm not mistaken, we did this problem yesterday. That's why I gave it to you."

"Yes sir," said Clem. "I just got mixed up."

"Sit down," said Mr. Pheiffer. "See me at the end of the hour. I can't afford to take up class time being needlessly repetitious. Next problem."

As Clem passed Hank, he whispered, "Nice going, Flash," and watched her face. She turned very red and sat down quickly in the last row. He turned to Cathy across the aisle in her white woolly sweater, winked, and spent the rest of the hour composing a note to be delivered during five-minute period.

When the bell rang he strolled out and jockeyed for a good position near Cathy's locker. He reached down in his hip-pocket for the folded note. It was gone! Horrified (he'd called her "honey" and signed it "love"), he ran back to Mr. Pheiffer's room and searched on the floor under his desk. Holy mackerel! A guy could get himself into a lot of trouble losing a note like that. He stood up, clutching the slip of paper, and turned to find Clem still slumped in the last row.

"What's the matter, Red?"

"Nothing," said Clem.

"Well, what are you sitting here for?"

"None of your business," said Clem, and Hank stared. He'd never seen Clem look like this.

"Now wait a minute. You mad about something?"

Clem examined the desk intently. "I'm not mad. I'm just plain dumb."

"Hey!" Hank said. He sat down at the desk in front of Clem, straddling the seat backwards.

Clem looked at him. His face was very surprised—almost shocked. "Maybe it's easy for *you*, but I can't get these problems and I'm always being bawled out in front of everybody and—"

"Aw-w-w now," said Hank. "All you need is a little practice. It isn't so bad."

Clem glanced at him and then back down at the desk. "What would you say about this one?" She opened her geometry book and Hank leaned over it, frowning importantly.

"Look," he began. "It's simple." Painstakingly, he proceeded to make it that. "You see?" he said. "It's step by step, and you got to take it that way. Trouble with you, you try to skip around."

"I know," Clem said sadly.

Hank got to his feet. "Anytime you have trouble, just tell me. I'll be glad to help you out. Got tomorrow's assignment?"

Something in Clem stiffened and something else, something relatively new, melted it. "Not yet," she said. "That's awfully nice of you, Hank."

"Not at all," said Hank grandly. "Since we're both going to English, I'll just walk you to class." He held open the door and they started down the hall together. "Carry your books?"

Wordlessly, Clem handed him her books, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. He had on his red sweater with the black *H*. He was the only three-letter man in the sophomore class. They passed Cathy on her way to Latin, walking with Mary Lou.

"'Scuse me just a minute," Hank said loudly and he crossed the hall. Clem saw him grin and hand Cathy the folded paper. Then he hurried back, still carrying Clem's plane geometry and English literature.

"Never mind," Clem said. "I'll carry 'em myself."

ACCORDING to schedule, Hank rang the Kelleys' front doorbell that night with *Plane Geometry for High School Students* tucked under his arm. Clem sat at a card table in the living room, chewing her pencil, her books spread out in careful studious array. She was wearing her best cashmere sweater. An hour earlier she had opened her mother's bubble bath, dumped a generous portion into the tub, and soaked herself while she plotted. The "plot" hinged on a rather remarkable book entitled, *Man's Love Life—What He Expects and Wants,* published in 1921 and circulated by the public library. Clem had discovered, among other things, that Man expects and wants good food. The kitchen (in words of the author) is the cornerstone of marital bliss.

Clem, cogitating in her bubble bath, found no disparity in aims. Hank was coming over. That constituted aim enough.

When Hank settled himself at the opposite side of the card table he was innocently expecting and wanting geometry. "We're going to prove that angle *ABC* is equal to angle *ECD*. We got *FE* and *GA* parallel. Now. We'll start with *yx* perpendicular to *AG* from *C*."

Clem nodded. "And *qs* is perpendicular to *EF* from *Q*."

"That's right. You get it from construction. What do you have to do next?"

"You can say side *By* is parallel to *Cs,* because it's given—"

"Yeah. And you know the same thing for *BC* and *CD*."

Clem nodded again.

"How do you know side *Cy* is parallel to side *Qs*? Give me the theorem," Hank said sternly.

"Would you like some fudge?" Clem put down her pencil.

"Fudge?" Hank looked blank.

"We could make some and bring it in here," Clem said sweetly. "We could eat it while we're working."

"Well, gee," Hank said. "It's all right with me. Only thing, I can't stay very long."

Clem managed a second-rate smile. "Come on, then. If you're in a hurry, I'd better get started."

They passed Gerald in the den, hunched over the radio. "London has undergone another heavy bombing at the hands of the Luftwaffe," said the commentator. "Civilian losses mount as the devastating succession of German air raids continues almost nightly." Gerald snapped off the radio. "We'll be in the damn thing, too," he said soberly. "It's only a matter of time."

Hank stuffed his hands in his pockets. "What do you think of the Navy, sir?" he said.

"What do I think of it?" Gerald eyed him. "I think the Navy's fine. What about it?"

"Well, I've been considering it, sort of. I wanted to join the R.C.A.F., but the folks won't let me."

Clem stared at him. "You're not old enough."

"Another couple years and I will be. If we're in it by then, I'll take the Navy."

Gerald picked up the newspaper. "I don't know, Hank. Think it over." He looked at Clem standing very still, her eyes on Hank's face. "That's one fight you'll have to miss," he said suddenly. "Thank God."

Hank laughed and Clem blushed, turning hurriedly into the kitchen. "I'm going to make fudge," she said loudly, "and you don't need to think you'll get any!"

But Gerald was not even smiling. He was watching Hank, cocky, gangling, freckle-faced. Later he heard the sound of their voices, shrill, mingled with laughter and fudge-making. Sixteen years old. Wearily, Gerald put down his newspaper and turned off the reading light.

ONCE a month, on Friday night, Hill High held a record dance in the gymnasium. It cost thirty cents for a couple and fifteen cents for stags—only people who were going steady danced with one person all evening. The dances provided Hill High with its big opportunity for love and romance. Clem and Cathy and Mary Lou and Jane Ann usually stuck together, but tonight Clem and Cathy paid their fifteen cents and hurried on to the girls' restroom. Cathy was wearing a new green pleated skirt and she had tied a wide green ribbon in her hair. Clem eyed her. "Who you gunning for this time?"

Cathy laughed and patted her bangs. "I'm in an awful mess," she said happily. "I know Pete will ask to take me home and I think maybe Hank is going to."

"Oh," said Clem. "That's tough."

"It's terrible. If Pete asks me first, I'll have to tell him yes, and then I'll have to tell Hank no."

"What makes you think Hank's going to ask you?" Clem was combing her hair very hard.

"I can just tell."

"I think Pete's wonderful," Clem said slowly. "I think you're lucky to have him around so much."

"You do?" Cathy's eyes widened. "I didn't think you even liked him. I thought you—"

"He's smooth," pronounced Clem. "He acts ten times smoother than Hank, for instance. Pete's awfully suave."

Cathy looked thoughtful. "He is. Terribly suave." She narrowed her eyes. "He sort of *scares* me sometimes."

They applied a little spit to their eyebrows and left. The gym was dim and noisy and on the sidelines, as usual, sat Miss Clarkin and Mr. Boys and Miss Fielding. They were senior class advisers and they had to keep an eye on things. Cathy and Clem said hello to them and danced across the floor to "Begin the Beguine." They saw Mary Lou pretending to have a good time with Tubby, and Jane Ann dancing with Pete. "There he is," Cathy hissed. "Jane's got him."

Jane, however, didn't have him for long. The record player began "Star Dust" and Pete shook Jane Ann and headed for Clem and Cathy. "Hi'ya, chicks," Pete said suavely. "C'n I have this one, honey?"

Cathy tossed her hair and giggled and Clem looked for an empty chair over by Miss Clarkin. You had to talk to somebody.

Tubby found her there two dances later when he rushed up, red and breathless. "Clem," he said, his eyes very big, "I got to see you in private."

Clem got up and followed him out into the hall. They sat on the stairs.

"I s'pose you'll get mad at this, but I have to ask you anyway. The fellows said I did."

"What fellows?" said Clem.

"The guys in Hi-Y. Pete and those guys. It's for initiation next week. They said I had to find some girl that's here tonight and kiss her." Tubby looked scared.

"Well for pete's sake." Clem started to her feet.

"Wait a minute. Please." Tubby looked pink and bewildered. "Everybody else I've asked just laughs at me. But I've got to kiss somebody. I've just *got* to." His voice grew shrill.

"Where do you have to do it?"

Tubby looked at the floor. "Any place except the hand."

"I don't mean that," Clem said impatiently. "I mean where in this building."

"Oh. I don't know. Right here would be all right."

Clem stared at Tubby's red little mouth and fat cheeks. "Oh Lord," she said.

Tubby struggled to his feet. "Okay. Never mind. Maybe they'll let me go home and kiss my mother."

"Come here," Clem said. "Or aren't you going to do it?" She didn't want to look at him. She may have been remembering a day when she'd pounded his head into the fifth grade playground, pounded until he had cried and looked at her with this same bewildered shame. "Those guys are nuts," she said hurriedly, "but if it's all right with you it's all right with me."

Tubby sat down suddenly. "I've never kissed anybody," he said. "It won't be very good."

"How do you know it won't? Try it and find out."

Tubby leaned forward and very gently he kissed Clem on the mouth. Clem held herself tense, and when Tubby drew back, trembling, she smiled carefully. "That was all right," she said gravely. "It—it was very nice."

Tubby grinned clear across his face. "Gee!" he said. He sighed. "Wanna go in an' dance?"

But Clem had run into the girls' restroom. She was putting on a lot of lipstick and humming loudly. When you thought you had to cry, those were both good things to do.

RIGHT at the beginning, Clem thought it was funny. Pete had never paid any attention to her before. Now here he was, asking her to dance and calling her honey, just like Cathy. She tried to toss her hair, also like Cathy, and she smiled up at him. "Love to," she said.

Pete began to hum in her ear and then he squeezed her hand. "Hi, Baby," he whispered.

"Well, hi," Clem said. She felt very uncomfortable.

Pete looked down at her, staring a little. "You're o-k-ay! Maybe it's true what they say about redheads."

"What do they say?" Clem tried to pull away a little.

Pete grinned slowly. "They're hot stuff," he said. "Plenty hot stuff."

They were in front of the door and Pete stopped dancing suddenly and pulled Clem out into the hall. "Look," he said. "I know a lot more about it than Tubby."

Clem yanked her wrist free. "Oh," she said.

"Come on. What are you scared of?"

"Scram," said Clem. "Go dance with yourself."

"Oh now, honey," Pete murmured and Clem saw him coming closer, reaching out for her wrist and waist. She stepped back, looking over Pete's shoulder into the gymnasium. Only a few feet away, dancing past, were Hank and Cathy. Clem put up a hand against Pete and her voice sounded very clear in the hall. "Hank!"

He turned and glanced through the doorway. She saw him staring while Pete put his arm around her waist and she thrust her elbow up against his chin, saw Hank stand still, his mouth hanging open a little. And then she saw him come toward her and felt Pete slip back. Hank hadn't touched him. He only stood there, scowling, looking from Pete to Clem. "You call me?" he said finally, to Clem.

She nodded dumbly. Pete stuffed his hands in his pockets and began to laugh. "Hell. You got good ears."

Hank turned to Pete. "Let's trade dances," he said. "Cathy's out there."

Pete snickered. "Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy! Rah, rah, rah," he said and walked out to Cathy.

Clem blushed violently. "I'm sorry. I just saw you out there." She couldn't remember ever having been so embarrassed.

"Forget it," Hank said. "That guy's crazy, anyway. Come on, let's dance."

They went back into the gym. Clem felt the rough wool of Hank's sweater against her cheek—it seemed funny to be dancing with him, and yet not funny. Mostly, it seemed like something you'd thought about but hadn't really expected to do. Clem looked up suddenly. "Thanks a lot," she said. "I don't know what was the matter with me."

Hank's freckles looked very big. "I'm sure glad you called me,' he said slowly.

When it was time to go home, Clem looked for Cathy. She was standing over by the nickelodeon, laughing up at Hank. Coldly, Clem walked by them, pretending to look for someone. At that moment Tubby came over. "Hey," he said. "Would you care if I walked you home?"

Then it happened. Hank stood just back of Tubby, grinning, being very debonair. "Walk you home, Red?"

Clem thought perhaps he hadn't really said it. "What?" she said. "I mean—well, sure."

The street was very dark and she was conscious of Hank's careful stride beside her, of his arm brushing hers, and of his silence.

"By the way," he said suddenly, and his voice shot up an octave and then back, all on one syllable. "That was swell, what you did for Tubby tonight."

"How did you know?" Clem stammered.

"He told me," Hank said. "He felt terrible about it. Those guys pick on him all the time. They didn't make any of the rest of us do that for initiation."

"Oh," said Clem, "then you're already initiated."

"Finish up tomorrow night. Got to get us in so we can go to their crazy banquet."

"When is it?" said Clem, hurrying along.

"I don't know exactly when they're having it, but pretty soon now, if you'd be interested in going."

The Hi-Y Best Girl Banquet. It was too much. Clem stopped dead on the sidewalk. "My gosh, Hank Matthews! Do you mean you're asking me to go to the *Hi-Y Banquet?*"

Hank stopped and looked at her. "Sure."

Clem could see his face, pale and serious under the street light. She was serious, too. "I thought that was for best girls," she said.

Hank scratched his crew cut. "Well heck, I don't have any best girl." They stood awkwardly in the street, measuring each other. Suddenly Clem wanted to laugh. Hank looked very funny—and nicer than he'd ever looked before. Very casually he took Clem's hand. They began to walk. "That is," he said carefully, "I don't *yet.*"

MARY KELLEY was worried. Clem, who from childhood up had eaten with the appetite of a small-sized horse, was not eating at all. She also looked at herself in the mirror, manicured her nails every night, and was unusually gentle. Her mother ordered another bottle of iron tablets and spoke to Gerald. "It's boys," she said. "It's beginning and I suppose it'll get worse."

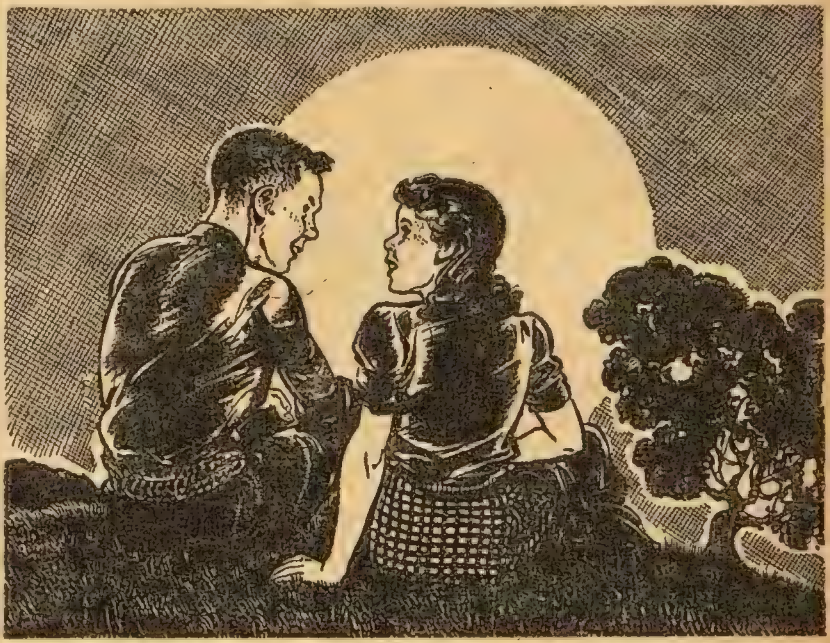
Gerald had taken it all quite calmly. "Boys, my foot," he said. "You gave her those dramatic lessons. Now let her alone."

Psychologically speaking, both theories were somewhat in error. It wasn't boys, but one boy. And neither could Clem's sense of the dramatic, under ordinary circumstances, have competed with Bertha's steak and mashed potatoes. What Mary and Gerald failed to realize was the extreme importance of dating the only three-letter man in the sophomore class. She, Clem Kelley, had been singled out to accompany Hank Matthews to the annual Hi-Y Banquet. It was enough to unbalance *any* girl in her right mind.

For two weeks she had worn her best sweaters to school, washed her hair more than carefully, and thought about Friday night, May 12, in the basement of the Methodist Church. Cathy was going with Pete and Mary Lou with Tubby and they were triple-dating.

At seven o'clock on the night of the Banquet, Clem was eating mashed potatoes and hot rolls, and obviously not tasting a thing. Everybody was making speeches and in between times they sang and yelled across tables. By the time the dessert came the banquet had turned into a chorus. Hank was requesting "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and standing up to lead the verses. Clem yelled her head off and smiled up at him. He had on a new suit and he'd worn a hat—his first. It was now reclining in the back seat of his car. Somehow, that hat had made Clem very sure of herself.

"What do you want to sing next?" Hank said, scooting back into his chair, his tie pulled crooked, his napkin tucked into his belt. Clem reached over and yanked it out.



"You sound like an old crow. Why don't you sit still and eat?"

Hank grabbed for the napkin and they tugged, each of them breathless. "I'll fix you," he said, loosing his hold on the napkin suddenly so that Clem lost her balance and fell back against Mary Lou. "Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my dar-lin' Clementine!" boomed Hank, standing up and gesturing furiously.

For a second everyone stared, and then the basement of the Methodist Church literally shook with it. "Came a miner, forty-niner, and his daugh-ter, Clemen-tine!"

At eight-thirty the three couples filed upstairs for their coats, and Hank went off to bring the car around. They were going to the movies.

Clem settled back in the front seat and watched Hank drive. He was awfully good at it. "Do you want to go to the movies?" he said, not loud enough for the back seat to hear.

"Sure," said Clem. "It's all right with me." She was looking at his hat, pushed back on his head.

"It's a swell night. I wish we could drive out to Baker's Dam and listen to the radio."

"All of us?" said Clem, after a minute.

"Just us." Hank looked straight ahead.

All at once, and not entirely without reason, Clem was nervous. "Well," she said.

"Never mind. I sure don't want you to think—"

"Oh for gosh sakes." Clem sat up suddenly. "It's not that." She wasn't at all sure what it was.

They stopped in front of the movie and Hank let the motor run, still looking down the street. "Pile out, kids," he said. "We'll find you."

Cathy paused, one foot on the running board. "Where you going?"

"No place." Clem gestured indifferently. "Just riding. We'll see you later."

Hank shifted gears and they started toward the river road. They drove for a mile in silence.

"I really don't like Laurel and Hardy," Clem said finally.

Hank looked at her, his hat on the back of his head. "I don't either."

Somehow, that seemed to be all it was necessary to say.

THEY stopped the car at the edge of the road and Hank turned off the lights and reached for his cigarettes. They could see the dam and hear the noise where the water went through. The moonlight looked very bright on the wet cement. "You know," Hank said, "sometimes I feel like I've got to get in the air corps right away. Aren't you fed up with school?"

"Not exactly. I don't know if I'd want to go to college or not, though. I think I'll be an actress."

"I'd like to be an engineer. Maybe that's what I'll do when I get out. A guy can go all over the world doing jobs if he's an engineer. If there's a war, though—"

"Hank." Clem stopped, then went on. "Wouldn't you be afraid?"

"I don't know. I s'pose you would be for a while, till you got used to it. I don't think I'd be very much afraid."

He opened the car door. "Let's walk over to the dam," he said. "I've got a special reason."

They crawled out and Clem felt her hand cold in Hank's. Everything seemed very still, now that they were away from the car. They crossed the grass to the highest part of the dam and sat down. Hank reached into his pocket. "What I want to know is, would you like to wear this thing?" In his hand was a new Hi-Y pin. The gold part caught the light and sparkled softly.

"Oh," Clem whispered.

Carefully, his hands shaking only a little, Hank pinned it onto Clem's dress. It was crooked, but neither of them thought of straightening it.

"I don't know," Hank said. "Lots of guys hand these things out and it's supposed to mean you're going steady, but that's up to you. I just wish you'd wear it. There isn't anybody else I want to have it."

"Do you want to go steady?"

"Do you?"

"Well, I do if you do."

Hank grinned. "Okay," he said. "In that case, I'm going to kiss you."

His lips were soft and his hand firm on her back. She closed her eyes, wanting to look at him, not daring. He lifted her chin and stared down at her. "Listen, Red."

"Listen what?" Clem smiled a little.

"You're—oh jeez," he said. "And I used to get so dog-goned mad at you." His voice was high with wonder. He pulled her head onto his shoulder.

"I didn't like you for a long time, either," Clem said.

They sat quietly. "You know, this is kind of crazy, isn't it? I mean, when I started really thinking about girls and everything, there wasn't anybody else I liked. It's funny. Don't you think it's kind of funny?" Hank said, and he kissed Clem on the cheek, quickly this time.

"Y-yes," said Clem and she put her head on Hank's coat lapel and began to cry.

"Jeez!" He was horrified. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Clem said. "I—maybe it's your hat," and she began to giggle. He jumped up then, pulling her with him, and they raced to the car.

"Take my handkerchief, dopey." They drove back to town very slowly, holding hands in the middle of the seat.

ABE was sitting in the sun, sprawled comfortably on his own back steps. He heard the screen door open and looked up to see Clem grinning at him. "Shut the door, kid. You're letting flies in the house."

"You busy?" Clem dropped down beside him.

"Too soon after lunch," Abe said. He squinted a little, looking at her. "What's that pin you got on?"

Clem tried to look unconcerned. "It's a Hi-Y pin. Hank's."

"Well, I'll be durned. Hank! Hooked him, did you?"

Clem sat up. "I didn't hook him at all. This is different."

"It is?" said Abe. "What kind of different?"

Clem stared hard at a blossoming cherry tree. "Well, we've got plans. And—and things in mind."

"Now wait a minute. You don't mean to tell me you've got getting married in your head?"

"Of course not. My heavens, Abe." Clem blushed. "These plans aren't for now. It's just that we're both going to have careers and—well, I can't explain, exactly."

"I see," Abe said. "You mean you got ideas."

"Yes, I guess so," Clem said. "I've been meaning to come see you for a long time. I was just wondering. Maybe it sounds crazy, Abe, but how do you feel—how do you know—if you're in love, for instance?"

Abe rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. "I ain't so sure I can answer a thing like that."

"You've always said if I had anything—"

"Yeah," said Abe. "I guess I did. Well, kid." He cleared his throat. "It always seemed to me you couldn't use any measuring-stick on a thing like love. It's something that just happens, like seeds growing, and if it does all right then you settle down and watch it grow. It's like anything else. You got to take care of it and help it along, but if it's any kind of love at all, it's gonna get a good start just by itself." Abe tore off a long blade of grass and slowly pulled it through his fingers. "As for knowing—well, if I *saw* something growing I'd *know* it, all right. And I'd know if it was a weed. You don't get things like that mixed up."

Clem sat up. "That's what I wanted to know. Well, would you say—would you say I was too young to love Hank—right now?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Abe said. "You can't ever be too young to love people. But you don't have to get ideas about marryin' 'em."

"Now Abe. Who said I wanted to *marry* anybody? I've got a long time yet!"

"Fine. You may think you're pretty old, but you aren't old enough to start any family for a while yet."

CLEM stared at him. "I'd be scared to death," she said. "What would you do with a bunch of kids? Lord!"

"Oh, you planning to have a bunch of 'em?"

"I'm not planning to have *any*. But I suppose I will. Some day." The idea appeared to be rather new.

"Bet they're hellions," Abe said crassly.

"Nuts," said Clem. "Funny thing, though. The other night Hank's mother was looking at one of his old baby books, full of pictures of him and things. There was one picture of him standing in the front yard and it looks just like him, except he's fatter and he looks kind of like his mother. I was just thinking how funny it must seem to have children and have them look like you."

Abe narrowed his eyes a little. "Yes, it does."

Clem sat thoughtfully, her chin in one hand. "You know, Abe, they wouldn't look *all* like you. They'd look partly like you and the rest like somebody else." Clem stood up suddenly, her eyes shining. "Think how it would be, Abe, to have children who looked partly like you and the rest like somebody you love—"

Abe got up. He put a hand on her shoulder and looked down at her, attempting to grin. "Kid," he said gruffly, "you'll make a mighty fine mother some day."

Clem blushed. "I've got to run all the way home now, if I'm going to meet ole dopey for a coke. If I don't get to Em's first, Cathy's liable to be sitting with him." She ran down the steps and then abruptly she turned. She looked back at Abe. "I love you," she said hurriedly. She turned at the edge of the porch and ran down to the road.

Abe closed the kitchen door and watched Mom shelling peas in the sink. He stood for a second, his hand on the door knob.

"Well, come on in," said Mom. "What's the matter?"

Abe looked at his hands. "Nothing. She didn't ask m for any horehound. It's the first time she ever missed."

Then he gave his mustache a chew, closed his eyes and very softly, he chuckled.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

THE versatile **A. A. Milne** has written an extremely readable book titled **Chloe Marr.** Until now I have been inclined to share Mrs. Dorothy Parker's feeling about Mr. Milne's gift and was agreeably surprised to find myself caught and charmed by Chloe.

She was a beautiful, witty, and elusive lady who lived in London. Many people knew her but no one knew anything about her. She passed through the lives of her friends leaving nothing of herself but a memory; and, with considerable skill, Milne has seen that she does just that to the reader—an intriguing, mysterious memory.

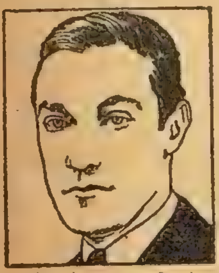
A. A. Milne

The author of Winnie-the-Pooh here shows himself to be a master at that light and deceptively witty sort of English drawing-room dialogue that sounds much cleverer when spoken by an earl and a countess.

Chloe Marr is not a great book but it is a beguiling one.

E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York. Price $2.75.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE SPROUT, by **Stoddard B. Colby,** is the tender story of the relationship between a little boy and a brilliant and impractical man. Colby says that "Uncle Roger," the scholar, is a composite picture of his father, himself, his wife, and his Effie cautioned her small nephew to "Look after your Uncle. Guard him with your life!" And young Ranny tried to do just that, follow- mother. But even with this remarkable combination of characters one is scarcely prepared for anyone as eccentric as Uncle Roger who, his wife Effie said, "did everything to excess." ing his uncle through fantastic sections of New York and on a mad trip to Europe.



Stoddard B. Colby

This, Mr. Colby's first book, is a lighthearted blend of fact and fiction.

Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.50.

POCKET BOOKS has published an unabridged low-priced edition of **Emery Reves'** remarkable **The Anatomy of Peace.**

Mr. Reves, who has been in close contact with the important political figures of the past decade, is convinced of the urgency of world government. His astute ideas about how to ensure lasting peace should be read by every inhabitant of the globe.

Pocket Books, Inc., New York. Price $1.

NATALIE ANDERSON SCOTT'S The Sisters Livingston is the story of an intense family love between three motherless sisters and their saintly and ineffectual father. An engrossing book, it is also annoying, because the sisters—Amy, Hazel and Florence—are, each in her own way, pathological cases, a fact of which Mrs. Scott seems unaware.

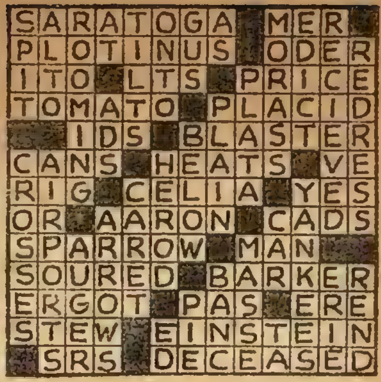
E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York. Price $3.

OPEN HOUSE, by **Joan Kahn,** is an unpretentious novel of two girls just out of college who shared an apartment in New York and tried to achieve literary careers. Their adventures in pseudo-intellectual circles make amusing reading and Kate's love story is charming and realistic.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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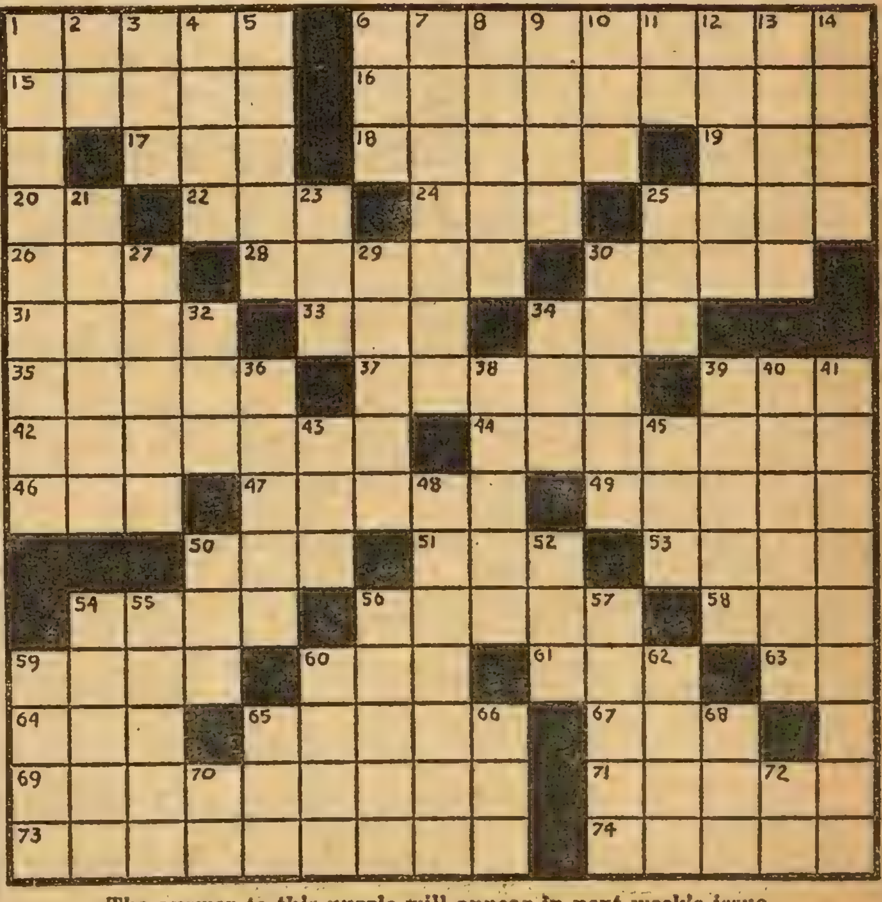
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

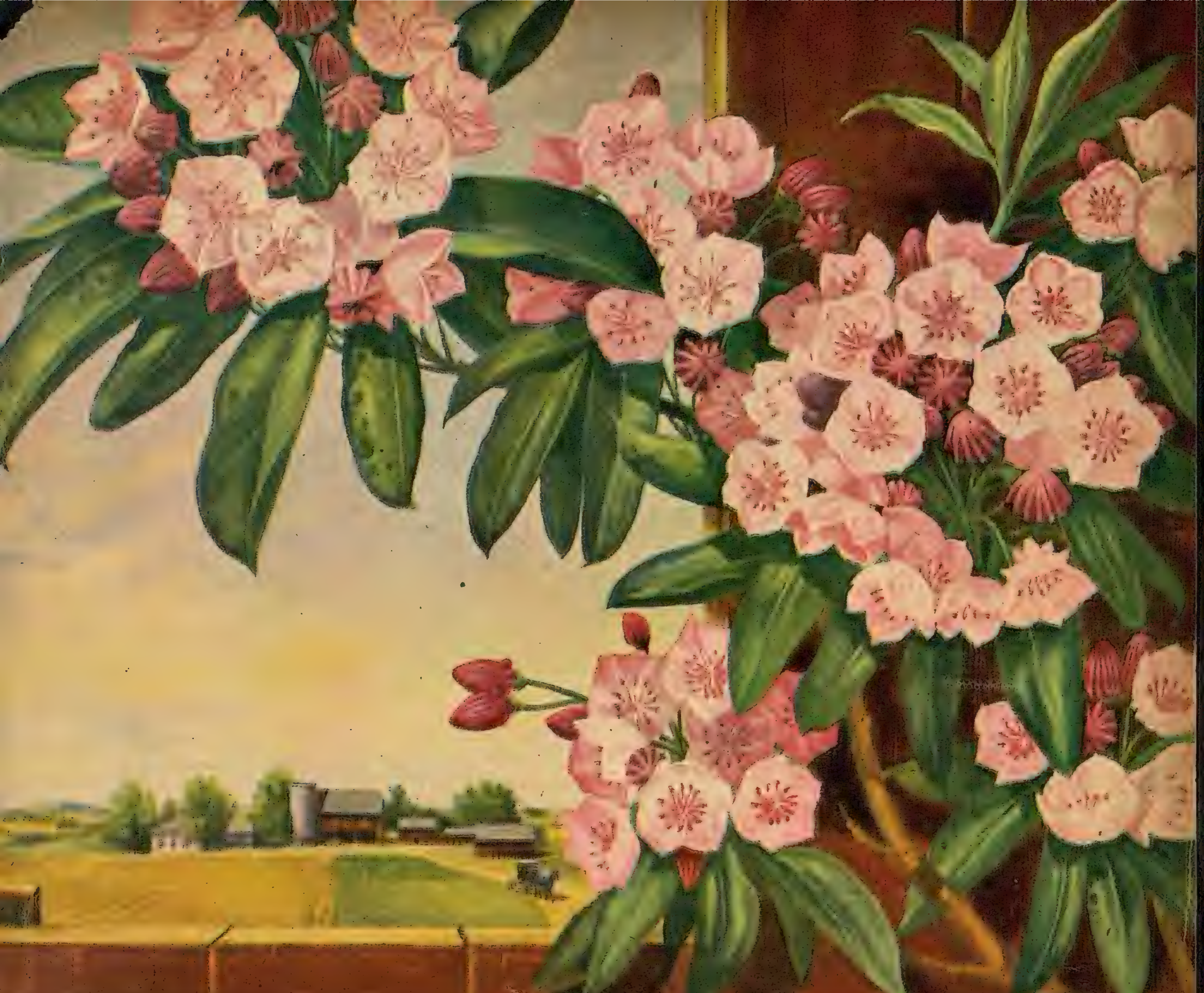
1 Pans and cheap-looking mugs
6 It moves 100 feet at a time
15 Use 30,000 words to say nothing
16 It's hair-raising, but has no effect on Clement Attlee (two words)
17 Jimmy Durante's nose in nature
18 Home of God's Frozen People
19 Negroes of the American Revolution (abbr.)
20 Ted's Asinine (abbr.)
22 Crackpot
24 It's old to the poets
25 His future is dark
26 Risk a couple of skins on a hay-burner
28 Abandon personal happiness to attain permanent bliss
30 Superman never seems to marry her. Why?
31 It's on the Metropolitan Hit Parade
33 State of our till
34 It's got the DDTs: the DDT's got it
35 Tub with Pullman accommodations
37 It's contained in the answer to a woman's pair
39 It can be photographed by a brownie
42 Home of the Michigan cutup
44 First meal of the day
46 Silent as sneakers
47 Thpeakth like a thiththy
49 Better be safe than this
50 Hair-conditioned snood
51 Disturber of the peace
53 What auctioneers mistake sneezes for
54 The curse of the 16th century
56 They got the old runaround from the Reds
58 Headless jeep
59 Person overawed by himself
60 You'll loaf this well-bread baby
61 Any drip is all this
63 Ground (abbr.)
64 This shows a fitting grasp of young women (masc.)
65 What the old clucks couldn't do to the bunch of hardboiled eggs
67 She gave him the this
69 This keeps minutes and wastes hours
71 Its motto: Might makes right of way!
73 Only thing you can expect of an old pair of dirty sneakers
74 Causes of May Day uprisings around the European capitals

VERTICAL

1 Filled with the hot air of the inflationists, they don't mind being kicked around
2 Autocratic Reds (abbr.)
3 Tom, the ashcan contralto
4 Old school tie school
5 Well water
6 Letter from Greece
7 Unlike a small boy taking a Saturday night bath
8 Willy's constant companion
9 Walked all over
10 Japan's contribution to crosswords
11 Garlic-scented Italian river
12 Something never found in a Shane puzzle (ahem!)
13 Station announcers, get all twisted
14 *Cure* for jaundiced tint (anag.)
21 Radio ear
23 Dark beach coat
25 King of Albania
27 Sound of the piano at Duffy's Tavern
29 Husbands exchange them for the kind that fit in the nose
30 Alf and Lynn mimes
32 Roman moola
34 Necking in the '90s
36 Ran the blood pressure up to 1000
38 When the home-team does this, dad takes it out on the family
39 Midnight, a scream! Weird, ain't it?
40 Even a dentist can't fill it cheaply these days
41 Kitchen decorations at Ye Greasy Spoone Restaurant
43 Lousy kind of wit
45 It's usually out to lynch
48 One of the engines on the North Pole Express
50 Surrey turbine
52 It washes the flower's puss every A.M.
54 What he got charged for booting the ball
55 Motto of the Gold-diggers' Union
56 Montana says it's sure one
57 Flesh resters
59 Lifetime agreement broken in first year
60 The room Johnny despises
62 Only thing that profits by inflation
65 Music by Bock
66 Attention caller
68 "You'll be sorr-r ree-ee!"
70 The first necessity in every home
72 Short but shabby



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



A Favorite in Flowers

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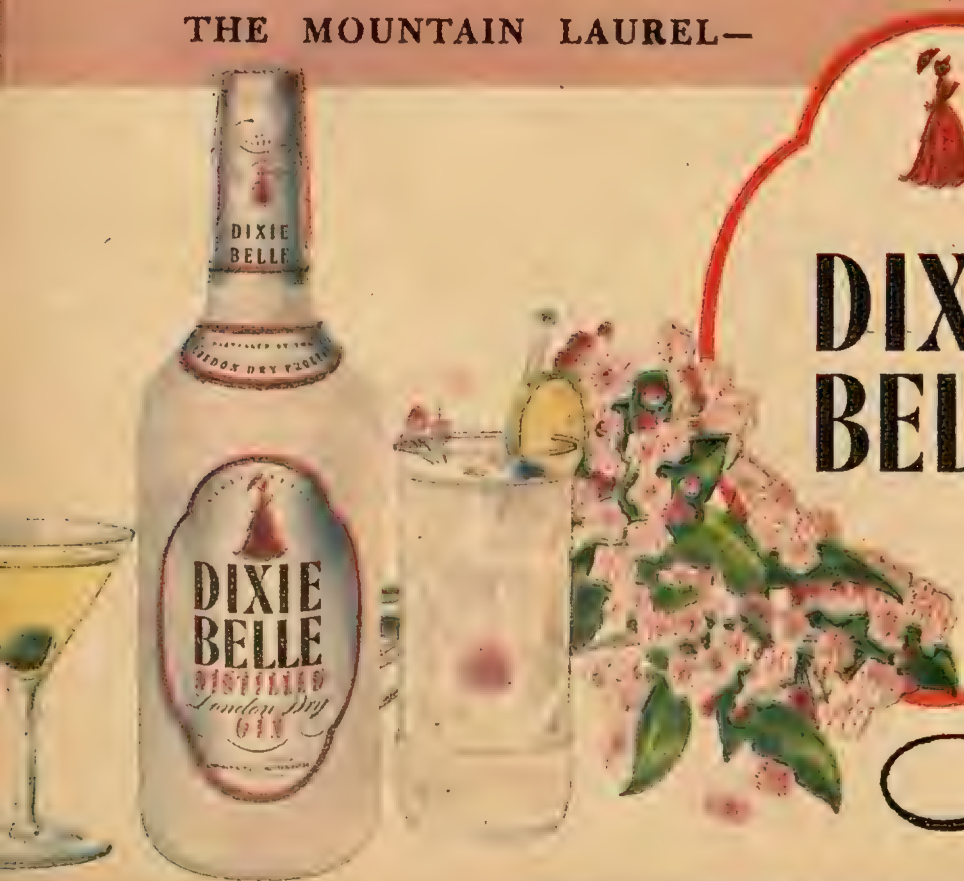

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THE PROFESSOR FORGETS HIS NOTES

Continued from Page 29

those slapping loafers he wished she would discard. Her hair was done in a new way, not flapping like cocker ears, but short and feathery. It was the color of a canary's wings and soft. He reached for his wallet. "How much do you need?"

He began to hunt. Was it his upper right-hand—or lower pocket? The boy was still standing there, and he absently introduced them as he fumbled around. "I have it right here," he murmured.

When he found it, and looked up, Angela and the boy were drifting toward the door.

"Never mind, I don't need it now, darling," said Angela. "I'll be home in time to get your supper."

"Call me Chips," Robert Spenser was saying as the door closed.

PROFESSOR ALCOTT went home, got out his lecture notes, and sat staring at them. Were they really any better than his joke?

Was there any hope of reaching these wild young men? And what if he didn't? He'd be retired next year. He shivered and put his head in his hands. He had no savings; few teachers ever had. And he wanted Angela to have enough, to make up for her keeping house for him.

He began a new lecture. He had assigned Galsworthy's The Apple Tree as a good beginning classic. That should help the first session. He was still polishing off his last notes when the six-o'clock bell sounded. He got up hastily. Angela and Robert Spenser were coming across the lawn. He was carrying her books.

They walked close together, his Army sleeve touching her yellow sweater, and the clear soft fire of sunset glowed on their faces. As he watched them, a queer sharp ache went through him. He thought of the words in Galsworthy's story—the apple tree, the singing, and the gold—

At the steps, Angela said, "O.K., Chips."

"O.K., kid, take it easy," Robert grinned.

Professor Alcott sighed with relief. Things were just the same.

"Supper in a jiffy," said Angela, running in, "but you better eat at the club tomorrow. I'm going upriver with Chips."

"I'll just have a coddled egg," he said. "I feel a little shaky—from the grippe, I imagine."

The second meeting of 32R did not, however, have to do with Galsworthy. Professor Alcott had fifteen announcements to read. About veteran housing, veterans' meetings, veterans' allotments, subsistence checks. And ten more students tried to get into the class and were put out with difficulty. He had to run up and down two flights of stairs himself, counting the numbers in the extra sections and dividing up all over again. He finally had to take in the last two himself.

After he dismissed the class, eight crowded around him with more things to sign. He was accustomed to closing the book, rising, walking out quietly.

It was the next Tuesday when he finally got around to Galsworthy. With a deep sigh of relief he picked up the cards and called on the first name. This was as it should be, class quiet, recitations in order. The students never had anything to say, they murmured and sat quietly, and then he discoursed on the subject. That was the way it had always been. So he confidently said, "We shall now hear from Mr. Spenser regarding the literary qualities of John Galsworthy's classic, The Apple Tree. Mr. Spenser."

Mr. Spenser bounded to his feet, a startling innovation.

He spoke loudly and with confidence. He said, "It stinks!"

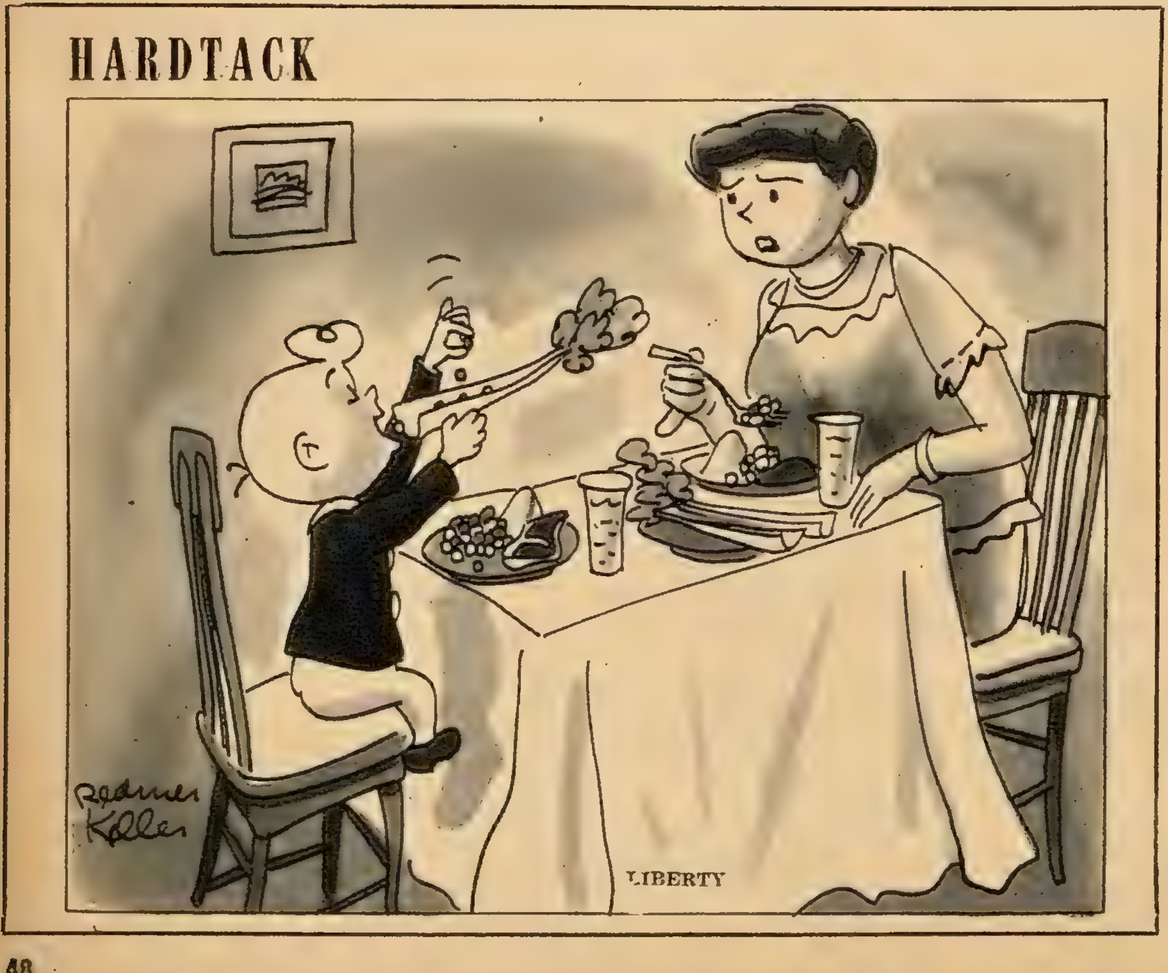
A subdued roar greeted his words. Everyone who agreed was agreeing vocally, and everyone who disagreed was making just a little more noise disagreeing.

In the next twenty minutes Mr. Galsworthy was reduced to a ruin. All pretense of waiting to be called on was abandoned. Comments flew back and forth.

Professor Alcott was not going down for the third time without at least trying. He got their attention by standing up and raising his voice, and then he spoke rapidly for twenty minutes. He paid no heed at all to his academic lecture. He talked about Galsworthy, told his story, gave a brief picture of the year in which Galsworthy began to flourish. As for The Apple Tree, he said, it was dated to them, old stuff. But the conflict of man against convention was not dated, nor the defeat of youth, nor the symbolism of spring and love in the world.

He dredged up odd bits of knowledge he had stored deep under layers of routine lectures, and he talked five minutes past the hour, then stopped suddenly and said, "Class dismissed."

He could hear them arguing all down the hall. And he looked up to find Robert standing beside him, holding out a book. "I thought you might have time to skim through this," he said, blushing. "One of my buddies wrote it in rest camp. I'd kind of like to know if you think it has anything. I mean—would it be—dated in a few years?"



THEN Angela came in. Angela wore a pale-blue dress he hadn't noticed before, and a blue flower in her hair. She carried a little white jacket.

"Hi, Atom," said Robert, "where you think you're going?"

"I have a date with a captain."

"You have a date with a sergeant," he said firmly, "and don't argue or I'll blow my lid."

They went out. Professor Alcott went to the office to collect the next batch of forms to sign. "How's the class going?" asked the dean.

"Fine," he answered.

"Glad to hear it. We've had trouble in some classes. We have had to remove Dr. Bassett; the veterans wouldn't have him. They petitioned the president. Most unfortunate. They said," he sighed, "they didn't have time to waste."

Now he knew. He would be the next. No Lit class in the world had ever been like this one. He couldn't reach them. And today, even more than losing his position, he felt desperate at the new emotions stirring in him. All his comfortable values attacked, his attitudes blasted. These boys wouldn't accept anything without testing it out.

Of course English was difficult. He wondered whether the beginning languages weren't still easy, and he stopped off at the Romance Language room to see. He found Professor Roderiguez signing applications for Basic Spanish texts. Roderiguez threw up his hands. "They argue," he said wildly, "in Spanish One they argue! They wish to know why the verbs have three conjugations! Why the preterit and imperfect aren't interchangeable, it would be more sensible!" He sat down, sighing deeply. "The ones who were stationed in Trinidad," he said, "do not care for the accent of the ones who were at Corpus Christi. They argue about the money in Spanish places I never heard of; how much each piece is worth, what they use—" He folded his hands. "They argue," he finished.

"But are they learning any regular lessons?"

"We are halfway through the book," said Roderiguez, "though how, do not ask me."

Professor Alcott went home slowly, deep in thought. It was evident that in Spanish, miracles were possible.

He sat at his desk and tried to revise his next lecture, but it was no use. Finally he took up the book Robert had lent him and decided to glance through and then return it the next session. He read the first sentences twice. "'It's a cockeyed world,' said Shorty. 'Up to the front in a forty or eight, out at four, and begin to attack!'"

WHEN Angela and Robert came in, he was still reading. He wandered to the kitchen where Angela was broiling chops and Robert slicing bread. The chap seemed quite at home.

"What is a forty or eight?" he asked.

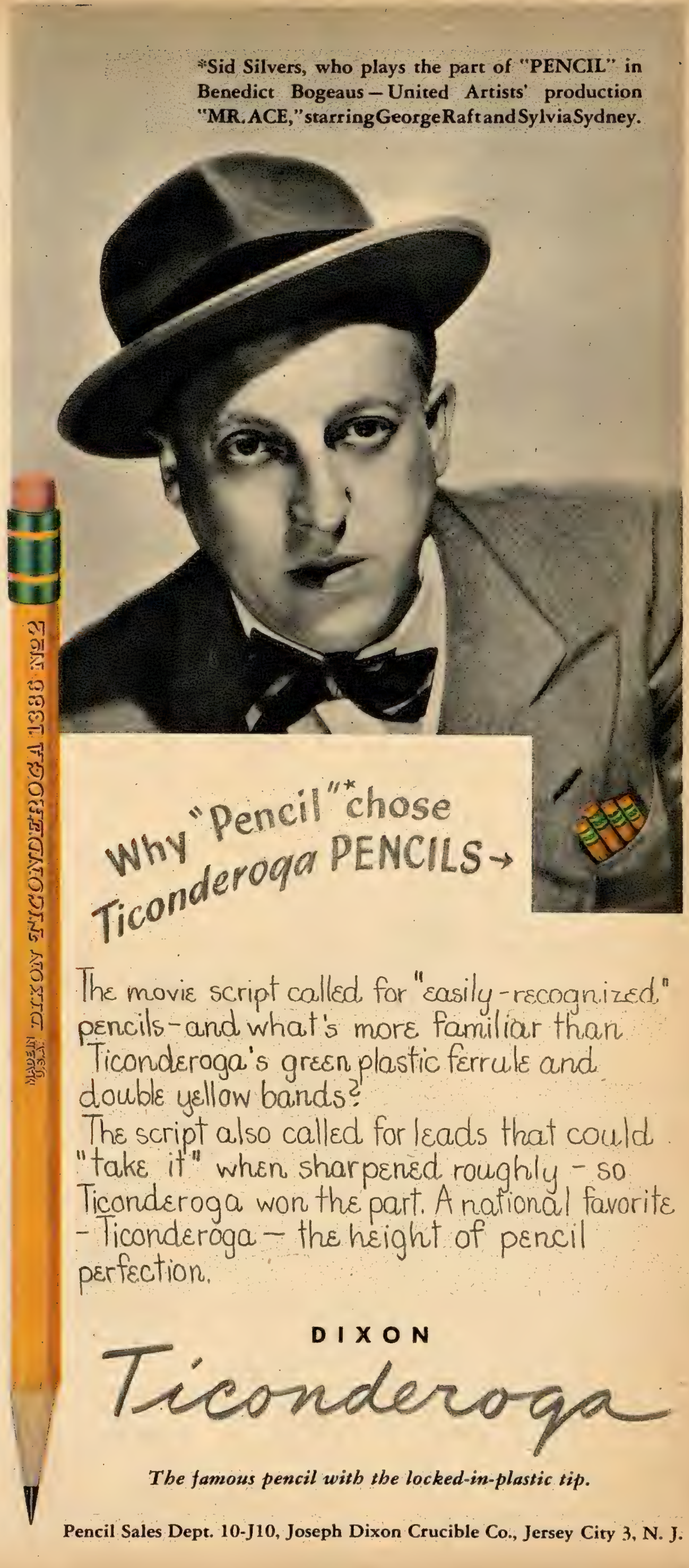
"Forty men or eight horses," Robert said, "cars, you know. Freight cars."

In the next three weeks Professor Alcott read a lot of new things. His unfinished paper on the use of the comma in certain eighteenth-century writings was laid away in his desk. Somehow he never had time to work on it. Instead, he was learning a new vocabulary: bed-check Charlie, potato mashers, ammo dumps, bazooka, burp gun, buzz bomb.

He borrowed some more books from Robert and some magazines. He read John Mason Brown's Many a Watchful Night, and Ingersoll's The Battle Is the Pay Off. And Ernie Pyle's This Is Your War. He was beginning to understand the men, but it wasn't going to do any good, for they hadn't settled down for one moment to graze quietly in the green fields of the classics.

No, they were like a herd of—of antelopes.

His best wasn't good enough.



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He gave up his traditional lectures. He let them talk, and then when he had a fair chance he told them what he felt. He found himself reappraising the old masters as if he were reading them the first time. He fell into a fatal weakness, saying to them, "I think you're right. We've been wrong about this for years." He wasn't a professor on a pedestal of learning any more; he was just an ordinary guy, as they would say, sort of running the class for practical reasons.

He gave up formal recitations too. Lying sleepless at night, he sometimes figured out ways of leading them around to some important point without seeming to, and then he felt a thrill of triumph new and heady.

Meanwhile they were romping through English literature. And every time he walked to the office, he expected the ax to fall. He was a man who had lost all control of a class, whose academic standing was no more secure than a raft going over Niagara. A flat, complete, utter failure.

AND then came the day that they were studying poetry. What they had to say about the love poetry left him weak. But when they came to the war poem, the avalanche really started.

It was about the glory of a hero's death, and it had never caused a ripple before.

"Hero's death!" said Mr. Breuer. "I'd show him a hero's death!"

"Wish I'd had him crossing the Remagen bridge in my company!" said Mr. Stein.

"He could have had lots of glory landing at Anzio!" said Mr. Breuer.

And after fifteen minutes came the voice of Robert, drawling a little: "Sir, what are we supposed to get out of this piece of tripe?"

Professor Alcott looked out of the window a moment, away from the intent faces. How peaceful the campus looked in the thin winter sunlight and with a pale drift of snow around the bronze statue of The Thinker. Then he turned back to the turbulent room. Possibly education wasn't meant to be peaceful. Maybe it had been petrifying all down the years—maybe it had. He smiled suddenly. Nobody could call this an ivory tower, this 32R! "Yes, it certainly is tripe," he said, "but there are a certain number of duds in any run of shells, are there not? Of course I never was an infantryman."

They laughed. This was funny, when his joke hadn't been funny!

"Now, all poetry is not insincere, artificial, without truth. It is our purpose to winnow the bad from the good, develop our judgment."

"Each man finds beauty in his own time," he went on; "but we have a heritage from the past which we are not wise to cast aside. We need to study it." He opened his book. "I will read you something concerning war and freedom written long years ago and ask your consideration of its meaning."

He did not need to look at the words as he began:

"The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung. . . .
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set."

There was a stir, and a sigh.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free."

A dropped pencil sounded loud as a shot in the room.

"Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!"

He laid the book down when he finished the poem. The class was so still that he felt they were too bored to speak. He said, "Lord Byron is out of fashion now. But to an old fogey like me there is the same spirit there was on Okinawa, or at the Kasserine Pass, or on the beach at Anzio."

As the bell rang, he gathered up his books and hurried out. He didn't pause until he was outside the building.

A silvery snow was falling from a sky of gray pearl.

As he crossed the campus he heard the band playing, and he even knew the name of the song, The Ballad of Roger Young. He was all through, he felt it in his aching bones. A wretched failure, and maybe he ought to tell Angela now, tonight. They'd have to get out of the house; it was a faculty residence. He ought to plan.

But when he got home, the house was dark, although Angela's books and fuzzy jacket were on the hall table. The groceries were on the sink, too. He dashed through the house, calling, ran upstairs, saw the door to her room open. He made out her huddled figure on the bed, and he heard the wild bitter sobbing.

"Angela! What is it? Are you sick? What's wrong?"

"I'm all right. Leave me alone." Her voice was broken and muffled.

He stood there helplessly, his bifocals fogged. "Angela, tell me!"

But she kept on crying and saying, "Nothing. I'm fine. Just leave me."

IN the end he gave up and crept downstairs to the kitchen. Angela never cried. This was something dreadful! She was like her mother, sensible and steady, with courage enough for three women. Always gay and sunny and sweet. What had happened? He had no idea—no idea. Awkwardly he plodded around the kitchen fixing coffee and toast, carrying the tray at a slanting angle up the stairs.

But Angela only shook her head

and sobbed. He was desperate now. He had to do something. But what could he do? And then he wondered suddenly whether she had confided in Robert Spenser. They had been out late the night before and he had missed her at breakfast. Possibly Robert might know—

He felt feverish as he pulled on his galoshes again and wrapped his heavy woolen scarf around his neck and found his overcoat. Everything happens at once, he thought, rushing out into the winter night.

Doggedly he waded through the thickly falling snow, pushed into the smoky haze of the veterans' club. The slap of cards came from gin-rummy tables, the click of chips from the end of the room, and around the piano a group was rendering "Kiss me once, and kiss me twice and kiss me once again, it's been a long, long time." When he pushed his way farther in, he saw Robert and about eight of his English Lit class bending over a table with a long paper in front of them, to which they were affixing their names. Professor Alcott stopped short, his throat tight, his head pounding.

A PETITION! They were signing a petition to have him removed at once. Not even grace until the end of the term! For a moment the room seemed to sway, and then he thought of Angela, squared his shoulders, and moved in.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Spenser?"

Robert gasped, jumped up. "Why—why certainly, certainly!"

The next instant he maneuvered them to the next room, which was quiet except for three boys practicing the drums.

"What is it?" Robert was looking at him strangely. "What's wrong?" The same words, the same voice.

"It's Angela," said Professor Alcott.

Robert seized his arm. "What?" his voice was suddenly hoarse.

"She's crying so, and I can't find out what it's about. I thought she might have told you—"

"Did she send you?"

"She didn't even speak to me," he said, "I only thought you might—might know—"

"Sure I know," said Robert, running his hands through his red hair. "She wouldn't marry me next Tuesday, so I threw her over."

"You—she—you—you what?"

"Well, it was either or," said Robert furiously. His mouth was white.

Professor Alcott's scarf was strangling him. He unwound it and breathed. "Young man," he said, hearing his voice with surprise, "you can't run my daughter like—like a breakthrough!"

Robert made a sound.

"You," said Professor Alcott sternly—"you are the man who wanted to cover the whole field of English literature by May. Now you expect to find your way around a woman's heart in eight weeks!" He drew a long breath. "But of course she doesn't love you; she's too young for love."

His head was whirling, he had called her a woman for the first time and she was just a child—and what had happened to him?

"Hah," said Robert, "she's just as crazy about me as I am about her!"

"Then what's wrong?"

"She won't get married because she's so worried about leaving you. She says she can't do it."

Professor Alcott looked at him. "If I were a fighting man," he said clearly, "which I am not, I wouldn't run out a white flag. I would—I would man the tanks and—and charge!"

The door banged. He was alone. Alone with the three drummers, that is. He rewound his scarf and hurried out, only to see Robert's figure far ahead.

He followed slowly, feeling the weight of the snow on his face. I have gone completely mad, he said to himself. Everything I have been through has unseated my reason. I seem to say whatever comes into my head, without careful premedita-

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PRINCE, FETCH
THIS EARLY START SHOULD PUT US IN TOWN BEFORE SEVEN
THAT'S RIGHT. COME ON OUT TO THE HOUSE AND HAVE DINNER WITH US
THANKS, BUT I'M LOOKING PRETTY TOUGH. WHY, I HAVEN'T EVEN SHAVED
AW---YOU'RE OK! JUST LOOK AT ME. AND I'LL LEND YOU A RAZOR ANYWAY
SAY---WHAT KIND OF A BLADE IS THIS? EASIEST SHAVE I EVER HAD!
THAT'S A THIN GILLETTE---SLICKEST-SHAVING LOW-PRICE BLADE I KNOW
JOE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY SISTER
MMMMMM--- NICEST-LOOKING MAN I EVER SAW
IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MISS WHITNEY
I'M IN LUCK. A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE ALWAYS MAKES A HIT
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tion. I rush in where—where Angela fears to tread, in a manner of speaking. A failure as a teacher, a worse father.

By the time he reached the house, the porch light had been turned on. Angela stood in the open doorway, letting all the cold into the house, which would throw off the oil heater completely. Robert was beside her, gathering her into his arms. Snow starred her ruffled gold hair, her face was swelled and red from crying, but he was kissing her right in the light of the porch lamp.

Professor Alcott checked his speed, coughed loudly. But Robert went on talking, between kisses. "Baby, forgive me!"

"Chips!" she said. "Oh, Chips!"

"I'll wait as long as you say," he said. "Your Dad's right. I'm a blockhead, a dope, a—"

IT was cold on the front walk. One of his galoshes leaked. He thought they would never go inside so he could get in himself. When they did, he was so cold he stumbled as he climbed the steps.

He tried to sneak up the stairs, but he couldn't help seeing them in the living room, just standing and looking at each other in the light of the old lamp as if they had never seen each other before. And the words came back to him, "The apple tree, the singing, and the gold." Yes, this was what Galsworthy was talking about. No matter what words they used.

He took two aspirins, undressed, wished for a glass of milk but decided not to interrupt them, found a chocolate bar and ate that.

He hadn't had any supper, for one thing.

He got in bed, lit his reading light, and took up Wordsworth. Wordsworth would be calming. He tried to read, but he found Wordsworth only made him nervous. Wordsworth, he thought guiltily, sounded stuffy.

He laid the volume aside, reached in the drawer, and brought out a paper-covered book. The History of the 394th Infantry. He got to sleep finally.

IN the morning he found a note propped against the coffeepot: "Darling, see you after class. Had an errand. A."

He drank his coffee and ate a bowl of dry cereal, started wearily to class.

He might as well see the dean and get it over with. Resign before he was ousted.

It had cleared and the air was amazingly vibrant with sun and cold. The sky was the color of silk. A beautiful day for a man's last day in his real life. He went slowly, slowly, but he reached University Hall in the end, hung up his things, went to the office and found the dean.

This, he thought, is the death of the spirit, the end of all that I ever was, a teacher.

"Oh, good morning," said the dean pleasantly. "How did you know I was going to send for you?"

"I—I expected it." He wished his heart would settle down. It shook him all over.

"Well, Alcott, I have just been reading a petition from your class," said the dean. "You know, there was some question of dropping it last year?"

"Yes, I know." He steadied his hands against the desk.

"I thought, therefore, you would have a special interest in this petition."

Now Professor Alcott stood up very straight and drew a hard deep breath. At least he would take it like a gentleman and a scholar. "I believe I know," he said quietly. "It is signed by the entire class, is it not?"

"Why, yes, it is," said the dean, "and I may admit, just between us, Alcott, this is the first unanimous petition we have ever received."

Professor Alcott felt the blood drain from his face. He nodded but he was not able to speak.

"And so I congratulate you," said the dean, offering his hand.

"Congratulate—me?" It was a harsh whisper.

"Heartily," said the dean. "A man who can meet the new era so successfully is a member of the faculty of whom we may be proud indeed."

"Proud?"

"Yes, as you already seem to know," said the dean, "they wish a supplementary hour added next semester. The same kind of forum you have used so brilliantly this term, but using an earlier period in literature.

"Now, how do you react to the idea? Or would it be too much? You look a little under the weather, Alcott—pale."

"I—I was never better in my life," said Professor Alcott loudly. His head was whirling. Tracer bullets were going all through him. "And I may say I have never had such a group of students in all the years of my teaching. It—teaching has become—become really stimulating under the G.I. Bill."

"We can discuss the room later," said the dean. "I am afraid we may have to put you in the old rest room under the stairs for the extra hour—I really don't know where to put a single extra class—"

Professor Alcott waved his hand. "Oh, any old foxhole will do," he said airily. "A room means nothing to me!"

He went out walking on eggshells. His class, his boys. He gave them what they wanted. His life wasn't over.

Or maybe he had died and gone to heaven!

THERE was Angela, waiting by the water cooler. She looked like a lighted candle. She looked like the best lyrics of Byron.

"Darling, I have to tell you," she said. "It's wonderful! He loves me!"

"Oh, does he?"

"We want to get married."

"Is it—definite?" he asked.

"We thought—next Tuesday," she said. "Will you—will it be—can we possibly—"

"I'm sure it can be arranged," he said, "if Chips puts his mind on it!" He broke off then, as the dean came after him. "I wonder, Alcott," he said, "if you'd address the Educational Association next week on Educational Rehabilitation of the Veteran?"

Professor Alcott smiled.

"I couldn't do that," he said, "but I'd be delighted to give an address on Educational Rehabilitation of Civilians!"

THE END

"He knows when he's had enough—he's had enough now."

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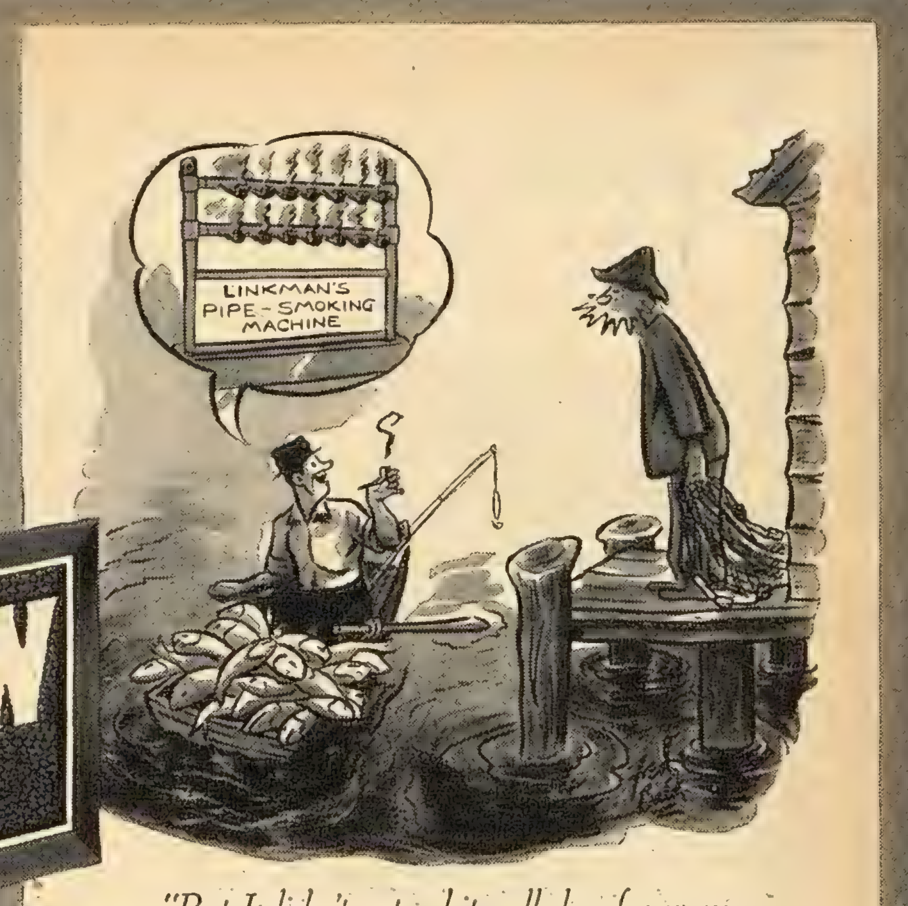
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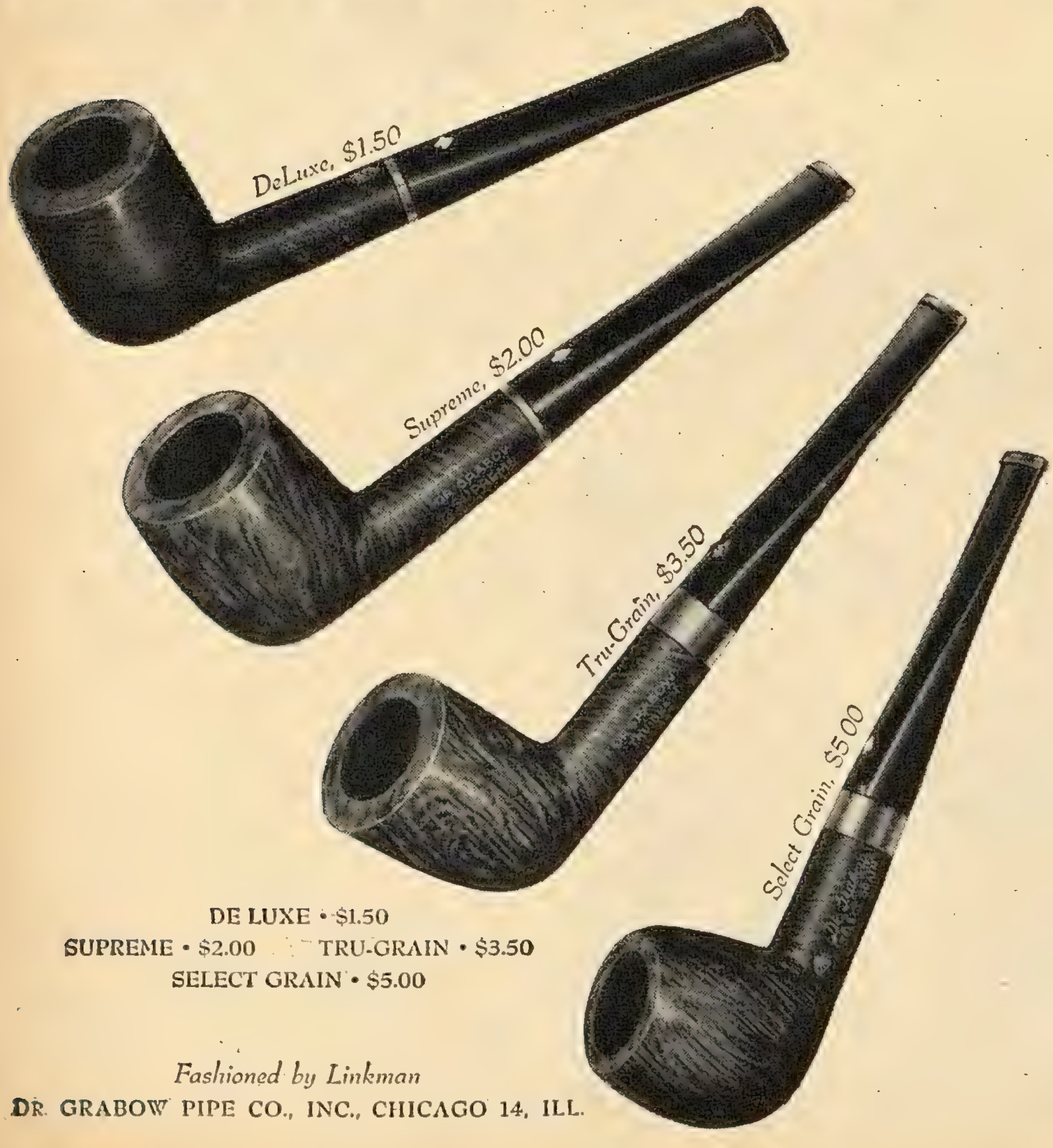
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Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

THE KILLERS

Professional gunmen close in during the exciting climax of Mark Hellinger's first-rate melodrama inspired by Ernest Hemingway's short story.

THE KILLERS, a relentless search through the back alleys of a dead man's past, is a brilliant movie. It's also a top-drawer triumph for Mark Hellinger in his first independent production.

After paying a record price (reportedly $50,000) for the famous Ernest Hemingway short story, which describes a small-town murder but doesn't explain it, Hellinger expanded it into a life-sized tale of underworld double-crossers. And he did it à la Hemingway—forlorn characters, staccato-paced violence, and side-of-mouth dialogue.

When an obscure gas-station attendant (Burt Lancaster) is killed by two triggermen, a life-insurance investigator (Edmond O'Brien) has a hunch the case is bigger than it seems. Slowly he digs up the history of the victim, an ex-pug who turned crooked and then was swindled by his moll (Ava Gardner) out of a big-time robbery loot.

The movie gets its unusual punch from the bitter realism of each chapter in the dossier—the murdered man as a young fighter being cast off by his manager because he broke his hand; his arrest by a boyhood pal; his dreamy mooning in prison with a cellmate who likes to talk about the stars; the silent tenseness of the hold-up, and sudden panic of the double-cross.

The acting in these vignettes is excellent and credit goes to Hellinger

Former acrobat Burt Lancaster and sultry Ava Gardner are the leads.

for sitting through months of screen tests to hand-pick Lancaster, O'Brien, and Gardner—three players with big talents but small box-office names. For the supporting cast Hellinger either used unfamiliar faces (two unknowns were imported to play the killers just so audiences wouldn't spot them at once) or he dropped established actors into unfamiliar roles (Sam Levene, usually a gangster, is a cop, and Vince Barnett, a comic in 200 movies, portrays a wistful hoodlum).

On his own for the first time—studio producers take orders from above, but independents are their own bosses—Hellinger worked closely with writer Anthony Veiller, director Robert (Spiral Staircase) Siodmak, and composer Miklos Rozsa who won an Academy Award for his Spellbound score.

Another of Hellinger's consultants was Johnny, the shoeshine boy in Universal's barbershop. For Hellinger, a former newspaper columnist, war correspondent and mediator between feuding gangsters, is both a character and lover of characters. A believer in the common touch, he likes to debunk arty stuffed shirts and drive his bulletproof sedan, a gift from a now extinct Chicagoan.

With The Killers, he has produced one of the year's most exciting films.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (Paramount). Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Lizabeth Scott make this an absorbing melodrama.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE (Republic). This is a pleasant little comedy with Eddie Albert as a veteran who has more than his share of postwar problems.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Brothers). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

MR. ACE (United Artists). An amusing poke at ladies in politics, with Sylvia Sidney and George Raft capably holding down leading parts.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID (20th Century-Fox). A sequel to Claudia, this movie gives Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young a new batch of crises and chuckles.

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

NO matter what you've heard to the contrary, veteran organizations *can* do a great deal for you. Also yours for the picking are such available services as are given by federal, state, and local agencies, plus such groups as the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., Travelers Aid, USO, Chamber of Commerce, business men's groups, various unions, and religious organizations.

Just where should you go to obtain the particular services you need? That question is your only concern.

Keep in mind that *going to the right place in the right manner usually gets you the right things.*

As you know, the Veterans Administration's branch offices are scattered throughout the country. Generally, their offices are staffed by competent consultants. This is one place you're guaranteed top service. You have the word of General Bradley to back you up.

The VA is a most reliable source of special service pertaining to insurance, schooling, loans, vocational training, on-the-job training, delays in compensation payments.

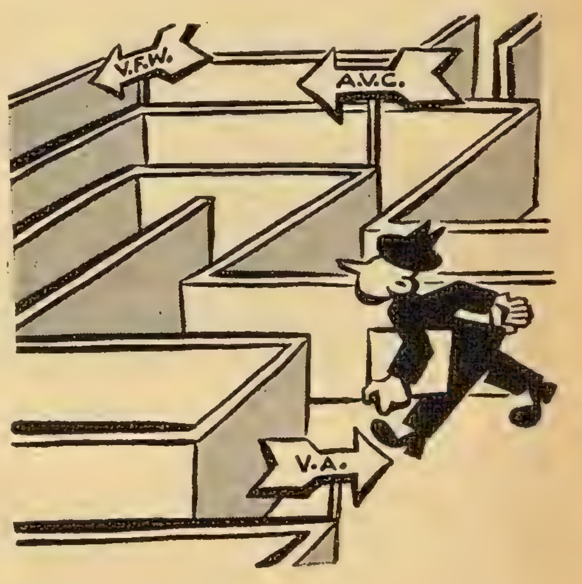
When seeking legal, political, and personal assistance, especially in emergencies, don't hesitate to apply for aid from the more established veteran organizations such as the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans. They can deal far more effectively with an impersonal federal government than the individual veteran can. If you think the denial of your claim for a pension is an unjust one, all you need do is turn the entire case over to one of these organizations. They will handle it for you.

It doesn't necessarily mean that you have to dish out a registration fee of five bucks and become a member if you are to expect organizational aid. As a matter of fact, these organizations take pride in the record that is being made by their Service Officers for members and non-members alike. Their files show innumerable histories of cases they won in behalf of the veteran.

The Red Cross, with an enviable record of taking over power of attorney and representing the veteran, is also at your service. And your local DAV, VFW, or Legion Post should be ready to serve you and your dependents.

* * *

James W. Williams, Edmond, Okla. Whoever tried to sell you the idea that Alaska is the only place planned to be available for homesteading was totally wrong. The Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation will send, on request, public notice and other information about its land openings that are soon to be available in the West for homesteading. All you can do is sit tight and keep your eyes and ears open.



Just where?

* * *

J. Nelson, Galesburg, Ill. Your state isn't the only one in which a state bonus is a hot political issue. So far, though you hear a lot about the bonus, there are only three states —New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts — that are actually paying off. But your state bonus, if it does come, will be well worth waiting for. It provides for a maximum payment of $900, and all it needs now is the O.K. of the state voters.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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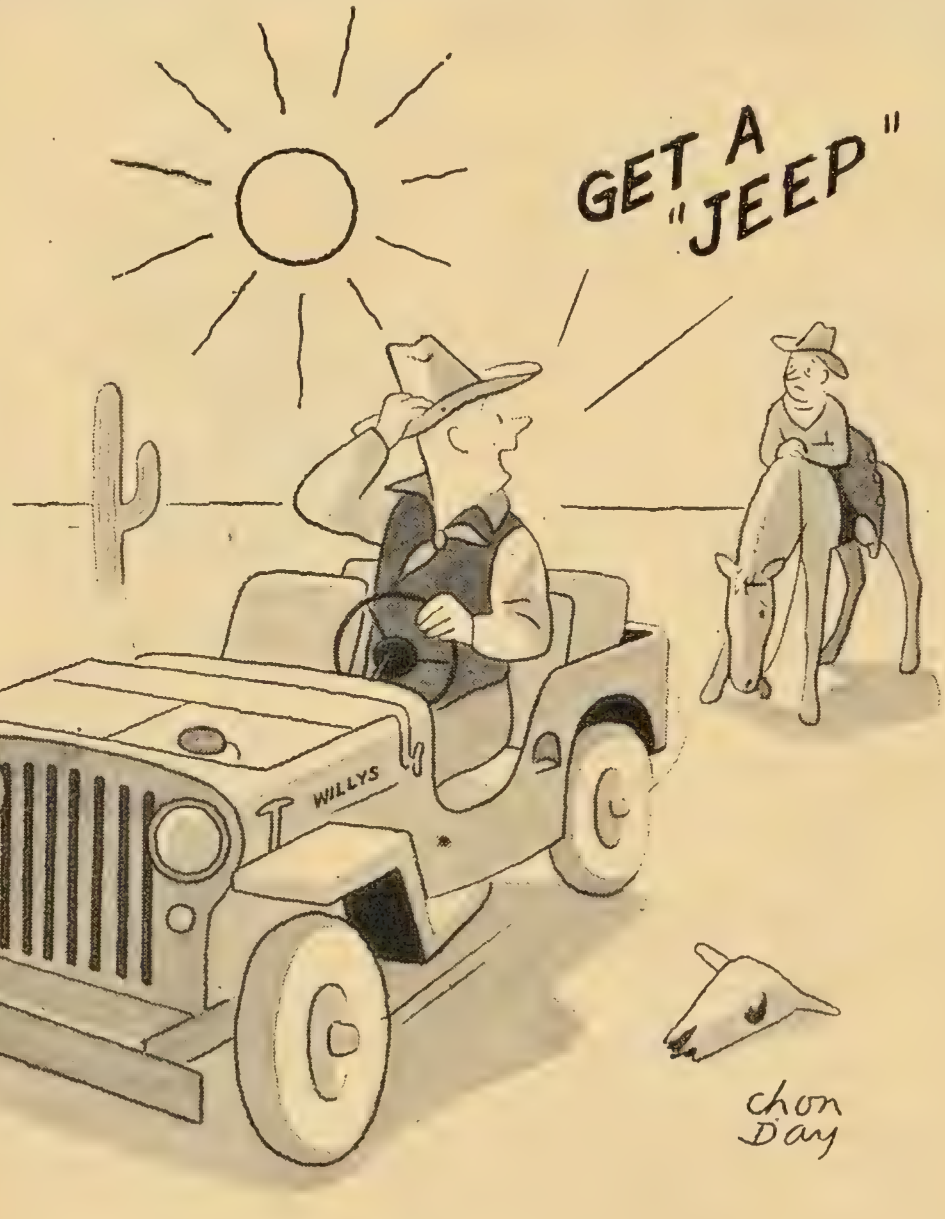

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HOW THE RED SOX GOT THAT WAY

Continued from Page 17

Gene Desautels. He owes his heartfelt thanks to (*a*) his farm system and (*b*) the United States of America for Mickey Harris, who joined the army as a mediocrity, pitched four uninterrupted years in Panama, and emerged from the service a cocky, competent big-league pitcher.

That other star of the mound staff, Dave Ferriss, was called to the attention of the Red Sox by Wullie McKechnie, manager of the Cincinnati Reds. McKechnie saw him once in a springtime exhibition, knew exactly the value of what he saw, and offered to purchase Ferriss, then attempting to win a job with Louisville, the Red Sox farm club. The Sox, in a burst of unwonted brightness, rightly figured that if Wullie wanted him, so did they. Now he's fair-haired Ferriss, the toast of all New England.

RUDY YORK, the noble redskin and even nobler first baseman, is by courtesy of the Detroit Tigers, whose consciences undoubtedly have been bothering them ever since they euchred the Red Sox out of Higgins and Cramer. They swapped York for utility infielder Eddie Lake, and the Boston soothsayers, remembering past performances, shouted that the Red Sox had been swindled again.

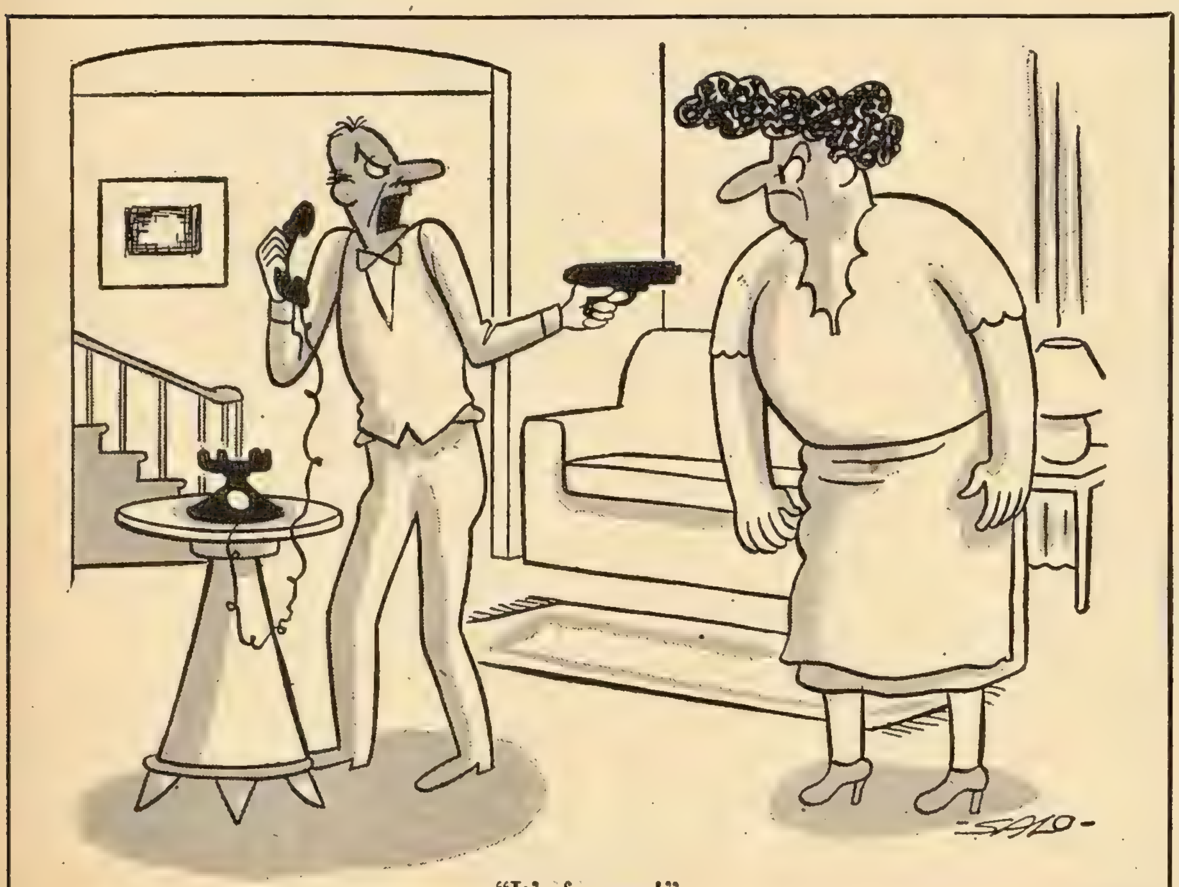
Not so, however. Many's the time Mr. Yawkey has had his porch climbed, but this time he got even with the rascals, for York, feeling the hot breath of old Father Time on his neck, unloosed one last great burst of scared speed and made an enormous contribution to the success of The Team, as it now is known in the native habitat of the bean.

Robert Pershing Doerr, at second base, is a come-by-chance. General manager Collins once journeyed to San Diego to put a beady eye on George Myatt, an infielder. Not impressed by Myatt but wishful of spending a little more of Yawkey's money, Collins took an option on Doerr as a consolation prize. To the complete flabbergastation of old Bill Lane, owner of the club, he also insisted upon purchasing a substitute right fielder.

"Don't blame me if you get stuck," rasped the old man in his gravelly voice, "and don't blame me either if people think you're startin' to get mellow."

It is not the common practice to invest money in a substitute outfielder, as Bill Lane knew. The boy, furthermore, had not enjoyed a big day that day. He had gawked his way into the pastime late in the afternoon, all elbows and knees and twitches and fidgets. But Collins could not take his eyes off the gangling awkward adolescent; he hungered for this substitute outfielder who had fanned in his only appearance at the plate. He bought him there and then, to the head-waggings and cluckings of Lane—and the boy, of course, was Theodore Samuel Williams.

Shortstop Johnny Pesky, the flame of the infield, cost the train fare between Portland, Oregon, where he was the clubhouse boy, and Rocky Mount, North Carolina, a Red Sox farm. Third-sackers come in bunches, like bananas, grapes, and trouble. Center-fielder Dom DiMaggio represented an outlay of $25,000, more because his name was DiMaggio than because anybody expected him to make the big-league grade. And right field stands Mr. Yawkey approximately no dollars and no cents.



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"Careful, Harvey! Remember what happened last year?" LIBERTY

The situation there is almost as tumultuous as it is at third base. One day it is George (Catfish) Metkovich, dredged up out of the minors. Another it is the part-time third baseman, Leon Culberson, a product of the farm system. Or this time it will be Tommy McBride, another farmer, while still again it will be Wally Moses, who in midseason was rescued from the Chicago White Sox. Somebody may outplay the Red Sox in that position, but nobody will outnumber them.

Serious students of the pastime naturally will wish to know how Metkovich came by such a gruesome name as Catfish. George is a refugee from the Boston Braves, who outdo the Red Sox only in that they last won a pennant in 1914. One day in Bradenton, Florida, where the Braves were in strict training for another thunderous defeat, he hauled a magficent catfish out of the Manatee River. The fish counterattacked vigorously and bit the young man severely before he (the fish, that is, not Metkovich) was clubbed to death by brother anglers.

A folksy, woodsy fellow named Perfesser Casey Stengel at that time was managing the Braves, and that evening he ordered a pompano something-or-other. The Perfesser sank his fangs daintily into the delicacy, savored it expectantly, and immediately howled for the head waiter.

"This," he thundered—"this ain't pompano! This is the damned catfish that almost et off Georgia Metkovich's big toe!"

The Red Sox organization, which feels that greater dignity should attach to the national pastime, is attempting to spread the canard that his nickname is Cat, and is hoping that press and public will deduce that he is fast as a feline.

It isn't Cat. It's Catfish.

Of course, the heart and the soul of this team, which does not stand Mr. Yawkey in toto as much as Joe Cronin once stood him all alone, is Ted the Kid Williams.

The Kid has been a newsy and often a controversial figure since the first day he reported to the Red Sox, a rookie with faith in the invincibility of his bat and a habit of expressing himself in eccentric ways.

It was his habit then, as he set off in hot gallop after fly balls, to shatter the stillness with cries of "Here comes Hi-Yo Seelvah!" The management did not seem to approve of this whimsicality. It must be that they do not sanction joy and do not condone color. It must be that they want men who, like bank clerks and croupiers, quietly perform their appointed tasks. Whatever the reason, they quickly broke Teddy the Kid of this joyous juvenility, and it could be that baseball has been the poorer for it.

IN Norfolk, Virginia, a few weeks before his major-league debut, a grounder hit to his piece of meadow proved a puzzler, whether because his elbows became engulfed in his knees, or his knees became entangled with his elbows, or both became intertwined with his feet. To conquer its bounciness, he naturally fell upon the frisky pellet. To cure it of all such future friskiness, he just as naturally heaved it to hell and gone over the startled grandstand. That earned him a suspension before ever he had seen his first big-league park, for major leaguers must not be naughty boys, particularly when they are rookies.

Yet he stormed and conquered crusty old Boston that first year of 1939. Not because he batted .327. Not because he belted thirty-one homers. Not because he knocked in 145 runs, to lead the league in this department. Not because he was the rookie of the decade. No, he captured the heart of Boston because he was twenty years old, and because he was a kid who stood as a symbol of all that was comical, and all that was thoughtless, and all that was unspoiled, and all that was wonderful in American boyhood.

He wore his baseball pants down almost to his shoe tops, to accentuate his likeness to an exclamation point. He lifted his cap to the adoring mob with an impulsive and unique gesture of boyish glee, taking it gingerly by the crown and holding it directly aloft at the end of a remarkably long arm. He took out his rifle, after the games, and shot down pigeons on the wing as the ball park reverberated to his musketry. He hired boats on his days off and went deep-sea fishing with clubhouse boys who adored him. He loved shooting, he loved fishing, and he lived always for his next turn at bat, so that by his typically boyish actions, both off the field and on, he became the most popular athlete that Boston has known since the turn of the century.

BUT something happened to Teddy Williams, and what happened was not pretty. Oh, his bat was hot, and never for long would it cool off. In 1940 he raised his average to .344. In 1941 he took complete charge of the wreckers and led the league in batting with an imperishable .406. In 1942 he re-emphasized the fact that he was the top slugger of his era by leading the league in every department of offensive play. But hot as his bat was, his temper was hotter, and soon the Kid had gone from the heights of popularity to the depths of unpopularity, and not only with the fans all around the circuit but with his own teammates.

Quicker than anybody can say Jackie Robinson of the Montreal Royals, he was exchanging dubious compliments with bleacher customers the league over, including Boston. Next, he loitered in running out base hits and refused point blank to pursue balls that had escaped his clutch, thus arousing the animosity of his teammates. Then his wrath was extended to include newspapermen who mentioned this startling new behavior pattern; all photographers, apparently because they had a connection with newspapers; all baseball players on all teams, including especially his own; and finally Yawkey and Collins and Cronin themselves.

IF the Lowells spoke only to the Cabots, and the Cabots only to God, the Kid spoke to nobody. It had started as the Wolves vs. Williams. It reached its climax as Williams vs. the World, and somewhere or other the Kid became bewildered and lost his way.

He never has found his way back to those old sunny paths of his rookie year. He doesn't roar his delighted Hi-Yo Seelvah any more. He doesn't throws baseballs over grandstands. He doesn't tip his hat with the old flamboyant gesture; it has been years since he has tipped his hat at all. The big business of baseball has brutalized a boy. It has extracted all the good, clean, coltish qualities he once possessed. It has produced, in place of the joyous rookie of 1939, a man who, when he gets a bat in his hand, is a bitter genius. And the bitter genius will be the star of the World Series, to the greater glory of the American League.

So here they come, with all their complex personalities and all their differences in background, and behind and above them all a man who, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, found a pennant in a five-and-ten-cent store.

THE END

SNEAK PUNCH

Continued from Page 15

than most but smart. "I'll straighten everything out for Virginia. You don't have to worry."

"Thanks."

Jeff's palm was sweaty when Joe gripped it. Jeff wanted to say something, but he couldn't get it out. Virginia was weeping helplessly, and Mack had put his arms around her to comfort her. Joe turned away. The embezzler fell into step. With the deputy at their heels, they went out through the gate to the car that was to take them to the train.

Two guards accompanied the prisoners. One was the red-faced deputy, the other a characterless skinny man who answered to the name of Benny and talked too much. Joe learned during the ride to the railroad station that escorting criminals to prison wasn't Benny's regular business; he was the deputy's cousin, and he wanted to go to Oakland. Because the law required a guard for each prisoner without prescribing that all guards be regular full-time peace officers, Benny was a special officer until the prisoners were delivered at San Quentin, in that way making his fare and expenses.

They boarded the Owl ahead of most of the other passengers. The deputy put his prisoners into the seat at the front of the car, their backs to the vestibule. He had leg irons in a handbag, and he used them to link his charges by the ankles. When the leg irons were on, he removed the handcuffs and put them in his bag.

"There you are. We're going to take a nice little trip. I don't want any trouble, and if I get any it's going to be too bad for somebody"—he patted the skirt of his coat over his left hip—"so make it easy on yourself. The state is paying the bill."

Benny stood in the aisle, trying to look grim and official, until the deputy waved him into the seat that faced the jailbirds. The deputy put his handbag up on the luggage rack, tossed his hat on top of the bag, sat

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B. Brown.

"His error won them the game!"

LIBERTY

down, opened his coat, and loosened his belt.

He wore his gun in a flat holster just in front of his left hip, the butt forward. When he opened his coat, the eyes of both prisoners went immediately to the gun. The deputy grinned at them.

"Don't get any ideas, boys. I wouldn't want our beautiful friendship to fold." The embezzler looked away guiltily. Joe's expression did not change.

THE other passengers began to pile aboard. After a while the whistle tooted up ahead, the car bumped a couple of times, and they were moving.

The deputy said conversationally, "Well, we got a celebrity with us this time, Benny. Joe Sundown, the Apache Assassin. How does it feel to be a celebrity, Joe?"

Joe was looking out the window. The deputy thumped him on the leg.

"I said how does it feel to be a celebrity?"

"Swell."

"Tell us about it." The deputy winked at Benny. "This is the last time you'll see us for a long time."

"Maybe he don't feel like talking," Benny said.

"He better feel like it while he can."

Benny laughed uncomfortably. Joe looked out the window.

The heavy-handed ribbing didn't bother him. He'd been ridden by experts, orally and in print, for so long that he was calloused. But he hadn't slept good for the last couple of nights and he was bone tired. If that red-faced fathead would just shut up, maybe he could take a nap.

The red-faced fathead didn't shut up. He was going to have to stay awake all night himself, and he saw no reason why anybody else should sleep. He needled Joe idly for a while. When that bored him, he rang for the porter and ordered a deck of cards. The porter set up a table between the seats.

Five years to life. His lawyer had said that with luck and good behavior Joe'd be out in ten or twelve. He'd be forty-two or forty-four, not too old to enjoy life, and he had a pretty good bankroll salted away. Virginia would not be more than thirty-seven. They would have a lot of years left—if she waited for him.

He stirred uncomfortably. The leg iron dragged at his ankle.

It was going to beat him if he kept worrying about it. He didn't distrust her—yet. But he was thinking about it all the time, and he knew what could happen when a man let something like that eat him. They were only little things now: Mack whispering to Virginia in the courtroom, Mack helping her into her coat, Mack with his arms around her at the jail. They were only little things, but they'd grow in time. In twelve years—

The deputy said, "Come on, come on. Cut the cards. We're playing hearts."

Joe cut. The deputy had taken off his coat and loosened his necktie. He moved the gun at his hip to a more comfortable position. In that moment, watching the deputy haul unconcernedly at his belt, Joe knew that he was not going to wait twelve years to find out.

Escape would have been impossible on another train. But the Owl, with all night in which to make the run, stopped at every jerkwater station along the line to pick up mail and freight, sometimes a passenger or two. The porter had to go out into the vestibule and open up whenever passengers were coming aboard. There was a regular routine about it: first the bang of the heavy door locking back, then the thump of the trap coming up off the steps, then the scrape of the porter's feet climbing down with his stool. Sometimes the passengers came back through Joe's car and sometimes they went forward, but always the bangings and thumpings sounded again in the vestibule. Then the engineer would toot his whistle and the car would jerk forward—*BUMP, BUMP, bump-bump*—until the couplings stretched tight. Joe listened and watched hour after hour. It never varied.

ALONG about two in the morning they stopped at a shadowy little crossroads station called Gonzales. They had been rocking along smoothly for half an hour, and all the passengers within sight of Joe's seat were sleeping when the train slid to a halt. The porter went out into the vestibule. The steel bulkhead at Joe's back thudded, once for the outer door opening, once for the trap coming up, and he heard feet on the steps. In a moment a man wearing an overcoat came in from the vestibule, and went on to the next car. The passengers slept on.

Joe picked up the cards that had been dealt to him. The deputy, looking at his own cards, said gleefully, "Boy, oh, boy! Is somebody going to catch something this time! Your lead, Joe."

Joe heard the porter climbing aboard.

He played his card with a flip of the fingers, so that it skipped across the table and went off the board. Benny grabbed for it in his lap, missed, and ducked below the table to retrieve it. Joe had half risen, leaning across the table, his hand outstretched. As Benny's head disappeared, Joe balled his fist and hooked at the deputy's chin.

It was a good punch. The deputy dropped his cards, sighed, and sagged, held upright in his seat by the table. Joe had snatched the gun from the holster before Benny's head came in sight again.

The keys were on a ring in the deputy's pants pocket. Joe stretched desperately to get at them with his left hand, his right holding the stubby revolver two feet from Benny's face. He said, "Sit still! Keep your trap shut!"

Benny blinked. He was still half bent over, holding the card.

Joe felt the keys with his fingertips, but they were deer in the tight pocket and he could not bend his wrist far enough to get hold of them. He caught the edge of the pocket and ripped until the keys fell into his hand. He passed them over his shoulder to the embezzler.

"Get that leg iron off me! Hurry!"

He jerked the gun muzzle. The embezzler gulped, gasped, and dived under the table.

Benny blinked again. All the color had gone out of his face. For seconds neither man moved a muscle. Then, as the trap clanged down over the steps in the vestibule, Joe felt the band around his ankle fall away.

He slid sideways from his seat, snatched his hat from the baggage rack, reached behind him for the doorknob, and backed into the vestibule, keeping the gun pointed at Benny. The embezzler was still under the table. In the vestibule the porter was closing the outer door. Joe hit him behind the ear with the gun barrel, not too hard, tipped him over out of the way, opened the door, and jumped. The engine whistle shrilled as his feet hit the ground. He was reaching up to pull the door closed when it was torn from his fingers. The embezzler hurtled over his head, came down with a grunt, and legged it heavily away into the darkness.

The train was already bumping into motion. Joe looked around, saw no one near, shoved the gun into his pocket, settled his hat firmly on his head, and grabbed for the brake rod under the slowly moving car.

Joe was tough, heavily muscled for a small man, and he had ridden trains before without paying a fare. He swung from the near brake rod to the farther one, swung strongly again, and rolled free on the far side of the car. It was darker there.

When the third car came abreast of him, the train was picking up speed. He began to trot along with it, still crouching, caught the brake rod with both hands, twisted, and let the movement of the train pull him under the car.

Safely stretched on the rods, he rested for a moment. The gun was a clumsy weight in his pocket. He fumbled it out and threw it as far as he could away from the tracks. As it left his fingers, the brake rod moved under his chest. The train ground to a halt, not five hundred yards from the station it had just left.

JOE waited. He could not see what was happening up forward. Soon there was a pounding of running footsteps past his hiding place, and he heard the deputy cursing and Benny's excited explanations. In a moment the brake rod shifted again and the car jerked ahead. He lowered his face to his arm and nuzzled his sleeve, wiping sweat from his face.

Half an hour later the train stopped at Salinas. Joe crawled out from under the car, cramped, dirty, and dog-tired. He had money in his pockets—all they had kept from him at the jail was his penknife—and more than anything else he wanted a hot bath and sleep. But he would have to move before the papers spread his picture across the state, and the only safe road home was the long way around. Sleep could wait.

There was an all-night lunch stand on the highway near the railroad yard. Joe cleaned himself up in the washroom, drank several cups of coffee, and bummed a lift from a traveling salesman driving north. At

Is this suffering

A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?

From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About!

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and highstrung—on such days — this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

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Gilroy he dropped off, found another night-hawk restaurant, and picked up a ride on a wildcat bus going over Pacheco Pass into the valley. He was in Fresno by 9 A.M. He bought every newspaper he could find, including the San Francisco and Los Angeles bulldogs and the local sheet, but there was no mention of his escape. He knew that the news was on the radio and that extras were probably already rolling off the presses. He trudged through town, keeping off the main streets, and held up his thumb on the highway leading south. Five minutes later he had a ride on a big Diesel truck-trailer combination hauling raisins to Los Angeles.

His luck held. The truck driver hadn't listened to a radio since the preceding evening, and when they stopped to eat he was in too much of a hurry to be interested in newspapers. Clouds were piling up ahead, and he had fourteen tons of raisins to get over the Ridge Route. The storm broke while they were in the mountains. By the time they hit the down grade, late in the afternoon, the road was flooded and slick, and the truck driver had to take his fourteen tons down the hill in compound low. Joe had a chance to catnap. At midnight, when he dropped off at Glendale, he was wide awake and alert.

THE rain had slacked off to a drizzle by then. Joe turned up his collar, pulled down his hat, and plodded off toward town.

He found a newspaper at a drugstore near the highway. The papers were in a rack outside the door, and he saw his own picture through the transparent cover that protected them from the rain. He dropped his nickel in the coin box, slipped a paper out of the rack, and walked on.

He opened the paper in the shelter of a billboard near a street light. The headline was big and black: APACHE ASSASSIN BOLTS TRAIN! They had two photographs of him on the front page, one a poor likeness taken in the courtroom, the other a publicity shot for which he had posed in fighting trunks, his taped fists cocked. No one could mistake that Indian face. As soon as the truck driver saw the picture, they would be snapping at his heels.

He hunched his shoulders. Rain dripped from his hatbrim onto the newspaper as he read the story on the front page.

He could still do it, unless the story was a come-on. They had him surrounded at Gonzales. The embezzler, picked up hiding in a freight car, had reported seeing Joe running away from the train as it pulled out. A posse had blockaded all roads for miles around, and Joe's capture was only a matter of time. Motorists in the vicinity were warned to be on the watch for the escaped killer, who was armed and desperate.

Joe smiled sourly. Tossing the gun off into the weeds hadn't been such a good idea.

He followed side streets across town. He was wet to the skin before long, but the rain stopped as he approached his home. He circled the block warily, looking for signs of a trap. There was nothing suspicious in sight. He watched the house for a solid half hour from the shelter of a hedge up the block, shivering in his wet clothes. At the end of that time the rain began to fall again. He crept out of his hiding place and walked quickly down the street toward his home and whatever waited for him there.

If there was a trap, it was not set to spring until he got into the house. On the little front porch he slipped his key into the lock, turned the knob carefully. The door opened without a click. Inside, he slipped off his wet shoes and stood listening.

In the kitchen the automatic water heater came on with a rush of gas and a faint pop. Joe's muscles tightened. He crept across the room and into the hallway, the muffled roar of the heater covering the whisper of his stockinged feet on the carpet. He was almost to the door of Virginia's bedroom when he smelled cigarette smoke.

He got down on his knees to put his head into the doorway. The coal of the cigarette was a spark hanging over the bed. As he watched it, the spark brightened, and he saw Virginia's profile outlined in the glow.

"Ginger."

The bed made a faint sound. Her breathing stopped. He whispered, "It's me. Is anybody in the house?"

Her heels hit the floor. He jumped to his feet and caught her as she ran to him. Her arms went tightly around his neck, and her small slim body in the thin nightgown was warm and taut against his. He had not realized how cold he was until he felt the heat of her body under his hands.

They clung to each other in the dark. She was whispering, "Joe, Joe, Joe," as if she could say nothing else. He said, "Quiet. Is anybody around?"

"No. Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!"

"Quiet."

HE picked her up, carried her back to the bed, and pulled the covers over her. She still had her arms locked around his neck. He lay down beside her and put his mouth to her ear.

"Have the cops been here yet?"

"This morning. Joe, my darling! How did you do it?"

"Didn't you see the papers?"

"They said you were trapped." Her whisper was small and scared. "They were hunting you with guns, and they said that if you didn't give yourself up, they'd—they'd—"

"Sh." He tightened his arms.

After a while she said more calmly, "You're soaking wet. You'd better get those clothes off before you catch pneumonia."

"I haven't got much time. Sooner or later they'll find out I'm not where they think I am, and then they'll come here."

She was scared again. She said breathlessly, "What are you going to do?"

"I'll figure something out. I want to ask you a question first."

"Ask me a question?"

"Yes." He took a deep breath. "It's what I came back to find out. Is there something between you and Mack?"

She lay quite still for a moment. Then her grip around his neck loosened and her arms dropped away. He sat up.

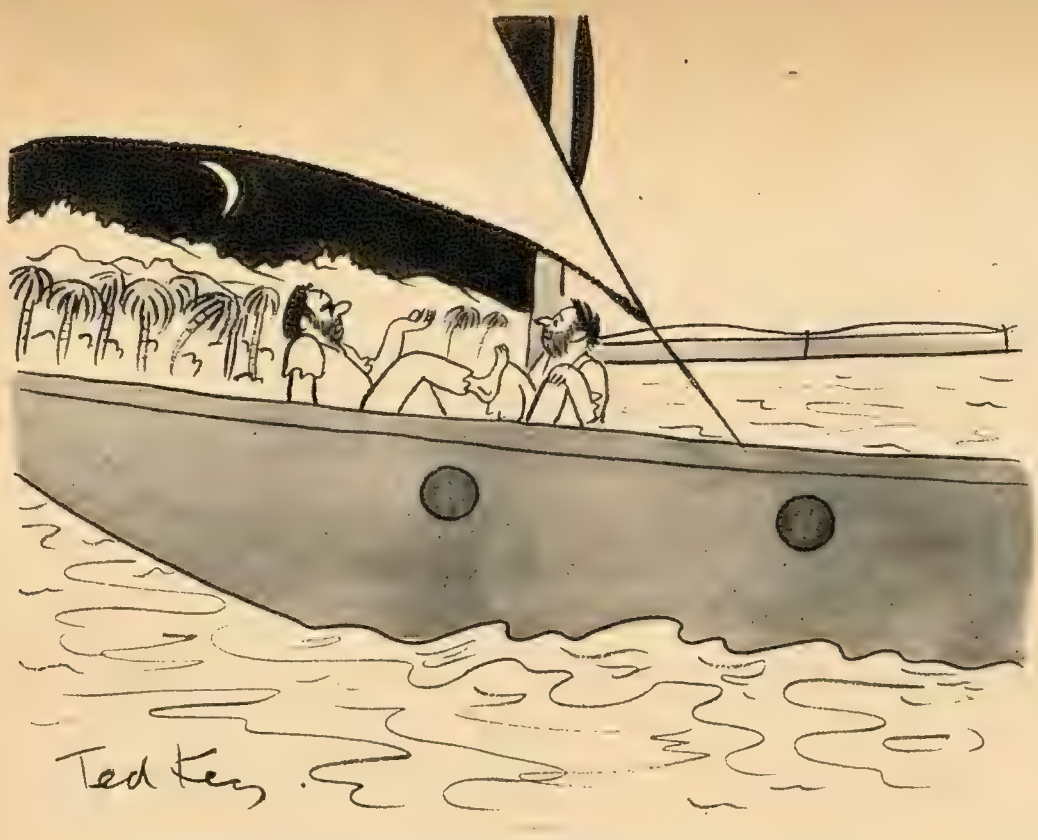
"I'm not sore," he said. "I just want a yes or no so I'll know where I stand. It's been eating on me."

"I—I can't answer yes or no, Joe."

He began to shiver. His wet clothing was like ice against his skin.

"Mrs. Crawford, I found him."

LIBERTY



"Then *she* said, 'Bertram, it's either me or the boat!'"

LIBERTY

Virginia sat up, pulled a blanket loose from the bed, and wrapped it around his shoulders. Her hand slid down his arm and caught his fingers.

"Joe, listen to me. I don't love anybody but you. I never loved anybody but you. I never will love anybody but you. Is that what you want to hear?"

"I want to hear about you and Mack."

"Even if it hurts?"

"Yes."

"Mack—"

She stopped. The single word hung between them for a moment, and then her low voice went on levelly.

"Mack has been after me for months. At first, before—the trouble, it wasn't anything. You'd be at Jeff's farm and Mack would want to take me to lunch or buy me a cocktail, things like that. You knew about it—you told me yourself it was all right, and he was your friend—"

"I know. Go on from there."

"He'd make—remarks. Kidding, mostly. I was the most beautiful girl in the world, and if I wasn't married to his best pal he'd certainly do something about it, and that kind of thing. I didn't care. I mean I didn't like it, but it was silly to make a fuss about nothing. It really wasn't anything—at first."

"It got to be something?"

"He began to pester me when you weren't around. I couldn't say anything to you, Joe—you see that, don't you? He was your friend; I didn't want to spoil it. When it began to get so bad that I thought I was going to have to tell you, the—you—the trouble happened. I couldn't say anything then. You had too much to worry about."

Joe said, "What about since then?"

"He asked me to divorce you and marry him."

"What did you say to that?"

He felt her move. She said indignantly, "For heaven's sake, what do you think I said?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

"Joe Sundown!"

She was furious. He had his answer.

HE freed his arms from the blanket, pulled her toward him, felt for her face with his hand, and kissed her, holding her until her anger went away and she put her arms around his neck again.

"What was supposed to hurt?" he said. "You had me scared."

"I'd be hurt if my best friend was trying to seduce my wife."

"He isn't my best friend. He's his own best friend. I've been fighting for him for fifteen years because he's a good manager."

"He isn't a good anything or you wouldn't have been in this trouble."

"Maybe he knew I was too old to be fighting kids like Curly, but he didn't want to lose his meal ticket. He even talked Curly into falling for the grudge hokum, and we had trouble in the dressing room. Curly was riding me, trying to get my goat before the fight, and when I laughed at him he jumped me and I clipped him. That's what made him so sore. He thought I was trying to soften him up."

"So you went after him to apologize!"

"Hell, I had to square it with him. I never fought dirty in my life; I couldn't let him leave town thinking I'd tried to hit him below the belt. Maybe if I hadn't had bells in my ears I would have waited until some other time, but I couldn't think of anything except squaring it with him. When I found him dead, I acted dumb. That's what got me into trouble, not Mack."

Virginia said hotly, "It *was* his fault! I was with him and Jeff at the ringside during those awful last

"It seems too good to be true"

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three rounds, and he was almost crazy. Everybody knew you were finished; the referee kept looking over at Mack for a signal. Even the people in the gallery were shouting for the fight to stop, and I begged him to throw in the towel. So did Jeff. He wouldn't do it. He was furious. He kept calling Curly names, shouting at him, shouting at you to hit him, shouting at the referee to keep the fight going. When you went down at last, he—I—I never saw him like that. He was crazy."

Joe said thoughtfully, "I was in there too long, all right. I wondered about that."

"Even Julio Morosco said the fight should have been stopped, and he had a big bet on you. Mack—"

Joe said sharply, "Wait a minute. Julio bet on me?"

"Certainly. He told me so."

JOE put his hands on her shoulders, peering into her face. Dawn was graying the windows.

"When?" he asked tensely.

"The day he testified. He took Mack and me to dinner afterward, and he was trying to cheer me up. He said he'd bet on you any time. He said he had lost a lot of money on the fight, but it wouldn't stop him from betting on you to make a comeback."

"He was lying," Joe said angrily. "Do you know what the odds were on Curly?"

"Eight to five, I think."

"They went to two to one the day before the fight. Julio never took the short end of a two-to-one bet in his life, unless it was fixed."

"He did this time. I'm positive he did. Mack seemed to know about it."

"Then it was fixed!"

"It was fixed," Joe repeated doggedly. "They paid Curly to take a dive. Only he got mad and set out to lick me, and Mack"—Joe was beginning to get excited—"Mack was mixed up in it and couldn't throw in the towel as long as I was on my feet. They must have fixed the referee, too, or he would have stopped the fight. Julio, Mack, and Billy Parsons. They were trying to make a last clean-up on me, and they lost their shirts when Curly double-crossed them! That's why he died, Ginger!"

They looked at each other in the growing gray light. Virginia could see his face now. It was grim, savage, vicious.

She said breathlessly, "If you're right—"

"I know I'm right. I've got to prove it."

"How?"

"I don't know." Joe's hands knotted into fists. "I don't know. But if Julio Morosco says he's willing to bet on me to make a comeback, I'll string along with him—even if it means getting him for murder!"

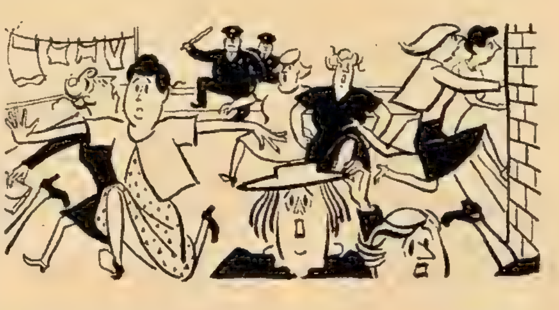
The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

NIMBLE LADIES: There are ten red faces in Brooklyn and ten cases of the jitters. Ten ladies were routed out of a fourth-floor apartment in the midst of a stud-poker game, and then rounded up by police after a chase over the rooftops. Ranging in age from forty-one to fifty-nine, most of the girls proved nimble when Patrolman John Murray, a plain-clothes man, came to investigate after neighbors had complained the gamblers were making too much noise. "It's a cop!" cried the discerning females and departed hastily up the fire escape. Some leaped to adjoining roofs and Patrolman Murray decided he needed help. Radio cars rushed to the scene; so did some 2,000 spectators. After five hours in jail, the prisoners were brought before Judge John Dwyer in Brooklyn-Queens night court. The women pleaded that they had played for only nickel and dime stakes, whereupon Judge Dwyer, a merciful soul, lectured them on the evils of gambling, ruled that they had suffered for their sins, and sent them home with a warning and a query as to who was going to cook dinner for their families.



LINES TO AUTUMN

Fall's the loveliest of seasons
For innumerable reasons:
Burnished leaves against a sky
Crystal clear rate very high.
So do breezes cool and zestful.
But the factor that's most restful
Is the opening of school—
Then, indeed, will I keep cool.

MORE HELP FOR FRANCE: Girard and Kathleen Hale of Santa Barbara and New York have "adopted" the ruined village of Maille, near Tours. In less than two months they purchased, packed, and shipped 12,000 items for the rehabilitation of the 366 persons who survived the Nazi massacre in which 124 people were slaughtered with machine guns because the Germans believed the townsfolk were harboring a fallen British aviator. They were interrupted in their mass murder by an American plane overhead which dropped several bombs. Every person in the village lost one or more members of his family and all his material possessions. For two years the bereaved survivors struggled to clear the debris and exist in wooden barracks devoid of sanitation. Last spring, the Hales heard of their plight and wrote the mayor of the town asking for a list of what was needed. On June 20 the first consignment arrived in France. Two others were shipped in July. They contained necessities ranging from furniture for the school to layettes for the babies, also clothing, kitchen equipment, medical instruments, china, and linens. It is interesting to note that the Maille mayor's list of necessities included two "executive desks." Apparently even a devastated village doesn't lose its hunger for frills. Mr. and Mrs. Hale are hopeful that clubs and social groups and churches, as well as individuals, may follow their lead and "adopt" some of the many other French villages sorely in need of help.

GUIDE TO LOVE!—How to Pick a Mate is the intriguing title of a guidebook to love and marriage by Dr. Clifford R. Adams and Vance O. Packard. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.) Mr. Packard is an instructor in journalism at New York University, and Dr. Adams is director of the Marriage Counseling Service at Pennsylvania State College, and also conducts the Marriage Clinic for the Woman's Home Companion. The book points out why so many marriages are doomed to failure and suggests how to avoid marital pitfalls. More than a third of the marriages undertaken in the past five years are in trouble, and one marriage in five is ending in divorce, according to the authors. The book includes a collection of psychological tests designed to help couples assess their chances for a happy marriage. Among the provocative chapter headings are: Why Marry at All? Is the One You Want the One You Need? People Who Should Not Marry at All.

HOW TO PICK A MATE
HOW TO PICK A MATE

HERE WE GO BUYING VOTES AGAIN

Continued from Page 13

spent and the complete total will never be known.

One does not have to be too cynical in order to believe that our federal election laws are being evaded. They are, with all of the verve and abandon that made the purveying of bathtub gin not only a profitable business venture but a sporting event during the days of the "noble experiment." Our approach to this question of campaign expenditures is more experimental than it is noble.

The law provides that no political committee may spend more than $3,000,000 in promoting the election of a Presidential candidate. The passage of this law by the Congress was hailed—perhaps "touted" would be the better word—as putting a ceiling on the expenditures of the Democratic and Republican National Committees. It has, but not on the number of committees.

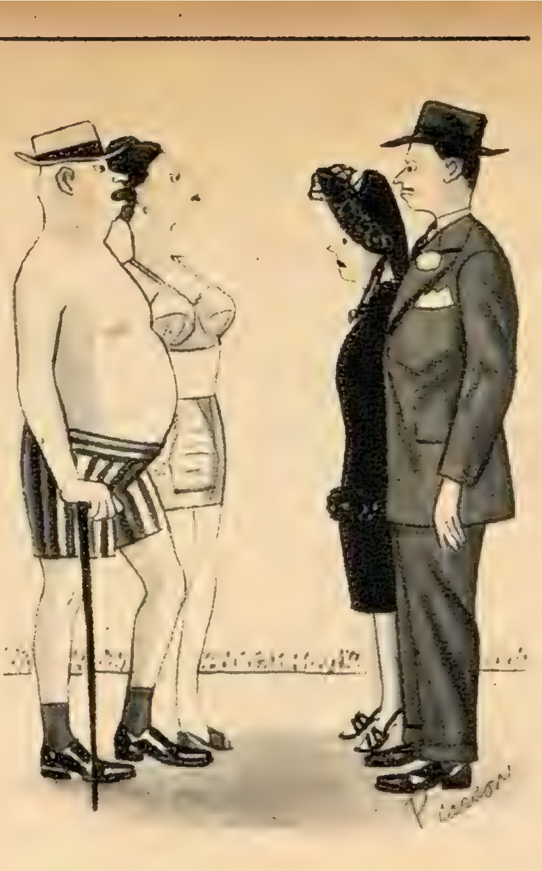
Not counting the regular national, state, and local committees of the major and minor parties, there were in 1944 nearly 200 such committees collecting and spending money. Three dozen of these independent committees each spent sums ranging from $20,000 to nearly a million dollars in promoting the election of one candidate or another.

No senatorial candidate, under the law, may spend more than $25,000 in fishing for his election, nor may representatives generally spend more than $5,000. But this does not prevent others from paying out money in behalf of candidates to their liking. It is incredible how many philanthropists and well-wishers can be found to produce money for a candidate. Thus, while a candidate for the Senate may legally spend $24,999.99, committees of one kind or another supporting him may, and frequently do, spend several times this amount. The same thing is true of Candidates for the House of Representatives.

In 1944, in all but one of the thirty-three states electing senators, the average expenditures for each candidate were more than the $10,000 that is the yearly salary of a senator. In more than half of the states the total expenditures on behalf of candidates for the Senate were more than $25,000, so far as surface indications showed.

From the beginning, the federal law has attempted to insist upon publicity for campaign contributions and expenditures on the theory that if the people knew who was contributing to a campaign, and how much, they would have a better basis for judging the candidates. But as the law stands, it is almost impossible even to come within hailing distance of achieving this objective.

There is no central reporting place, nor is there any uniform system of reporting, so that it is impossible for anyone to ascertain at any given time how much is being or has been spent. Expenses incident to senatorial campaigns are reported to the secretary of the Senate. Similar outlays for representatives are reported to the clerk of the House.



"We've gone on a buyers' strike."
LIBERTY

Furthermore, not all of the money spent to promote the election of representatives, senators, or the President is by committees which must by law report. County and city and state committees, which do not have to report expenditures to the federal government, distribute huge sums of money in the aggregate for the election of local and state candidates. Such campaigns are deliberately timed with those in state and in nation in an effort to add to the straight party vote, thus benefiting all candidates up and down the line.

As the law stands, it is almost impossible to acquaint the public, before an election, with the amounts being spent by the various candidates. It is only after the election is over that the voters learn in part the extent to which money was used to influence the electorate. And then it is too late to do any good.

CORPORATIONS, banks, and labor unions are forbidden by law to contribute to the campaign funds of any candidate for representative, senator, or President. Ever since the enactment of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act in 1925, corporations generally have taken refuge in these provisions, although as individuals the officers of many corporations have made large contributions as well as "their sisters, their cousins and their aunts." In 1943, as the result of the activity of the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O., the act was amended to forbid contributions by labor unions.

Testifying before a Senate Investi-

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buy your
New Radio
until
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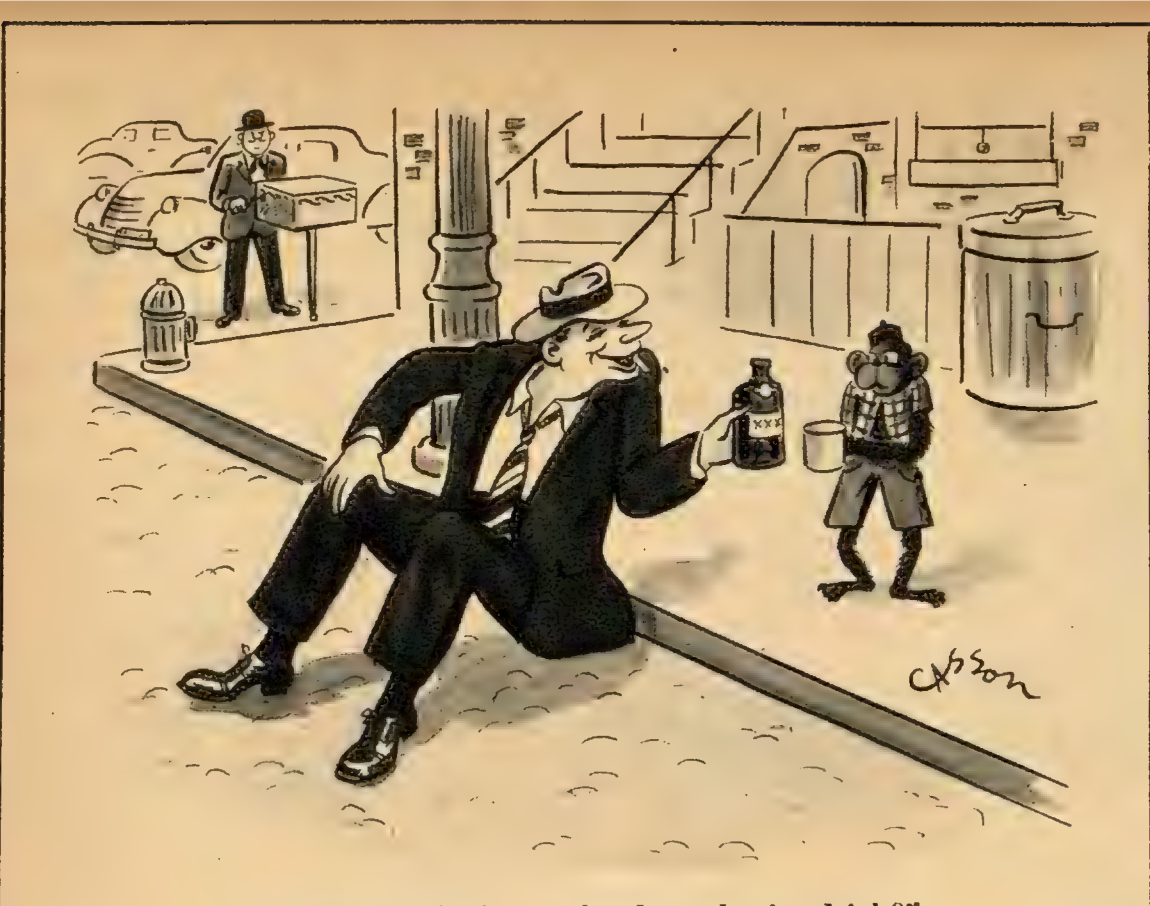


"I'm sorry I'm broke . . . but how about a drink?"

LIBERTY

gating Committee, the P.A.C. has expressed the view that the law forbids *contributions to the campaign funds of a candidate,* but that it does not forbid *expenditures on behalf of a candidate.*

Thus the position of the P.A.C. is that it could not write out a check to the Democratic National Committee to be spent in behalf of the party's candidate, but that *it* could spend as much money as *it* liked in urging the people to vote for the candidates. When pressed by the Senate Investigating Committee, counsel for the P.A.C. said that he thought the same rule would apply to corporations. In his opinion, corporations were forbidden to contribute to the campaign funds of a candidate, but the law did not prohibit them from spending their money to campaign for candidates.

IF this interpretation of the law prevails, it is obvious that in the 1948 election corporations as well as labor unions may take advantage of it. Yet it is difficult to see how this interpretation can be challenged, for to deny the right of a person or an organization to spend money in behalf of a candidate would be in effect to deny the freedom of speech guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Constitution.

Such an interpretation, however, raises obvious practical difficulties. Who, for instance, shall determine whether a corporation or a labor union should spend money to help elect a Republican, a Democratic, or a Socialist candidate for President?

It may be that the labor unions will live to regret the position taken by the P.A.C. Long ago corporations learned to be grateful for the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, because it gave them an excuse to keep the swarm of political pressure boys from "blackmailing" contributions out of them. Now that the P.A.C. has forced open the door again, it may be that politicians will find opportunities to demand, under a threat of political reprisals, that both corporations and labor unions spend their money to promote the candidacy of this candidate or that, although technically not contributing directly to a candidate or his committee.

A further provision of the law is supposed to limit the contribution of any one person to not more than $5,000 in any campaign! This has been evaded easily and persistently by those who are in a position to give large sums. Moreover, there is nothing to prevent a rich individual or family contributing to state or county committees *between* campaigns when there are no candidates running.

Nor are the wealthy families the only ones that are notable in this respect. The $500,000 contribution to the Democratic Party by John L. Lewis out of the United Mine Workers' treasury in the 1936 Presidential campaign was of the same pattern. In this connection it is not without significance that people who are looking for a favor that can come only through the success of a particular candidate or party are not unlikely to be moved to generosity in the direction of the party treasury.

Another great flaw in these laws is that they do not touch or profess to reach the practices which are in vogue in party primaries and conventions. This is a grave oversight because in many states—for instance, the Southern states — the man who captures the primary is assured of election. Or a candidate may win the nomination of both parties, as happened recently in the case of Governor Warren of California. In such instances the cost of getting elected is confined to the primary fight.

Arkansas in the 1944 senatorial campaign provides a good illustration. There the four major Democratic candidates reported that they expended in the primary a total of more than $300,000, the salary of a senator for thirty years. The primary campaign expenses for the victor, Senator Fulbright, were $74,000, while he listed his election campaign expenses at $35.07.

The Corrupt Practices Act, and the Hatch Act which implements it to some extent, were copied in part from the British Corrupt Practices Act. British experience has indicated that the best results in the enforcement of the act were achieved by placing the responsibility for the collection and expenditures of funds upon a single legally authorized political committee. The wording of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act would lead one to believe that this was the hope of its framers. Actually this hope died stillborn.

The limitations on expenditures in the Hatch Act have resulted in the proliferation of political committees and the compounding of expenses. In 1944, while both the Democratic and Republican National Committees spent less than the $3,000,000 permitted by law, the total recorded expenditures, through the device of setting up various committees, totaled more than $20,000,000. Many of these committees are closely allied to the national committees, but others work independently.

One of the unfortunate results of this system is that it diminishes the responsibility and authority of the party and permits the formation of irresponsible organizations.

IN the aggregate, the sums which are expended to elect the federal officials of the United States are tremendous, even though this is a big country. In the last three decades the number of voters in this country has increased enormously. In 1916, less than 20,000,000 voters went to the polls. In practically every congressional district in the country the number of voters has doubled during the last thirty years. Modern inventions such as sound trucks and radio have added to the cost of a campaign.

Yet, taking all factors into consideration, large sums are put to uses that are not legitimate and do not conduce to the sound political health of the country. There have been closely contested elections, especially in the big cities, where a whole army of "workers" are hired on election day at prices that used to be five dollars a head, but now run to many times that modest amount. This constitutes nothing short of open vote buying.

Obviously, in the face of the tremendous changes in the American political scene and the American way of life and in the light of widespread evasion of the law, our Federal Corrupt Practices Act and the Hatch Act need a major revision if they are to catch up with reality. Such a revision is long overdue. An overhauling has been recommended by every senatorial and House investigation since 1936.

My own belief is that instead of trying to put additional props under a wobbling system, the federal government should finance the campaigns of candidates for federal offices out of the public treasury. This system, if adopted in the nation, would necessarily in course of time be followed in the states.

This is not a revolutionary suggestion. I make no claim to originality in bringing it up. Many years ago the State of Oregon made a start in this direction.

IF the theory is correct that in the end the people pay in any event through special privileges and the grant of improper benefits, such as leniency in prosecuting antitrust suits, it would be more straightforward if the nation should frankly adopt the policy of paying legitimate campaign expenses up to a certain point, beyond which no expenses would be permitted.

In the end it would cost us much less. We have to have elections. Our system of government calls for them, and we ought to pay our own way without being subsidized by those who seek favors or an undue influence in determining national policies. We would then be much more certain to have a free man in the White House and free men in the two houses of Congress.

If, however, we have not yet reached that stage of political maturity that can be expected to look squarely at the facts and act upon them as intelligent men and women, then, as temporary measures, I suggest that there are revisions of our present laws that are immediately needed:

1. Since a limitation on permissible expenditures by national committees has been so crassly set at naught by the organization of other committees, it should be a requirement of the law that there should be only one bona fide national committee for each bona fide party and that no contributions, direct or indirect, including family hope chests, be made except to such a committee.

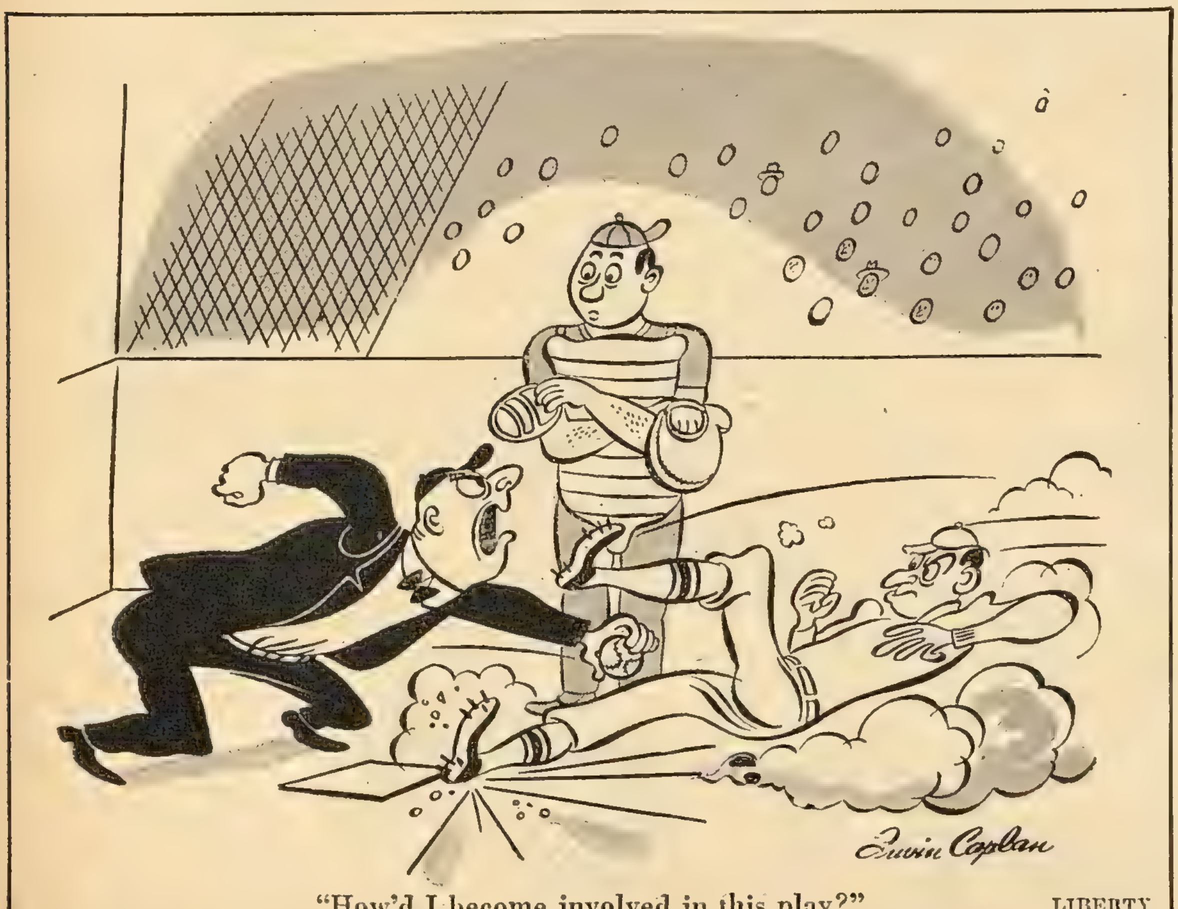
2. The extension of the laws covering campaign expenses to primaries and conventions.

3. The nullifying of anonymous contributors. On a number of occasions in the past various political committees have tried to hide some of their donors by listing their contributions as "anonymous." In one instance a committee reported that two $1,000 bills were tossed into its office through an open window. I suggest that all such manna-from-heaven contributions be turned over to the government.

4. A central agency to which all political collections and expenditures must be reported is necessary for the strengthening of the publicity features of the law. This agency might well be one of the executive departments and it should be authorized to give out the fullest information. To expedite its work, all reports should be required to be made in a uniform manner.

5. To insure the fullest publicity, duplicates of all reports filed with the central agency should be filed with the clerk of the local U. S. District Court in which the committee operates. In this way, local newspapers and radio stations would have ready access to the material.

6. The end of limits on individual contributions. It seems to me that wealthy contributors in no event



"How'd I become involved in this play?"

LIBERTY

REAL HAPPINESS NOW
that I've discovered
THIS HIGHER TYPE
Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier — Daintier — More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives
Continuous Medication For Hours
Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Many a happy marriage has been wrecked by a woman's ignorance, laziness or neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. And here's why Zonitors are so enthusiastically hailed among highly intelligent and *exacting* women in this country. Zonitors are so much easier, daintier and more convenient — so *powerful* yet *absolutely safe* to the most delicate tissues.

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours — assuring you *hours* of *continuous* medication. Yet they are SAFE to most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

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Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor. Help guard against infection. They *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.

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would give more than they give now.

So far, the proposals that I have made would seem to favor the rich. As a matter of fact, they would merely legalize practices which are already in existence. The well-to-do might even contribute less than they do now if the publicity proposals were strictly enforced. In any event, it would improve morale all around. One would prefer to be honest and straightforward if possible.

These suggestions do not solve the problem of the poor man who wants to run for office and who deserves a chance at that office if our democracy is to work. To give the man without money a chance and to overcome the decided differential that the candidate who has access to large sums of money now has, my own belief is that all candidates, regardless of how much money they have, ought to be given a certain number of hours on the radio in any campaign. Radio stations could hardly object to this, since they are now required by law to devote a good many hours each week to programs "in the public interest."

With television almost upon us, it is important that every candidate be given a chance to appear on television programs. I am not suggesting here that any limits be placed on the amount of time that a candidate may buy, but only that all candidates should have a reasonable opportunity for a minimum amount of time.

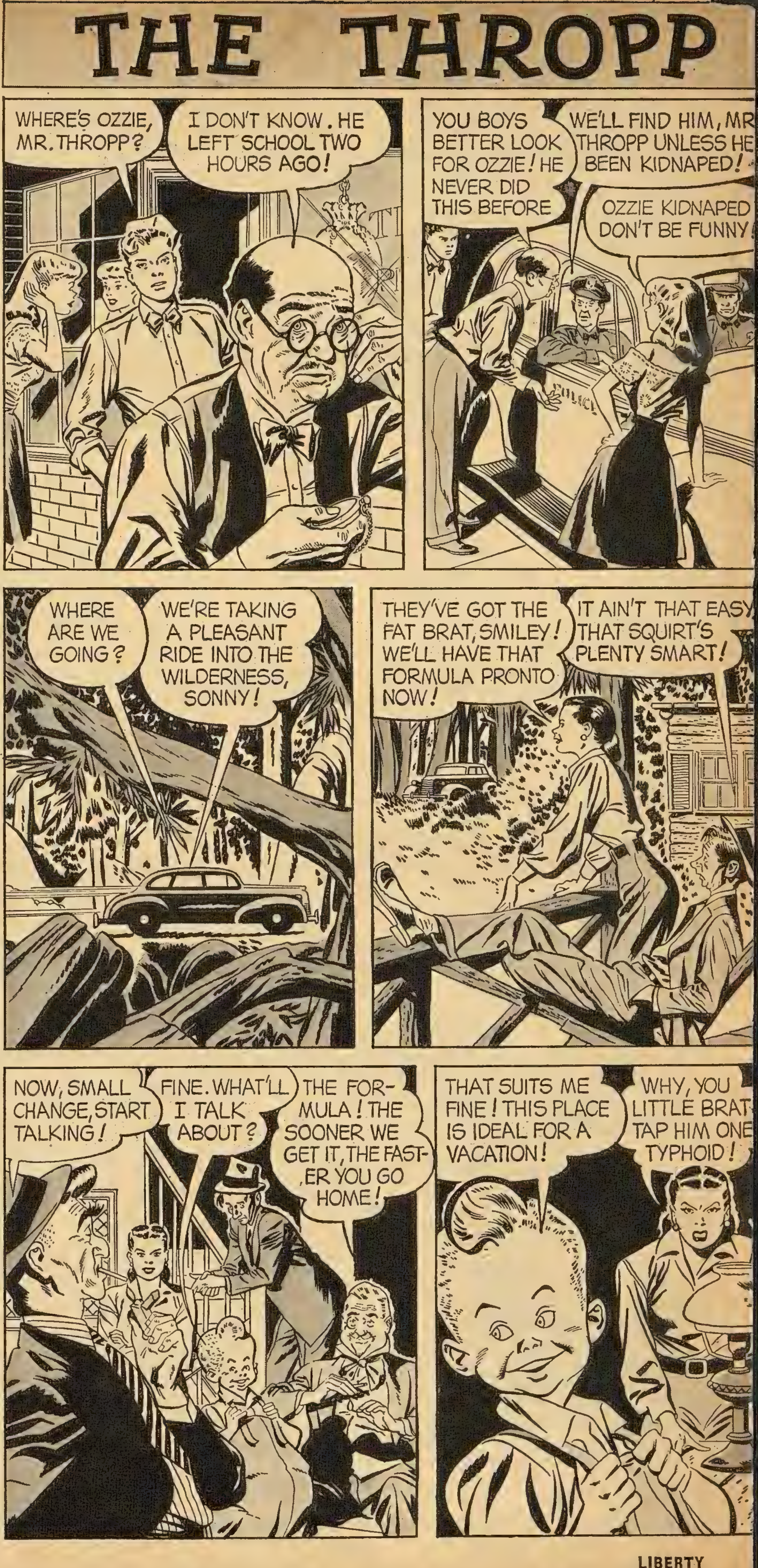
THE END

PAPA, IS IT WHEN THE LITTLE RED BUGGY GOES BY, THE TRAIN IS ALL?

I don't crave a ride in a Pullman named Maud;
For a roomette I haven't a use;
By club car or day coach I'm not overawed,
But I'm *nuts* to climb in a caboose!
For a sumptuous meal in the diner I'll wait,
If just someone will give me instead
Permission to ride at the end of a freight
In the little old car painted red!

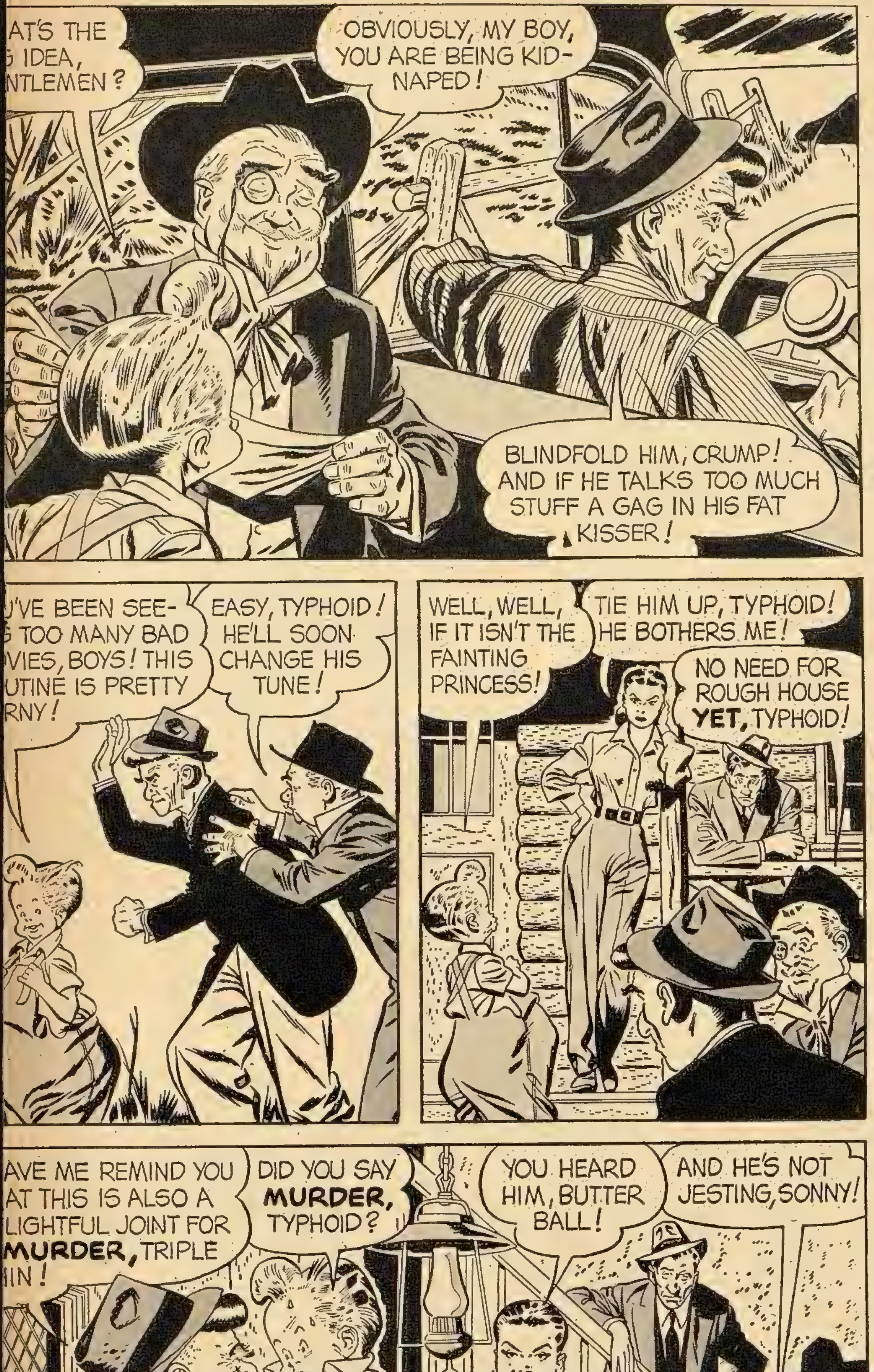
O dear little car with a pipe for a stack,
For a journey with you I'm adither!
To sit on your porch and be whisked up the track
I would give my last cent to go thither!
Let the Big Shots on earth be the fellers who sail
O'er the ties in the engine ahead.
Just give me a seat at the end of the tail
In the little old car painted red!

—*Addison H. Hallock.*


THE THROPP
WHERE'S OZZIE, MR. THROPP?
I DON'T KNOW. HE LEFT SCHOOL TWO HOURS AGO!
YOU BOYS BETTER LOOK FOR OZZIE! HE NEVER DID THIS BEFORE
WE'LL FIND HIM, MR THROPP UNLESS HE BEEN KIDNAPED!
OZZIE KIDNAPED DON'T BE FUNNY!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE TAKING A PLEASANT RIDE INTO THE WILDERNESS, SONNY!
THEY'VE GOT THE FAT BRAT, SMILEY! WE'LL HAVE THAT FORMULA PRONTO NOW!
IT AIN'T THAT EASY THAT SQUIRT'S PLENTY SMART!
NOW, SMALL CHANGE, START TALKING!
FINE. WHAT'LL I TALK ABOUT?
THE FORMULA! THE SOONER WE GET IT, THE FASTER YOU GO HOME!
THAT SUITS ME FINE! THIS PLACE IS IDEAL FOR A VACATION!
WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT TAP HIM ONE TYPHOID!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


AT'S THE
G IDEA,
NTLEMEN?
OBVIOUSLY, MY BOY, YOU ARE BEING KIDNAPED!
BLINDFOLD HIM, CRUMP! AND IF HE TALKS TOO MUCH STUFF A GAG IN HIS FAT KISSER!
U'VE BEEN SEE-
G TOO MANY BAD
VIES, BOYS! THIS
UTINE IS PRETTY
RNY!
EASY, TYPHOID! HE'LL SOON CHANGE HIS TUNE!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE FAINTING PRINCESS!
TIE HIM UP, TYPHOID! HE BOTHERS ME!
NO NEED FOR ROUGH HOUSE YET, TYPHOID!
AVE ME REMIND YOU
AT THIS IS ALSO A
LIGHTFUL JOINT FOR
MURDER, TRIPLE
IN!
DID YOU SAY MURDER, TYPHOID?
YOU HEARD HIM, BUTTER BALL!
AND HE'S NOT JESTING, SONNY!

Continued next week

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TO SLEEP
NOT TO FRET

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THE MAN IN THE PLASTER MASK

Continued from Page 27

silver while Rick took the steak out of the broiler and cut it in half. A minute later they were sitting at the table eating the steak amid sighs of rapture.

"What gives it that *divine* flavor?" she asked.

"Well, let's see now. I used marjoram, sweet basil, thyme, and rosemary."

" 'Rosemary, that's for remembrance,' " she said.

"Maybe so, but it's better for meat."

"By the way, do you always go around with your pockets full of herbs?"

"Sure. I grow 'em. One of these days, when my herbs are famous, you'll be glad you were kind to me."

"I envy Jane Archer having you around her kitchen."

"She doesn't like kitchens. She believes in living in hotels."

The girl clamped her mouth tight as if she were trying to keep from saying what she was thinking.

THEY were just sopping up the last of the platter juice with hunks of French bread, when there was the sound of singing from the shop, then a voice called, "Ah, what good smells, and how I am hungry!"

The girl leaped up suddenly, and said, "Creepers, I invited Igor to dinner, and now the steak's gone!"

Igor walked into the kitchen with a shining rapier in his hand. When he saw Rick sitting at the table, his face darkened with anger, and he took a couple of quick little steps on his toes, and then made a slight lunging motion with sword pointed toward Rick.

"So!"

"For corn's sake, Igor," the girl said, "will you stop making these third-rate villain entrances! To people who don't know you teach fencing here in the Center, they just think you're trying to start something."

"Something is already started, I think," Igor said darkly.

"Oh, don't be silly. He was supposed to use a piece of steak for that black eye you gave him, but he did something wonderful with herbs and we ate it instead. I'll fix you some scrambled eggs."

"I'll fix them," Rick offered, "with *fines herbes.* It was me who did away with the steak." He motioned to Igor. "Come on, park the weapon, fella, and sit down. I'll have some chow for you in a jiffy." He grinned so ingratiatingly that Igor did as he was told, while the girl got out eggs and things from the icebox.

"Hey," Rick said, breaking eggs into a bowl, "if you have any dry sherry, let him toy with a glass of it till these are ready."

The girl got a bottle and poured sherry for all of them, and then the phone rang in the mask room. She answered it. "You mean one of those Japanese vehicles?" she was asking in a puzzled way. There was a silence, and then she said, "Oh, you mean someone named Rick Shaw? Wait a minute, I'll see." She came to the door of the kitchen with the phone on its long cord. "Are you Rick Shaw?" she asked.

"Sure," Rick said.

"Well, take this thing quick. It's spitting fire!"

Rick took the phone. "Oh, hello, Jane," he said. "I've got the tea set all packed up. What's wrong?"

There were crackling sounds over the wire, and Rick's face got redder and redder. Finally he said, "Sorry, Jane. I forgot all about the Braithwaites' dinner, but it's too late to get back to town for it now, so you'd better go alone. Remember, it was *your* errand, not mine that brought me out here." He sniffed suddenly and said, "Tell 'em I've got something cooking and couldn't come. See you later." And he hung up and went sprinting back to the skillet.

Later, after more delicious food, when even Igor MacGowan was in a warm and expansive mood, the three of them sat around the table smoking, and suddenly Sally Crane said to Rick, "You know, I like your nose."

"Well, it's really awfully simple," he said modestly.

Igor MacGowan got up from the table angrily, grabbed his sword and said, "I go to give a fencing lesson. In the old days in Budapest, we did not sit talking of noses," and silently he left the room.

"What's eating *him?"* Rick asked.

"Jealousy, I guess. But skip that. I'm not kidding about your nose. I was just thinking what a wonderful mask I could make of you. Will you let me?"

RICK looked horrified. "My gosh," he said, "it would be worse than being buried alive!"

"Oh, it's not so bad. Don't you suppose your Jane Archer would love to have one? A mask is so much more like a person than a flat photograph. Here's my problem. Mr. Anthony—I'm trying to build up a business in life masks. You said you were a newspaperman and you must come in contact with hordes of people. With the mask I make of you, you could sort of drum up trade for me. How about it?"

"When I have any spare time," he said, "I use it trying to drum up an herb trade. As soon as I can afford a good plot of land, I'm going to give up my job and do nothing but grow herbs."

Sally Crane stood up, smiling. "You and I," she said, "are about to do a little horse trading. Out back of the Center here, I have a beautiful acre of ground that I hope to build on when the restrictions are lifted.

"But until then, how would you

like to grow herbs on it, in exchange for promoting my masks and letting me make one of you?"

Rick seemed to be cogitating.

"Come on," she said. "What have you got to lose? The use of your nose for my acre. I'd say you were getting the best of the bargain."

Rick weighed her proposition carefully, and when he left, a little while later, the deal was settled and a tentative date set for the mask-making.

RICK had a key to Jane Archer's shop, and at eleven o'clock he stopped in front of the dark building and took the tea set inside, relieved that he wasn't going to have to explain his shiner to her.

But just as he was leaving, Jane came in. She'd been on her way home from the Braithwaites', and had seen the light.

"Oh, hi, Jane," he said. "I brought the tea set."

"Wait a minute. I want to talk to you." Then she gasped, "Rick Shaw, you've got a black eye!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

RHYMES OF THE TIMES

There was an old woman who lived
in a shoe.
Her relatives heard—now they're
living there too.
—*Dorothy B. Griswold.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Who, me? Well, for Pete's sake, I wonder how that happened!"

She pulled him back inside the shop. "Rick, I just knew you were going to get into trouble today."

She stood there in her white lace dinner dress with a spray of bouvardia in her bright hair. "Gosh," he said, kissing her, "you look like a cream puff. I'm sorry I missed the dinner, but I was arranging for a present for you and I couldn't make it."

"A likely tale!" she said, but her amber eyes had softened. "Ricky, what did you think of Sally Crane?"

"Oh, she's all right. Kind of hot-tempered, though."

"You mean *she* blacked your eye?"

"Oh, my gosh, of course not! What do you think I was doing—making passes at her?"

"Well, I don't know—a lot of people think she's pretty—"

"Maybe she is," Rick said. "but blondes are my weakness."

"Rick, you're such a dope. I don't know why I put up with you—"

"That's love, I guess."

"I guess it is," she sighed. "Now tell me how you got the black eye."

"Can't do it. It has something to do with a present for you and with our future. Something wonderful has come up. Mrs. Shaw-to-be. Maybe you can give up your shop and quit working soon."

"Don't be silly, Rick. I wouldn't think of giving up my work. And I'll have a shop in New York some day."

They closed up the shop and said good night. And Rick went off to bed to dream of herbs and masks and swords.

THE weeks sped by, with Rick spending every minute outside his job back of the Art Center transplanting his herbs, planting new ones. He kept putting the mask-making off because he was so busy. And Sally Crane would say good-naturedly, "O.K., but don't forget I've got a lien on your nose."

Rick called Jane often, but he didn't see her much now, because he worked with his herbs until darkness drove him inside. And sometimes Sally Crane would have food ready and he would be late getting home.

Jane phoned him one day, "just to chat," she said, and told him about a new customer, Igor Macgowan, the fencing instructor from the Lafayette Art Center. "Such a charming accent," Jane said, "and such Old World courtesy. He even kissed my hand. I wish American men were more romantic. Oh, by the way," she added, "he told me that while it hadn't been announced, he and Sally Crane were planning to be married."

"Yeah, I thought as much," Rick said.

"He intimated in his subtle foreign way, although he didn't actually say it, that it was embarrassing Sally to have you out there so much."

Rick was annoyed. "Look, Jane," he said. "I've got a deal on—purely business—with Sally Crane. The sword swallower knows that, and you ought to, too."

"Of course I do, darling," she said. "Just try not to antagonize him."

A couple of weeks later an odd thing happened. Rick had gotten in about nine from his garden, and half an hour later the bell rang, and there was Sally Crane, all dressed up and with cheeks pink and hair blown by the wind. He'd left her only an hour or so earlier, looking like a slim boy in clay-spattered pedal pushers. She'd never been to his place before and he was surprised to see her.

"Why, Sally," he said, "you didn't tell me you were coming in."

"I forgot all about it," she said. "I'm going to a party near here, and I thought I'd drop by and give you this casserole I made for you. It'll be just right for your chicken *polenta*. It only came out of the kiln today, and I think it turned out pretty well, don't you?"

She gave him a blue-glazed casserole with the tiny white crane that was her trade-mark, on the bottom.

"Why, Sally," he said, genuinely pleased, "it's swell! It'll make anything taste better." He took the casserole out to the kitchen, and a few minutes later she left.

But after she'd gone, leaving a haunting flowerlike fragrance behind her, Rick couldn't seem to settle down to his herb book again, and went out and paced restlessly up and down his balcony.

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Thanks for the Memory

AL JOLSON. The magic of that name made 'em fight for standing room at the Winter Garden and every vaudeville house from Broadway to West Hernia.

He was born Asa Yoelson in Russia in 1886, and spent his boyhood in Washington, D. C. His father wanted him to be a Jewish cantor, but the closest Al ever got to that was his role in The Jazz Singer, a movie that made history and also made the Warner Brothers.

Jolson was one of the first stars to go overseas to entertain the G.I.s, and this was typical of the man who holds the title for generosity. He has given away more pieces of eight than Captain Kidd ever saw.

That's briefly the Jolson Story, which, by the way, is the title of a recent movie based on his life. If Hollywood sticks to the script, well . . . "You ain't heard nothin' yet."—*Allan Witwer.*

THE next Saturday afternoon, at Sally's insistence, Rick was to have his mask made. She wouldn't let him put it off any longer.

He lay on the floor of the mask room, and Sally knelt beside him and put over his face a large circle of cardboard, with a hole in it just big enough for his face. Then she smeared his face with vaseline, and began slapping on the wet plaster. The telephone bell rang, and she said to Igor, who was holding the pan of plaster, "Here, you take over, and don't forget the glass tubes for his nostrils, so he can breathe."

"Shut your eyes so I can put the plaster on them," Igor said, giving Rick a malevolent look. Rick squeezed his eyes shut tight and couldn't control a slight involuntary shiver.

SALLY answered the phone; it was Jane, asking to speak to Rick. "I'm sorry," Sally said, "but he can't come to the phone now."

"That's absurd," Jane said haughtily. "Tell him it's very urgent."

"Look," Sally said, glancing over at Rick, flat on the floor, with Igor putting the plaster on his face, "he *can't* come to the phone now, because he"—she giggled—"well, because he's plastered!"

Rick heard this and began ringing the elephant bell frantically.

At the other end of the line Jane Archer cried, "Plastered! Why, I—" And slammed up the phone.

"Now you lie still," Sally said, coming back and taking over the plastering job from Igor. "I didn't want to tell her I was making a mask of you or it wouldn't be any surprise."

Rick shook his fist in Sally's general direction.

Igor laughed and said, *"Touché,* eh, Reek, old boy?"

Rick lay there, seething inwardly, wishing he had never heard of Crane ceramics or this odd pair of characters, and wishing that he had never gotten himself under this blind crushing mountain of plaster, which pressed more and more heavily on his face. He'd probably never tell anyone, but he was frightened, because it was suddenly as if he were losing consciousness, and he thought how easy it would be for Igor to pull out the slender glass tubes and quickly stop up the holes with plaster while Sally's back was turned. Somehow the sword swallower had gotten the idea that he was a rival for Sally, and was always going in to Jane's shop carrying tales.

Rick knew the twenty minutes' time it took to dry the mask must be up long ago—it seemed as if he had been lying here blindly for an eternity. He was about to ring the bell, when there was a loud pounding at the door and Jane's voice saying angrily, "I demand to see—" Then she screamed, *"Rick!"* and ran over and knelt beside him.

HE began ringing the bell wildly. Then he heard Sally's voice say, "If you'll get out of the way, Miss Archer, and quit mauling Rick, I'll take the cast off now. And I did *not* lie to you—he is *so* plastered!"

Rick felt Sally gently working the cast off his face, and when she finally lifted the heavy thing away, he lay there for a minute, dazed by the light, and feeling as if he had been delivered from almost imminent death. When his eyes finally focused, he saw that Igor was patting Jane's shoulder and saying soothingly, "There, there, dear lady, he is not hurt."

Sally, in her short black pants and white blouse, was examining the cast critically, kneeling on the floor beside Rick. Finally she put it down and turned to Jane. "You must have burned the wind getting out here, Miss Archer—it's ten miles from town."

Jane tossed her bright head. "For *weeks,*" she said, "every time I want Rick, he's out here, and I'm getting *sick of it!* He practically *lives* out here—maybe he does, for all I know."

Rick's face was a dark brick red, and he started to get up off the floor. "Jane," he said, "you know I—"

Sally pushed him down again. "Wait," she said. "Let me wipe the vaseline off your face before you get up."

She turned to Jane. "Miss Archer, I wonder if you'd get me some rags—from my bedroom down the hall. There's a bag on the inside of the closet door—you can't miss it."

Jane glared indignantly, but then she flounced down the hall on her tall green heels. In the room she had just left, nobody said anything.

Finally Sally called, "Can't you find it, Miss Archer?"

Then there was the sharp staccato click of heels and Jane Archer whirled into the room, furiously waving something in the air.

"So!" she said. "I was right!"

This time nobody could have held Rick down and he jumped up from the floor and went to Jane.

"What are you talking about?" he said.

She thrust some pajamas into his hand. They were pale green, with the word RICK embroidered in darker green on the pocket.

"It's the pair I gave you for your birthday!" Jane stormed. "They were hanging on the door of *her* closet!"

Before Rick could speak, she snatched the ring off her finger and flung it on the floor at his feet. And then she ran out of the building.

Igor cast a look of loathing at Rick, murmured something about helping the poor girl and, with his sword in his hand, went out after Jane.

Rick spun around, a question on his lips. But Sally had vanished. He ran a baffled hand through his hair. He lunged out of the building, but couldn't find Sally anywhere. Finally he stormed down to the herb garden and began savagely weeding.

AN hour or so later, when the sun was dipping toward the western hills, Sally reappeared. She came down slowly to the herb patch and stood uncertainly at its edge.

"Rick," she said softly.

Rick stood leaning on his hoe, watching her.

"This just came," she said, holding a note out to him. "A boy who works in the gas station down the road brought it."

He came toward her, and took the note. Then he read:

"Dear Sally,

Somehow we found out, Jane and I, that we were both born in Brooklyn, and we're desperately homesick for it. And I'm fed up with the udapest gag. We're on our way to be married and carry on our businesses in Brooklyn. You've been carrying on too, from all appearance, so I doubt if you'll feel too badly about it. Adieu,

IGOR."

Rick handed the letter back to her. "So Igor planted those pajamas," he said, "just to break things up between Jane and me. Well, I never liked him—but I'm sorry. I know how cut up you must feel."

"No. I'm feeling sorry for *you.*"

"You needn't. I feel nothing but relief. Jane and I didn't even think alike. Besides, I've just discovered something—I'm in love with you—I guess I have been ever since that first day. I don't suppose you'd be interested in marrying me, though?"

"Oh, but I would, Rick," she said, almost in a whisper.

HE started to put his arms around her, then he dropped them and backed away. "No. It wouldn't work," he said. "I'd always think it was just love on the rebound—"

"Look, Rick," Sally said. "Almost since the first time I saw you—Listen. Igor didn't put those pajamas in my closet."

Rick's dark head jerked back. He stared at her. Suddenly he was remembering a few nights ago when Sally had brought him the casserole. He remembered that when he'd taken it out to the kitchen she'd asked if she could go in his room and comb her hair. He took a step forward and grabbed her arm.

"Listen! Just for that, I'm going to marry you after all, and make you eat rosemary in your food every day—for remembrance of the trick you played on me. How do you like that?"

"I love it," she said, slipping into his arms.

THE END

ON THE BEAM

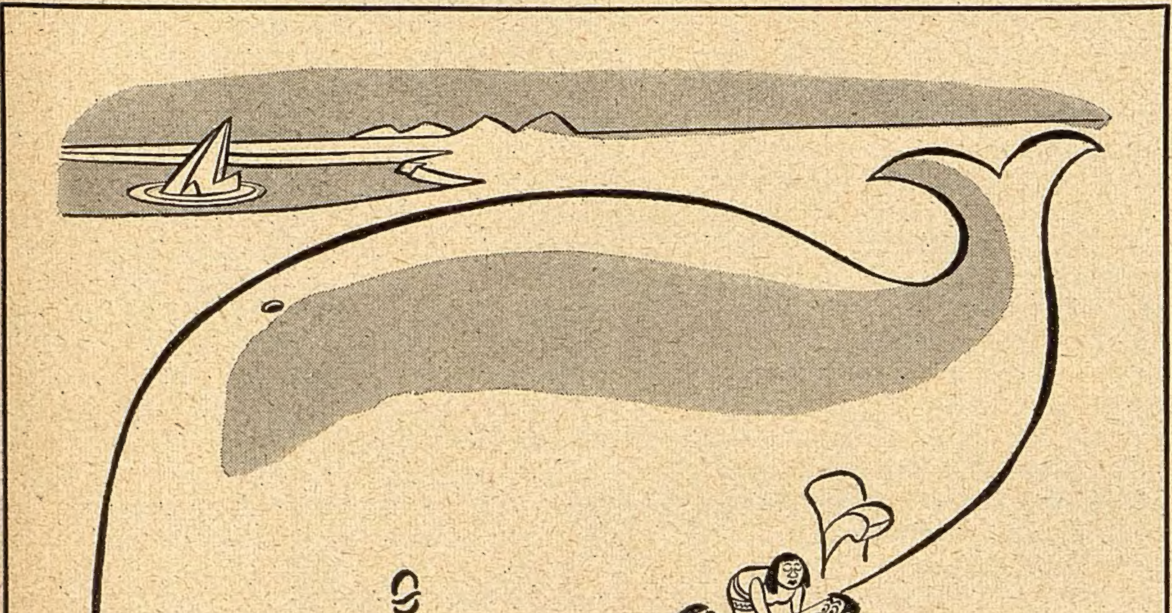
Continued from Page 10

of the side of the plane to facilitate getting in and out.

The plane is equipped at the factory with a complete set of flight instruments for night and day flying; radio receiver, transmitter, marker beacon receiver, homing loop, and automatic antenna reel; cabin heating and ventilating system; windshield de-icers; soundproofing; continuously variable controllable pitch propeller; navigation, cabin, instrument and landing lights; four adjustable sunshades; ash trays, cigarette lighter, etc.

Service ceiling is given as 18,000 feet. Take-off run at sea level and 10-m.p.h. wind is listed as 425 feet; landing run, sea level, and against a 10-m.p.h. wind, at 315 feet (exceptionally good performance). Stalling speed at sea level and 30-degree flaps is 46 m.p.h., and without flaps, 59 m.p.h. Gross weight is 2,550 pounds; empty weight 1,490. Wing area is 177.6 square feet, and wing loading, 14.35 pounds per square foot. Power loading is 15.45 pounds per square foot. Wing span is 32 feet 10 inches, length 25 feet 2 inches, and height 6 feet 6 inches.

Before the war Beech was best known for its Model 17 biplane. Then a feeder plane was developed which during the war turned into the C-45, a twin-engined Army job that saw service everywhere. Now coming off the line is the Beech 18 twin-engine six-to-ten-place small transport. With the Bonanza getting into production, Beech plans to build next a Model 34 twenty-passenger feederline plane. The name of the company founded in 1932 by Walter Beech, who has been active in aviation ever since, is known in aviation the world over.



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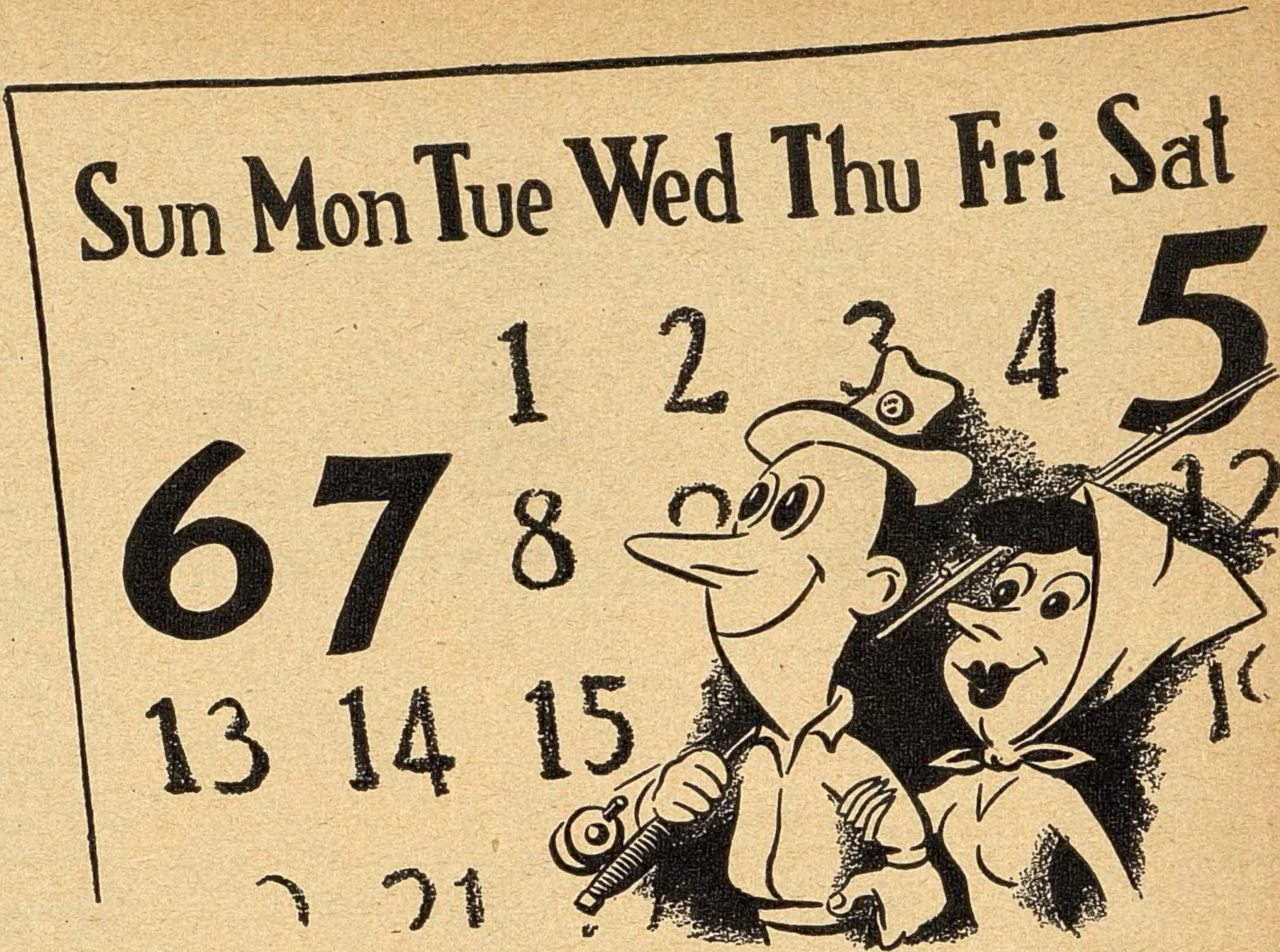
Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
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21

ALL HOLIDAYS ON MONDAY

AMERICANS love holidays. In fact, knocking off work for holiday-making is our most popular sport. A major phenomenon of our times is the mass movement of people, young and old, from towns and cities to spend a few hours elsewhere every time one of our days of national celebration rolls around. But for people who like holidays so much, we don't use much sense in our arrangement of them.

Our national holiday policy, if we can be said to have one, is chaotic.

It is obvious, of course, that the best holiday is one which falls upon a Monday. The joy of the day off is much enhanced when it's tacked on to Saturday and Sunday, thus giving us a long week-end. Furthermore, the disruption of the normal work week is held to a minimum.

Friday also is pretty good for holidays, but when one falls on a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, the gainful activities of millions of people are disrupted for practically the whole week and the joy in the day off is considerably diminished.

Of all our national holidays only one is fixed permanently on a Monday. Thanksgiving is on a Thursday by custom and tradition. Election day is always Tuesday by virtue of the Constitution. The rest, falling on dates of the month, inevitably roam through the week.

To correct this situation a society was formed recently in New York called the National Association of Monday Holidays. Its purpose is to promote the celebration of most of our one-day holidays on a Monday.

In England the wisdom of this policy of Monday holidays long has been recognized. Their days of national celebration, which the British call Bank Holidays, are always fixed for Mondays. We ourselves recognized the same principle when we established Labor Day on the first Monday in September. Now the Association proposes to extend this principle to other holidays, not only for those already established by law and custom, but also for any new ones that may be established. The objectives of the Association are modest enough. It approaches the matter of historic and religious anniversaries tentatively and, for the present time, does not wish to change Independence Day, Christmas, or New Year's.

It seems to us this is common sense. We ought to get the most out of our holidays when we have them and at the same time keep interference with the work week to a minimum. As far as we are concerned, the Association is too modest. *All* holidays should be on a Monday.

Paul Hunter

He rides 40 foot waves at 40 miles an hour

1 **"Carlos Dogny of Lima, Peru** first tried surf-riding in Honolulu," writes Harmon Harris, a Boston friend of Canadian Club. "He searched South America's west coast for a suitably 'tame' surf. Finally he gave up. But only 4 blocks from his home in Lima, the terrific surf kept tempting him to try and master it. Soon he was an expert, teaching others the most thrill-packed water sport in America.

2 **"Unpredictable as a broncho,** Lima's surf rears up to 40 feet, races at 40 miles an hour, reaks abruptly as an avalanche. The action's so ast my camera couldn't catch Dogny until he sped lear of the mountainous foam, close inshore.

3 **"Making his way** out to sea, Dogny had things easy . . . at first. Then I almost yelled for the lifeguards as the huge breakers repeatedly wrenched his surf-board up at right angles and engulfed him.

4 **"Dogny designed special boards** for riding these huge breakers. Heavier than most Hawaiian boards, but hollow, they have a strong metal loop in back. The rider can cling to the loop when thrown off . . . and hope for the best.

5 **"Later, we enjoyed** Canadian Club highballs on the veranda of a club which Dogny built and named 'Waikiki.' Behind me loomed an impressive twin of Waikiki's famed Diamond Head. I promised Dogny to try my hand at his favorite sport . . . some *other* day! We drank to it, and to this South American vacation spot where the surf can be ridden the year round. Then I boarded a Panagra plane bound for home."

6 **Even today** travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth . . . often from a cherished prewar supply. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet no other whisky tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening —in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made it the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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